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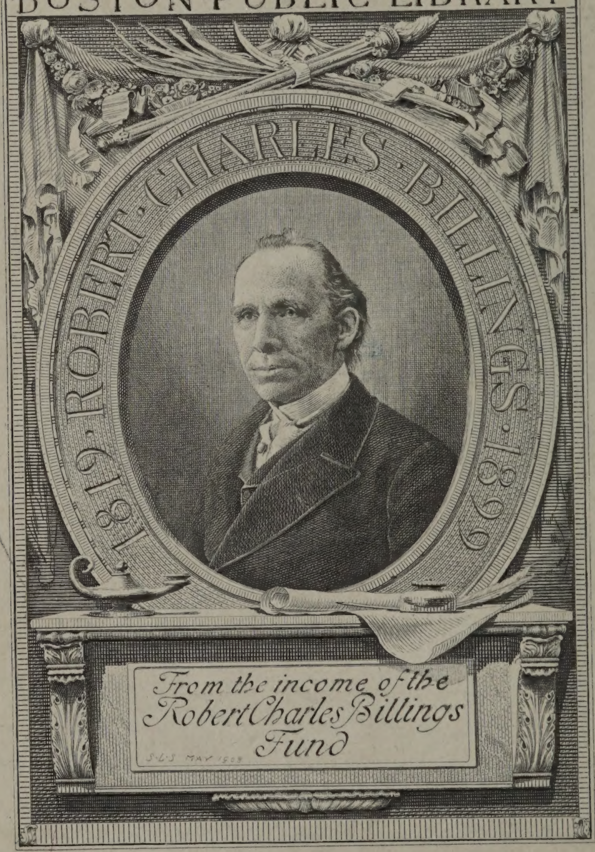

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How To Worry
SUCCESSFULLY

BY DAVID SEABURY

AUTHOR OF
"Unmasking Our Minds"
"Growing Into Life"
"What Makes Us Seem So Queer"
"Keep Your Wits"

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1936

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Published September, 1936

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

P. 176 Bottom

TO

ROBERT ERSKINE ELY

Director of the League For Political Education,
whose kind interest made possible
the lectures which led to the writing of this book.

PREFACE

AGAIN and again people have asked me: "What do you mean by 'successful' worry? Isn't it always harmful?" And the answer is: "No."

Worry is a form of anticipation. Nature makes us do it. Forethought is essential to intelligent living. It is only when apprehension is ruled by nervous anxiety, and imagination distorted by fear, that worry injures us. When reason guides emotion, and deliberation merges with imagination, foresight becomes the very center of accomplishment. We meet experience in one of these two states of mind: confused brooding, or calm calculation. In our choice lies the difference between wise and foolish living.

To clarify this distinction, at the same time outlining a few practical processes of thought, is the one and only purpose of this book.

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HOW TO WORRY SUCCESSFULLY

INTRODUCTION

Personality under Pressure

The nervous ticking of a clock, then the crying of the wind. In the blackness of the night one cannot see a figure tossing on an alcove bed. The sighs suggest a man, and yet when worry lays its hands upon us — man, woman, or lithe young maiden — we are much alike. We all have known its agony and heard the weary hours pass. Nor did it matter so much what you and I were anxious about. It might have been money and bills, or the pressure of living. It could have been love and the dilemmas of intimacy. Whatever the problem, our brains went round and round in a fruitless search for a way out of our morass.

You look back on such a night with regret. The time was so foolishly spent. And yet, if you never tried to think things out, what would happen? Can you safely ignore your finances, spending without regard to your income? Can you buy whatever you happen to desire, without concern for debts, or neglect the sicknesses and sorrows that come to those you love? The problems of life seldom take care of themselves, nor are we safe and happy in a world of dangers, fraught with the potentialities of fate, unless we learn to think wisely.

Men have sought gold for centuries. Famished by desert heats, frozen in mountain passes, footsore and with blistered hands, they have grown old and died following dreams of wealth. But never in grimmest torment have they suffered for the burnished metal as they turn bleak in heart seeking a solution to anxieties. No other phantom has so eluded, no hope so disappointed them.

A young man sees a maiden whose beauty of body and charm of mind enthrall him. He courts her with fervor, certain he is assured of bliss. We know too well how the romance fades and harsh words appear; how cynical adaptation yields to hollow durance, where all had been ecstasy.

Another toils for fame, enduring dull routine for the rewards of achievement. When his hair is graying and his brain weary, we see him shorn of expectancy, carried only by the monotony of habit. Content? He has forgotten the word. Surcease is all he asks.

A woman passes through travail, enduring physical torture that she may feel the touch of infant hands. Years afterward we find her sitting alone. Mary is out at a night club, dancing until dawn. Charles seldom comes home now that he has married "that woman." Little Frankie is such a worry. He has been dismissed from three schools. Mother picks at her dress — wondering.

When trouble comes, why is it we seem so impotent? You know how it is. You lie in bed at night, pondering on problems that press your days. There is the agony of being misunderstood. You are disappointed in yourself, dissatisfied with the ways of intimates. When you try to straighten matters out, they become more tangled than ever.

There is the slight regard your family pays to the mounting cost of things. You brood on how to stop the waste. Something must be done, yet the standard of your home maintained. You do not want to skimp on food, or have your wife and children resort to shoddy clothing. Comforts are important. It all seems to depend upon you, as if life expected you to meet any and all situations, no matter how difficult.

A woman feels pressure from a different angle. Pride over a well-run house collides with diminishing income and longed-for improvements, pushed further and further into the future.

Is this persistency of worry because of failure in ourselves, or is society out of order and we but caught in the turmoil? Is life a hopeless enigma, or are there principles by which to solve the riddle? It seems strange, when we have so much wisdom about physical matters, that we should know so little of the art of living. People in simpler settings have easier days. The Samoans love and laugh their way without much stress. Why cannot we, with our vaunted civilization, achieve their nonchalance?

It is not as if problems attended us only when we reached maturity. They are with us from the cradle. The baby frets for his bottle, strains for the comfort of his mother's arms, sobs from fear of loneliness and shrinks from the dark. In a few years he worries over conflicts with associates, and soon the unrest of adolescence introduces the pressure of sex. Of all worries that attend us to the grave, that of love is the most persistent.

Worry is itself a passion. The individual lives in fear that any decison may leave him in such solitude he will not find solace for his inner longings. Even Eve stole an apple from the tree of knowledge that she might have more intimacy.

People do not brood so constantly because of material pressure as from inner discontent. None denies the need of food, clothing, and shelter, but few concentrate upon them. There is, in fact, something curiously debonair about one who has been penniless for years. He is not upset when food is scant. Let life become monotonous and his face falls. No danger looms as large as ennui in the book of dread.

Anyone who has ever known a chronic fear can well understand why the ancients made the dragon its symbol. Anxiety seems an irresistible demon. We are driven by restless impulses, obsessed by greeds, and urged by hates; we are concerned more with releasing ourselves from the discontent than with wise adaptation.

It is in the nature of worry that we dare not follow the results of our brooding. We blame ourselves even in the maelstrom of a problem; upset lest we let go, and again lest we never gain satisfaction. The emotions seek one solution, thought strives for another. We long for a solacing answer, but doubt its wisdom. Between the Scylla of intellect and the Charybdis of desire, we hesitate.

This uncertainty is the greatest villain in the cohorts of worry. It has taken toll again and again, more than equaling its twin devil, impulsiveness. In all our perturbations we are harassed by these fiends: one counseling torpid delay, the other thoughtless hurry. The debate does not concern our intelligence, but involves every unadjusted attribute of personality. We may be rational in one field, but carried off by idle thought in another; hours needed for the solution of a problem pass, while we allow foolish tendencies to ruin the situation. Then it is we worry because worry is so permanent.

The worst of it is that effort often seems to be no answer. The more competent we prove to be in dealing with our difficulties, the greater the throng of dependents who pour their loads upon us: sons and daughters, mothers and fathers, not to mention responsibilities by marriage. Exhaustion makes trouble into an invincible antagonist. We gain ground only to discover irritation attacking us from an unexpected quarter.

Each moment of peace is destroyed as fate comes haunting in with a new phalanx of evils. There are restless nights thinking about business. How can the bills be paid? A plan matures, but honor and position are threatened. The dragon of lost love swoops down. If you cannot keep the home as before, will your wife and children nag? One hears their voices, sees their looks. "Dad has failed." Their disgust tortures your chagrin. The pride of position, the blame of those to whom you owe money, the sense of disgrace, the fading vision of one day living in the country and seeing the sun rise over the pines, bites into consciousness.

So it is that worry is not an objective matter primarily concerned with the facts of circumstance. It is a mood, almost a sickness, within ourselves. Every man carries two worlds in his being. Things concern him; his nature belongs to the ground on which he stands. He builds with substance, gathering food and fagots to assure preservation. But mind moves beyond matter, else we are but lunatics in a madhouse, following phantoms. Were we but bodies, sucking our sustenance as does the amoeba, few would sorrow save for a banquet. Troubles would confine themselves to the acts of sleeping, propagating, and digesting. As it is, the dishonor of a fifth cousin bearing our name may make us toss through the night in fear of disparagement. Our worries are connected with our bones only as a hurt to the flesh may involve the spirit.

Thus, when sorrow comes, we cross the frontiers of consciousness and pass into a subjective world, taking our problems with us into the elusive land of thought and feeling. Here difficulties are met or greatly exaggerated according to our inner state. We may use judgment, balancing present dilemmas with all that memory brings, clarifying insight with the vivifying power of imagination. Or else, with minds made abnormal by misunderstood experience, imagination may distort the present, laying us open to emotional confusion, whereupon reason is swamped by conflict and worry becomes a delirium.

Such a mood had settled on Hugh Wheeler's mind. The sun streamed through the window, making a path of light across the carpet. Outside, birds chirped and twittered, and from the street came the laughter of children on their way to school. A few hours before, the region had been shrouded in darkness, each house seeming like an uninhabited shell. Now morning had brought everything to life and the accustomed activities of the day had begun.

Hugh sat in his window watching it all. Across the way he heard Brown starting his car, saw him wave a gay good-by to his wife as he made for the commuting train. Down the street came Mrs. Blackson, driving her guests to the station. Hugh heard their voices as they passed. Old Joe, the odd-job man, shuffled by on his way to work. Hugh knew every detail of morning in Pine Park. Yet, he sat there with a sense of strangeness. Only yesterday he had been a part of it all, had gone through the routine of getting ready for the eight-thirty, had ridden into town chatting with his friends, made his way to the office, and belonged to the active world of affairs.

Now he had no place in the scheme of things. For weeks he had feared the blow. Other men were told by the president that the company could no longer keep them. He hoped he was different, tried to believe he was so valuable they could not spare him. "They won't let a good man go," he thought, "they'll find a way to pull out!" Now, the end of the month had come, and not only Hugh but every employee had been told the worst had happened. The firm was bankrupt and the office would close.

Hugh stumbled home like a man in a daze, aware only of the feeling across the pit of his stomach, as if someone had given him a blow. He avoided his regular train; he didn't want to see anyone he knew. He told his wife he felt ill and would not eat dinner, evading her solicitous inquiries. He couldn't yet formulate the bad news. He wanted only to be alone, to bear as best he could the sense of encompassing disaster. When Grace knocked at the door to see if she could help, he pretended to be asleep. When he knew she was safely in bed, he took his vigil by the window and sat through the long hours, staring into the blackness.

"This is the end," Hugh said to himself. "At my age, I'll never get work again. I am done for. I've given twenty years of the best that's in me and I'm junked, put on the shelf at forty-five." A wave of bitterness surged through him. What was the use? A man threw himself into a task, spent his energies for a company that regarded him as a piece of office furniture, and threw him out. He pounded the arm of his chair. The thought made him angry. Yet he knew better. Haworth, the president, had always been good to him. Until the depression he was steadily promoted. Haworth himself was hit. The fellow looked wan and white. Even in his own misery Hugh felt the tragedy of Haworth. He couldn't remain angry. But it was too terrible. What could he do? There were Grace and the three children, and his mother to receive an allowance from him; he had the mortgage on his home, insurance to pay. How could he meet his obligations? They had only a few thousand saved; it wouldn't last long. There was no way out.

Through the long hours Hugh tortured himself with forebodings. He saw himself in the line of unemployed he had passed so often at the public Bureau. He thought of himself going from place to place, begging for work; pictured coming to the end of his resources and, tattered and torn, sitting in one of the parks, a derelict. What would Grace do? She was accustomed to comfort. She was miserable at the idea of economy. Only last summer when his salary had been cut, and he had refused to let the children go to camp, she had been hurt and angry, seeming to blame him for his lack of resource. And the children? It cost a great deal to bring up and educate boys and girls these days. James was almost fifteen, he could be put to work, but Tommy and Nancy were too young. They would have to go to some orphan home. Tears rolled down his cheeks, his body shook with sobs. Once he had seen a sad little procession from some Home marching hand in hand, and had felt a wave of pity for them. Poor, bereft little ones. And Tommy and Nancy would be among them. He was a failure. He couldn't take care of his own. He would lose them all and life would be meaningless.

Under the pressure of his anxiety, Hugh's perspective was gone. His judgment had ceased to function. It did not occur to him that in a week or so the years of his loyal labor would reap their reward, bringing him new work and a better security. He only saw the trouble he was in.

There is no isolation so poignant as that which worry brings. At such a time life slips from our grasp, average contacts no longer assure us, people become strangers, to whom we talk across an unseen gulf. Smiles that brought comfort somehow mock us, as if the world had become a pantomime and our intimates the veriest shadows. The day's routine stretches like a solitary waste; there is fatigue in our souls. And as for the unwilling flesh, it bears like mercury upon the spirit, and again like mercury slips away. Contact with our bodies seems uncertain. Though many are about, knowing our problems, none can share with us the pain of our own depths, none come into our subjective world. We worry alone.

It is a strange brooding. We have retreated for the time from active experience. People come and go. They speak to us, but only the echo of their voices penetrates our turmoil. Such isolation is not of our own choosing. Few would seek it were it not for the pressure of circumstance. We are driven by the too-muchness of our days, so compromised that little of ourselves is revealed.

This bleakness is buried in such depths that he who prattles his sympathy tells us by his every word he does not understand. To suppose that anyone can help us seems a delusion. Something of wisdom may filter from his thin stream of words, something we grasp as a fragment of security with which to pull ourselves to an hour's peace. But no one knows by what a chance we were brought back to life, willing to go on with the struggle.

Pessimism counsels to remember this solitude of the self; that no one brings an answer to the problems we endure, or gives us a talisman to make life lyric. It remains an epic to which we cling only because we are the poor heroes who move through the scene. For this we bear the part we play. When all is done, we are still there, speaking our lines and carrying on the fitful action of the story.

Nor should we suppose in such isolation that we can create a blissful denouement for another's tragedy. It cannot be. He lives in the plot and action of a very different play. Some lines of ours may reach to him and he may ponder them, use them for his salvation. If his conflict abates as the stress of the hour ceases, it is he who works the miracle. Our greatest wisdom is to him as nothing unless it is his own. We have no amulet to put into his hands. And had we a charm, it would not be his magic. He would drop the rarest treasure unless his meditation had taught him to recognize its worth. Not Jesus even could straighten the way for any man until his eyes could see and his ears could hear.

We find no answer to human experience save in that hush of spiritual attention when the mind is open and the heart yields itself to a new vision. Otherwise, with the rich young man, we turn away, immersed in a self-centered conviction that our problem is worse than ever came upon a man before.

When worry is attended by such despair, egotism has clouded consciousness, but this we do not like to believe. We would rather appear as heroes bearing a mighty burden than in simple humility to strive for what we can attain of peace.

To face facts is salutary. Let us admit our moods. Might we not then learn to understand and control them, and through deliberation discover how to solve our problems? Thus might the gap between abstract knowledge and the cold requirements of experience be filled, and Anxiety become the greatest counselor in the halls of wisdom.

You and I know the need of this. There are situations in our lives that we must solve, obligations that must be met. No facile optimism — "It will be all right by and by" — can solace us. It won't be all right unless we make it so. Is it not true that when we ignore our inner world, circumstance is seldom conquered, and we only bring ourselves to the pitch of anguish? There is no way life can be cheated, no permanent solution that does not comply with natural law. We cannot escape our Armageddon by fleeing the trials of circumstance.

Money, love, position, all may be left behind, but not the strife within ourselves made more intense if we retreat from the conquest of events. When a man triumphs over environment, there is assurance that his heart is strong. To flee the outer conflict leaves him in the dungeon of his own abasement, where black figures flap their wings and creep upon him in his dreams. Worry over one's self, vanquished by life, is a purgatory where frenzy never dies.

So it is that he who lies through the night lost even from the comfort of his own respect and doubting the worth of his being, craves extinction as a surcease from despair. Strange phantoms of the self people the darkness, the leering face of old lusts that fed on tender response, oblivious of ruin; the grim figure of jealousy, green-eyed in the gloom; the shifting form of dishonesty, cringing in the shadows. Fate seems a restless antagonist, waiting until one is down to mock at misery.

Not everyone believes there is a way out. We find, in fact, three attitudes through which men view experience. First, fatalism, held by one who thinks that whatever the cause, there is a rigid and absolute effect. His answer is stoicism. He expects to die at a given date, regardless of how he lives. Nor does a scientific man, if he accepts complete determinism, perceive a way out of worry save as his heart goes with his head.

Second, there is the atheistic concept: life as a thing of chance, an experience in which the individual is pitted against the accidents of fate. If clever enough, one beats the game. The skeptic says: "I turned the trick." The doubter strives to outwit chance.

Then there is the cosmologist, who thinks of life as organization. To him experience is dynamic, not predestined. He holds there is possibility of improvement in the courses of action. In human conduct, he seeks the higher octave, the better answer. The Socratic method of thinking belongs to this approach. Christian belief in a wiser solution is part of this faith. Most of all, it is exemplified by the Bergsonian concept of man as a partner with God in creative unfoldment; that life not only evolves in a natural way, but man can shape vast areas of its growth.

In the part he played in the development of plants, Burbank typifies this point of view. The cosmologist seeks a finer evolution from cause to effect, a truer solution to experience. He conceives of life as orderly, but not as static; a growing, moving and living experience, not a crystallized and mechanical process.

As long as we worry, we are not fatalists, or utter atheists. Those who intellectually accept these attitudes rarely do so emotionally. Few, however, are convinced of the cosmic approach. Most of us swing from faith to despair. Courage comes and goes like winter sun. There are mornings when we see into experience with penetration, nights when all is opaque.

As long as we are in agony, there is possibility of happiness. No man worries who has given up hope. Only when some vision leads us on, some lingering urge presses us to struggle and to care, are we anxious. If discouragement becomes complete, the whirling vortex ceases. Then is the battle ended; we have come to believe effort brings no solution. While hope remains, peace is possible.

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The New Practicality

It was eight bells and still dark. I had just gone off duty. A line gale raged and the port lights were out. The cattle stood in icy water. My companion, a stoker, was obviously dying of tuberculosis, yet in his eye shone such understanding his face lives with me still.

In the dusk of that turbulent morning, he told me the story of his life — revealing ideas on how to meet trouble. He had learned his lesson too late, but to me his words meant salvation.

Life, he said, was like the sea; it ebbed and flowed below the storms and calms. Whatever the periods of fog or sunshine, mighty currents carried you or delayed your effort. You chugged along in peace, then fought for your life as the sea changed its mood. But always the fires must be stoked. You "did your trick" and had your times of rest.

"Don't fret off duty," was his motto. "Lie around and sing. Enjoy the sunshine and marvel at the storm. Let the other fellow do his job. But when it's your shift, keep up steam."

I have found no wiser men than my stoker pal, few keen enough to worry only on duty. Most of us ruin our leisure by agonizing and go to work without zest.

Those who have known life in its primitive vigor possess peculiar insight. Trouble, in its stark reality, puts petty details in their places. It is we who indulge in sophisticated theory who lose our vision. Survey what you have worried about these last ten years; then imagine yourself the stoker — or his wife, waiting in a Liverpool tenement with her undernourished children. If given your setting, would she have your disturbances? Would he, possessing your privilege of working in the fresh air, without the haunting fear that before long disease would consume life itself, find your afflictions very real?

Beyond food, clothing, shelter, health and danger, there are no disturbances which rest upon the facts themselves. Significance builds on how we see those facts. The man who would maintain a suburban home on twelve thousand a year talks of his financial pressure. Within a mile of him are scores living on a tenth of his income, talking of their money troubles. Each is harassed in relation to his standard. A woman broods on a love problem, in despair because of a quarrel with her husband. In the neighborhood are hundreds who never hoped for perpetual devotion. They would not understand what she is depressed about. A mother frets because her son is not in the best of schools. Millions would deem him blessed beyond words.

Life to us is not life as it is, but only as we make it appear. We project our values upon it, fume ourselves into nervous exhaustion striving to achieve imaginary goals, and dreading phantasy dangers. Shorn of the masquerade, many of our upsets would disappear. Trouble is often with us because we think it is; mainly because we believe it is trouble. Points of view determine response to the stream of destiny.

There are some who have a sublime faith that a power beyond ourselves is carrying us forward. Without such trust humanity would never have surmounted its agonies. There faith

is, however, a vast difference between this spiritual confidence and the sentimental dependence upon Deity which our ancestors extolled as evidence of "belief." Because of a torpid theology many died. Such creeds belong to the superstitions which in Egypt led the inhabitants so to reverence flies that many succumbed to pestilences. America is not free of this pseudo-worship.

"Don't you believe that if we would only trust God, accept our lot, and be optimistic all would be well?" a woman queries.

No, not if she means what her words imply: a patient endurance of things as they are. Trust is active as well as stolid. Passive faith in God is selfishness, and sheer stupidity. Trust lies in works, not in folded hands. The people who lived in dirty hovels and died of dread diseases trusted God and the "King's touch." They died just the same. True trust believes in helping Creation to destroy germs.

not [illegible]

If we listen to the voice of doubt, we are lost. Every man carries a fearful soothsayer in his breast. If he follows this prophet of calamity, he founders. A palsied purpose leads to perdition.

Worry brings no blessings to a supine spirit. We must work with circumstances and find the answers to our riddles, or we are tossed about like so much froth on the river of experience. Faith is a belief that if we do our part, life will help us, not a parasitical dependence upon God. The philosophy or religion that counsels us only to pray for good fortune is but a childish phantasy. A broken leg is not set by such inanimate hope. Effort and intelligence must rouse themselves in our behalf, else we sink into an Oriental coma, and, like a beggar in Bagdad, plead pennies for sustenance.

There are many, of course, who will not like this doctrine of action. It challenges self-indulgence. Others deny one has a righteous spirit, if it does not conform to their pattern. To them forthright courage is not piety. Many make an answer to their worries impossible by clinging to a decadent morality. There are millions whom no one can help—until their biases are discarded.

"I am married to a man who makes me live with his mother. She hates me. I am given no spending money. Both of them treat me as if I were contemptible. I do not believe in divorce. I could never bear the disgrace. What can I do?"

Nothing—except to sicken and die. Nothing—unless you come to your senses and get over your prejudices. Nothing—unless you discard the rigidity that closes your intelligence to a normal solution.

To suppose there is an answer to half our worries, unless we give up much nonsense, is insane. The correction of a problem follows natural procedure. It cannot be achieved by one who fears decadent opinion.

"I am worried about sex. It seems to me an evil thing. What shall I do?"

What you *will* do is to continue your worry, until you give up your fixation. If you wish to find peace, either admit that you hate God, who created sex, or else see how your idea is prudish nonsense.

"Why do we have such constant worries to bother us?"

Because we live in a chaotic world where people understand something of curing unhealthy bodies, but little of correcting sick minds. He who worries constantly or seriously is neurotic—but too proud to admit it.

"Don't you honestly feel that life is a futile experience?"

Yes, for the futile person. One cannot receive more from living than he brings to it. Adjustment begins with what one gives to experience, not with what he takes from it. Can you imagine life was worthless to Edison?

"Can a psychologist always solve one's worries?"

No, never. He can only help you to untangle them if you are earnestly anxious to do so. He who hugs his sorrows to his soul can only be helped by greater suffering.

"Should I try not to worry?"

No, not unless you wish to stay in bed and be nursed. Worry is the process of working your way out of annoying situations into satisfying ones; an essential method of growth; a means of achieving happiness. It is over-anxiety that injures us.

This does not mean, of course, that one should worry just for the sake of worrying, making a virtue of dread, as if a person were careless who dared to lift his gaze from the dust.

I know a little lady of threescore years, whose face is pinched. Her form is shrunken and her hands tremble. She has a nonchalant daughter, and this seems terrible to her. She says: "I don't know what on earth is going to happen to Mary. She never worries." And with an accent of superiority, she adds: "And she has no idea how I worry about her all the time." Such a person makes a fair day foul with febrile emotion.

The drama of worry turns on a score of human needs. We wish to assure ourselves we are ourselves. We seek orientation and expansion. Life is a womb in which our spiritual natures are growing until, freed by death, we are born at last. In the meantime, we struggle to keep contact with mother earth, fearful that the oxygen may be cut off and the umbilical cord cease to bring nourishment. We wish to lie in comfort and feel the luxury of sustainment. When this Nirvana is threatened, we experience pain.

TEN CENTRAL FACTORS IN WORRY

1. Food: assurance of security, preservation, safety in life.

2. Sex: intimacy, love, solace for loneliness, comradeship in the journey.

3. Position: need of the familiar, orientation, a place in society.

4. Money: assurance of freedom, power for satisfaction.

5. Identity: consciousness of selfhood, the single one, awareness of ourselves.

6. Experience: activity, excitement, opportunity to use our powers, assurance of expansion.

7. Understanding of fate: penetration of danger, solution of the mystery or matrix of our days, seeing the trend, the meaning of experience.

8. Destination: goal, somewhere at which to arrive and rest, reward, satisfaction, pay for effort, assurance of achievement.

9. Pleasure: relaxation, time to stretch ourselves and re-create, fulfillment of comforts.

10. Home: peace, end of the cycle, basking in the familiar, a chance to dream and plan about the new adventure.

Concern with these ten aspects of life occupies most of our thought. We move in worry from one or another center; include them all when difficulties are serious. When love fails, or poverty threatens, when we are hungry or forced into unfair positions, if the mystery of life becomes too great, and we are shut from the fulfillment of ambition; if we are caught in a dull routine, deprived of excitement or given no time for pleasure, we come to the end of each cycle with a sense of rebellion, brooding because we were not able to establish a satisfactory contact with experience. When events are overbearing and sickness enters, when other people do not play their parts, or our own minds fail, we are thrown out of gear.

Life is filtered by our senses, measured by our intelligence, and dealt with according to our patterns of psychic behavior.

When our attitudes are constructive, worry becomes a calm deliberation; if ruled by negatives, anxiety precludes reason. Whether we meet experience successfully or are conquered by it, is determined by this contrast.

Up to recent times, efficiency consisted only in knowledge of how to manage material things. The new practicality inheres in the art of directing our minds. When we are controlled by foolish values, failure is inevitable. Familiarity with aberrations is half the battle in avoiding their influence. The remainder consists in discovering the ways of intelligence and habituating them.

Most serious of all causes of anxiety are the distortions of attention which spring from our indulgence in emotionalism. When nervously upset, we do not gather the facts of a situation as it is; we approach a problem on a false basis, which delimits our perspective. We measure what is important only as it agrees with our biases, focused upon getting out of trouble, not on how we are to do it. As a result, we make a casual survey of situations, enumerating our difficulties without seeing the positive factors.

Mrs. Jenkins tells you that she fears about her health, but does not give you the facts of her condition. Mr. Pettingill frets about his business. He fears the government will ruin him, but he has not made a survey of his company or its relation to the commercial world. His enumeration is fragmentary; his disturbance built upon paltry conclusions.

Some time ago the hog industry was languishing in America. Experts were sent to find what was wrong, but an analysis of the private life of Mrs. Sow brought no solution. Later a financial expert discovered facts ignored in the cursory enumeration. He noted that pork sold poorly. Women's short dresses had come into being. The weight of the average woman fell twenty-and-three-quarters pounds in a few decades. To keep her figure, she refused lard, sausages, ham or bacon, in quantity. There was small market for pigs. The cursory enumeration of the facts of hog rearing had been valueless.

Most of our worry is effort as ill spent. We approach our problems with a series of habitudes and until these are understood and eradicated, there is little chance that our thinking will lead to wisdom. Most important of all, the very attributes of intelligence on which we must depend for true deliberation are the parts of our mental machinery which become compromised. There is no hope of true judgment until the instruments with which it is made are themselves in order.

The importance of mental health is emphasized when we understand the steps through which worry passes. Three stages usually appear: first, the stimulating phase; second, the inhibiting period; third, the paralyzing conclusion. In the first transition, there is a fair chance of facing facts. It is a time when problems could be cleared. In the second period, there is self-indulgence and refusal to face the situation; troubles become distorted. In the denouement, we suffer bodily effects: intestinal and nervous conditions, interference with the respiratory process, upset of the circulatory centers, and disturbances of the endocrine glands.

The symptoms, some or all of which may appear, are as follows:—

1. Constant feeling of fatigue.
2. Extreme sensitivity to light and noise.
3. Vertigo, transient pain.
4. Attention wandering, abstraction, poor observation, faulty impression.
5. Peculiar sensations in the body, pulse in the temples, knocking of the heart.

6. Confusion, difficulties of memory, poor concentration, and fanatical opinions.
7. Irritability, pessimism, deficiency of judgment.
8. Twitchings and tremors, hand-shaking and stammering.
9. Stomach ulcers, hyperacidity, pyloric spasms, constipation or diarrhea.
10. Insomnia, bad dreams, fancifulness, and mannerisms.
11. Feeling of continual expectancy, hysterical behavior.
12. Troublesome perspiration.
13. Feeling of culpability, garbled ideas of the present.
14. Epigastric pain, pressure in the chest.
15. General agitation.
16. Depression and anesthesia.

Overconcern includes a fear of disaster, as if the next moment the psyche would topple off a precipice. This sense of pendency leaves one with a feeling of hanging in space, unable to get one's feet upon the earth. It is the stringency of this tension that creates our physical reaction. When suppressed anger is involved, it even affects the sympathetic nerves. Muscular tensions pull the vertebræ out of place. Congestion in the brain interferes with delicate adjustments between the white and gray matter of the cerebral cortex.

It is on the emotional level, however, that the most serious consequences are recorded. Disappointment of a profound nature may develop in our unconscious depths, until we become so enmeshed in the struggle that strain is ceaseless. Life seems a medley with evil in control.

In extreme cases, dejection is certain and inadvertency dominates consciousness. A resentful undertone appears. Thought swings from peevish petulance and contradictory perversity to a wanton attitude. Experience creates such repercussions that aversion for others and annoyance at their ways lead to asperity. The psyche is exasperated and stubborn, harsh and pent-up against defeat. The nature feels impeded and in its fuming produces such a sense of pressure that reason is smothered by passion. Whatever could have led to courageous fulfillment becomes sterile.

· II ·

Some Causes of Confusion

THERE are, it seems to me, only two periods when a man knows how to meet experience: his first and his second childhood. In between, he wastes his days pretending to be intelligent. Before his majority, he knows enough to laugh at adult complacence. After middle life, he looks back with a wan smile and thinks how many "cares" could have been left to their own devices.

Nothing is easier than to hypnotize ourselves with duty, allowing material values to become our masters. Nothing so overpowers us as the delusion we are being wise by narrowing our focus to the physical elements of an event, imprisoning ourselves in effects, angry at whoever would speak of causes. Few are they who pass beyond the illusion of this embodiment to a knowledge of the meaning of experience, who cast away forever the mote of temporal blindness, and dare to yield themselves to life as their intimate guide.

The truth of the matter is that no one ever educated us in the art of worry. We come to maturity with as little preparation for the pressures of experience as a bookworm asked to do a ballet. Consider the predicament of Tucker Ames. Everyone spoke of him as "an intellectual." His training in school and college included all that a cultured man was expected to acquire. He thought himself prepared for life.

Beyond a smattering of languages and discipline in calculus, he "took" philosophy and knew the terms of psychological thought. Even ethics had its place in his curriculum. Yet the abstract and theoretic side of such subjects was all that his preceptors thought to be scientific, and nothing that related to daily life entered his training. If you offered a practical suggestion, he smilingly agreed: "Of course, that is only good sense." He "had always known" it, but did nothing to put the "sense" into action.

When Tucker slipped into his father's business, he brought with him the efficiency gadgets of the day, yet the old man's habit of nervous puttering soon became his pattern. He spent his time in overwork and overplay. He looked at you over his glasses, reproof in his eyes, if you suggested that his ways were not entirely wise.

It is all very well to propound theories, Tucker would tell you, but one had to toil in a very real world where need of material things was an actual problem and methods of not much value unless they were practical. Look at the facts in his case: his little daughter was sick in the hospital; his business threatened by a score of new inventions, and his wife in love with another man. He had nothing much to live for. Weren't there plenty of actual things to worry about?

Yet if one stops long enough to consider them, happiness and misery, hope and despair, are moods inside a person. One cannot deny an inner power, however mismanaged, to change and direct the way one feels about things. Had he thought it over, even Tucker would not have denied that life was not always what it seemed. A boy's sweetheart deserts him. His heart is broken. Years afterward he looks back with humor, perhaps with relief, on the situation once so full of devastation. So might time have changed Tucker's views toward some of his worries.

Each of us personalizes his worry in some such manner. With John it may be religious fanaticism. With Jim a sophisticated atheism. Peter tones his terror with erotic sensation. We bring our apperceptive basis to experience and put upon the situation the values of our inner life. If money is your watchword, you cannot bear to have your nation off the gold standard; but hatred of the socially elect might make you welcome economic upset.

The saddest aspect of worry is that people do not actually think. They fret. They do not put matters on the shelf. They give themselves no rest, and fume at delay. Suspension of attention is an essential technique; the vow to do it wise. When a trouble presses, a decision must be made, or a letter written, refrain for a while. Refuse even to think about it. Decide you won't touch it until the next afternoon.

But do not wait in body while fussing in mind. Put the matter to rest actually and utterly. Never approach it until you are refreshed enough to think about it with fair intelligence. Never, never let yourself be driven. If anyone or anything presses, imitate the noble donkey. If someone thereupon calls you stubborn, remind him that horses die in twenty years; the donkey lives nigh unto a century. It is better to be an ass than a dead burden-bearer. No one weeps at the funeral of a slave.

Most of us have our focus on some material goal, not on a calm management of self. The individual is inevitably thrown out of order by the strain. Chester Ross envies the coolness of his colleagues in court. He has not attained their calm during serious trials, mainly because his worry is not over the use of his own skill, but on the outcome of his arguments. Had he learned that poise is one's first duty, his tension would have been less.

Ross needs to discover what short-circuits his energy. Good attention depends upon well-established associations.

Coherence requires a connected chain of ideas. Concentration is the product of co-operation among the mental processes. An individual who allows emotional pressure to break in upon his absorption creates a gap in the associations. Attention is deflected and uneasiness enters. It is perspective we need and need badly.

L. B. Bond recently lost a hundred thousand dollars, and has only twenty thousand left. He is desperate and contemplates suicide. No one can rouse him out of his depression. John Watts has been poor for years. He recently inherited twenty thousand dollars. He is elated. Both men now have the same amount of money. The one who had been penniless has the more serious obligations. Yet he is full of confidence. The other man, still relatively free of life's difficulties, is in a state of collapse.

Recognition of short circuits and refusal of emotional interferences, as irrelevant to the time and setting, is a mighty step. When nervousness tempts you, cry: "Get thee behind me, Satan." Ignore Fear of Consequences. He is an evil demon. Deride his power to control you. Concern yourself with the doing, and let the end be what it may.

Most common of all, we create an infirmity of the will by endless divergencies. Our mental trickeries induce irrelevant fear which inclines to a misinterpretation of our problem. We throw our judgment out of gear by imagining a score of false possibilities. A man worried about his business thinks his partners are about to break down, or that they blame him for the company's predicament. A boy, punished by his father, forms the impression he is not loved, believes his older brother is the one adored, considers his family cruel and imagines life at sea would be glorious.

These ideas are not inconceivable. They refer to the situation. While possible, they are yet improbable. Because of their propinquity to certain facts, we garble our thinking by their influence.

Such unconscious habits literally obsess the lives of many people and are the cause of their continued confusion. It is well to survey these ways by which deflections of attention take place. Worry is made valueless because of:

"Thobbing": making our thought obey our beliefs so that we are not thinking out a problem but unconsciously striving to justify our biases.

Fatalism: using the determinism of modern science as a neat excuse for spinelessness.

Verbalism: indulging in a camouflage of smart jargon and spurious arguments so that the issue in one's mind is obscured.

Suppression: secreting one's real difficulty from oneself, so that one never receives guidance until it is too late, and then saying: "I knew, but I didn't believe I could be right."

Assuming an attitude of abasement and praying vaguely for some "higher" power to do one's deciding.

Stalemate: by insisting others are unfair; thus one feels justified in making no effort.

Refusal to act unless the whole situation can be clarified; always an impossible procedure.

Entrenched assumption: contending with oneself that one's prejudices ought to be true, and action must obey them until they are disproved.

Refusal of conclusions because they would upset one's accepted system of ideas.

Unconsciously confusing an issue so as to prevent taking action against one's prejudices.

Angering oneself against oneself so that he can find an excuse for being the victim of his own anger.

Upsetting oneself about people and things instead of making effort to better conditions.

Refusing to think out a problem because one's indolence dislikes a coercion toward action.

Making untrue analogies and pleading with oneself that if they are not advisable then the necessary decision is not.

Becoming vague and confused in one's thought, to escape having to follow logic and act against one's fixations.

Refusal to accept alternatives by insisting one ought not to have to accept them.

The teeter-board device: a continued balancing of what there is on one side and then the other; a perfectionism that can last through eternity.

Holding to stereotypes and sanctions as if they were sacred.

Bringing unrelated material into the situation and insisting it is essential.

Making a problem seem too easy and suddenly discovering it is too hard.

Selecting the right, prejudiced persons to justify one's biases so that the problem is never settled.

Assuming an attitude of intellectual aloofness to the problem.

Saying to oneself that God and society are against the obvious solution.

Talking about what should be done to clear up a problem without believing it can be settled at all.

Transferring the issues from real to unreal values.

Repeatedly asserting the mountainous nature of the difficulties.

Playing for the sympathy and pity of others, making it easier to bear the sorrow than cure it.

Forming the habit of enduring troubles as "the will of God" instead of correcting them as an agent of Providence.

Insisting that all suggested solutions are "radical" and "dangerous", or "wrong."

Talking about what people would think if you settled your problem as if you were a really important person.

Talking about "not being extreme", and meaning not doing anything about one's troubles.

Introducing sophisticated cleverness into one's thought and confusing one's reasons with sparkling cynicisms.

Indulgence in self-mockery, which releases tension for the time, thus reducing the drive for a solution.

Inducing fatigue from compensation mechanisms and escapes: late hours and cocktails.

Feeling too weary and sick to settle the problem just then and subtly continuing the conflict so that the time never arrives.

Working oneself into such an emotional hysteria that one cannot think or act.

Allowing oneself to fuss about the insignificant details of one's problem so that one never comes to grips with real issues.

Concentrating on some one element of a problem with fury, thus being unable to work on the whole situation.

Misrepresenting to oneself the real issues and indulging in secondary adaptations.

Concentrating on the debate within oneself and arguing for the sake of arguing; encouraging each side to win, regardless of the truth of the matter.

· III ·

The American Tempo

The emphasis laid by students of the mind on the relation between inner states and outer troubles may have led people to believe that analysts ignore the hardships of circumstance that contribute to our worries. This is far from the truth. They not only consider unfortunate aspects of environment, but view them as creators of the mental difficulties which later impede the conquest of events. More than this, they see a man's surroundings as primary in his struggle, even though he brings to it a compromised intelligence. Psychology is a sister science of sociology, and as such must recognize external evils.

To ignore the present state of American life and the part it plays in creating worry would be to speak of a fever and neglect the cause of the infection.

We students of the mind are busy telling people to let go their tension. "Is that all there is to it?" you ask. "Aren't we all caught up in the strain of those around us? Don't we have to rush to get anywhere?" We hear such words on every hand — justifications of frenzy, as if we must compete in speed in a competitive age. The question is, does such behavior succeed in the end, or lead to tragedy?

Consider your associates. One only has to look at Smithers' face to see the wrinkles of despair. The man seems crushed and futile. Only the routine of his office holds him together. But holds him to what? If the office is a spiritual security, you yourself have never discovered it. And then there is Smithers' wife, who plays contract at least five nights a week, smoking one cigarette after another, flicking the ashes with nervous fingers. Her voice is serrated with edges of irritability. What a sweet person to live with!

But then, where is there a poised, mellow, loving woman among your group? Mrs. Custer, for example, certainly she isn't unbalanced. Yet she is hipped on religion. You have to belong to her sect to be saved, and intellectually one must class her with the imbeciles. She is appealing only in the comfortable lap she spreads for the world to sit in. Yet her husband does not blossom under her nurture. She saves up all the odd-jobbing of the week for him to take care of on Sunday. Perhaps he visits the cemetery in the afternoon. If, after six days of work at the office, that is God's day of rest for a commission broker, you prefer a different hysteria.

The other members of the firm are at least not pale, wizened creatures, who dare not speak their minds. Andrews, however, who speaks his on all occasions, would hardly serve as an edifying contrast. That man surely is unstrung, and the country has millions like him: everything going full speed for more money, for more things, with less time and less leisure to use the more things from the more money. It all went successfully in the old boom days. But since the depression and the years paying for it, Andrews has become — well, what is he: an echo, or a whirling disturbance in the air? Anyway, you know he isn't going anywhere or getting forward. There isn't anywhere to go or get.

He had had no real aim in the first place, only money and things. You sensed that there would never be a goal for Andrews again. His energies had been spent, and unless he gained a deeper motive, he would have no punch. Some new way to use things, a life that money would help one to achieve, might put the man on his feet. Otherwise, he would move in a daze as people do in delirium.

Andrews was a victim of the American tempo: get all you can as fast as possible; keep going, going, going. But he hit the wall of financial collapse and like countless others stopped: bruised, broken and, unfortunately, not killed. Anyway, Andrews and the others were all in the same boat as far as that was concerned, repeating the same old insanities that had brought the weary torpor. If only that couldn't happen; this was the thought that kept you awake. You didn't want to repeat the same old process, follow the same old path of working to bring on a boom, so that good times would mean working overtime, in order to invest in another inflated market and lose in another crash, and find yourself fifteen years nearer the grave, a doddering, discouraged, white-haired, mumbling fool.

It would be so easy to do that. You could say to yourself: "Well, the depression is over now; we'll go to work again and make a lot of money to repair our losses. Come on now; good times!" Suppose all of us did that, and of course we would. That is the American tradition. Then the maddened crowd, struggling to be on top, would pyramid to the same old catastrophe. Don't you know this is true? Aren't you afraid the whole debacle will be duplicated; coming to another collapse in about ten years? If we are to avoid it, must we not have some forethought, some meditation? Yet mental reflection takes time from the bridge table. If a man stopped to deliberate, he might have to balance his budget. And that would frighten him to death.

That much which pertained to the ideals of our forefathers has been lost in recent years none will deny. Both Broadway and Main Street contain little of the spirit of the pioneers, or even of the quiet shop in which Benjamin Franklin learned his first wisdom. Were this only a matter of external circumstances, it would not matter so much what manner of change had come to pass. To struggle with a subway crowd is not so difficult as to conquer a primeval forest. The trouble, however, lies in what actually constitutes the American tempo, and the fact that we seem to *become* the habits and values we *assume*. A national spirit is psychical more than physical, and as such enters consciousness as utterly as the air we breathe permeates our lungs. The atmosphere in which a man is reared and the trend of his nature are so intimately one, it is hard to distinguish the individual from his milieu.

Who can forget that, as things now are, a man may strive for years only to see his effort destroyed, his money lost, his children handicapped, and life itself wrecked by conditions over which he has no control? Is pessimism unnatural? Even the old belief in living through possessions — money, power, comfort — goes into a tail spin before the unhappiness that comes when affluence obtrudes but a man has none of it.

Nor is it only the absence of joy. That would be endurable were it not for the burdens one carries for no reason save that one's back is used to the load. We cannot confine the constrictions of our social setting to money and things. There are myriad situational pressures, moods of melancholy and unrest, domestic confusions, the rarity of enduring love, the boring atmosphere of the average setting, the unsatisfactory nature of parent-child relations; and behind this break-up of the home, the political and industrial unrest, the chaotic earth with its threats of war.

Knowing my own generation was out of order, I asked a college lad what was wrong with his. The answers were emphatic and clear. His associates, he told me, had: —

1. No knowledge of the meaning of life.
2. Little self-understanding.
3. Less insight into love, vocation or work.
4. No perception of normal maturity.
5. Little real reason for education.
6. Less faith in God, or confidence in immortality.
7. No personal dominant motive or cause for effort.

He gave me a picture of futility and sophistication in the heart of youth which came from witnessing the botch adults have made of life. He explained their doubt of romance in the face of the average marriage, but emphasized their familiarity with erotic intimacy. He pictured their longing for a free life and easy money. He noted the intellectual pessimism, driving them to the pleasure principle.

Without underpinning, it is hard to keep the structure of one's days together. The individual is thrown back into subjective confusion, saddled with two psychic attitudes: on the inside, disappointment and nervousness; on the outside, inadequate compromise. Divided focus is a significant condition in modern life: the causal element in mental breakdown, the greatest factor in worry. The mood seems the more poignant because men feel so cheated, as if life had deluded them; not that they feel overcome by struggle, but tricked by destiny.

With the ephemeral contentment of pleasure gone, little is left. We find ourselves in situations out of which there seems no escape. Things that once were worth our toil appear valueless. We keep on only because there is little else to do, trying to penetrate life's complexity, not to know its mystery but to flee its torture.

If Socrates should suddenly return to this world and visit America, he would find us grappling with the same questions his followers asked more than two thousand years ago. True, he might gaze speculatively at our busy streets, with their throngs of whizzing taxicabs. He might stare at our gilded towers crowding the clouds, or nod his head with a murmured "I told them so," as the winged airplanes moved above him. But he would go on reasoning with his friends as he did up to the moment when he lifted the cup of poison to his lips in the prison at Athens.

He would ponder how singular is the thing called pleasure, and how curiously related to pain; how they will never come to a man together, and if he pursues either of them, he is generally compelled to take the other. But we would have no miracle of understanding to show him, nor could we more than question, as he did, how the soul goes forward to the invisible world, and what eternity is like.

In humility then, let us admit that we are tyros in the art of living. Even psychology has penetrated but the surface of man's nature. "The proper study of mankind is man", yet he has only begun his lesson. With all our vaunted knowledge, we know not where we are going. Man looks at the stars and names the constellations. He has discovered how many billions and trillions of miles apart they are, and the laws which govern their movement in space. But why they are there and he is here is as deep a mystery as ever.

Scores of physical limitations have been overcome by advancing intelligence. Science, mechanics, commerce, have made incredible strides. Streams have been harnessed, mountain, forest and plain mastered. We have made a servant of the sea. The human problem remains: trouble with ourselves, with each other, with sickness and sorrow.

The reason for our failure in recent decades is all too evident. We endeavored to solve life's pressure by material means, exalting substance as if it would work a miracle in spiritual matters. You know the result. Instead of becoming simpler as the years rolled on, life after 1900 became complex. No sooner did a man find an answer to one problem than a new series was upon him. In the objective world he could hardly keep pace with changing conditions. The mere act of walking, once an affair between himself and his stride, became a three-dimensional peril with speeding automobiles about him, winged planes overhead, and rumbling subways under the earth; caves and cottages, where the idiosyncrasies of a family had to be placated, were replaced by clifflike monuments in which we troglodytes learned to adjust to a crowd. The very air, with its rattling of vehicles and the hum of a workaday world, was pierced by a new gamut of radio cries. At home, on the street, at work, the eyes, ears, senses of the human being were continually assailed. Life is lived under a pressure that would have killed our Colonial predecessors.

Is there, perhaps, something in the country cabin that is not in a Park Avenue apartment? For all the comfort of a sedan, the bumpy back of a mule held a certain glamour. Safety and hygiene may have wrapped modern life in a sealed package, but the sociable dirt of antiquity held an ease in which to sense reality. Our days have become dehumanized.

Nor shall we answer the question by acquiring more things and less leisure: One more antiseptic for Willy. A bigger, better diet for Minnie. Two baths a day for baby, and seven special formulas for his health. A sinus operation for Father. Twenty new germs for Mother to dread. Fifty more things to worry about. . . . A routine of mere existence, just a life in which to earn money and pay bills, with a hundred reasons why there is no time to rest.

In recent decades, even the act of bringing a child into the world has become a matter of such moment as to frighten anyone but a saint or a sap. Pure goodness or stupidity might dare the ordeal, but for thinking minds it takes nerve. Marriage is now an act of heroism. The responsibilities of satisfying the demands of a twentieth-century girl, either in money or manhood, is equaled only by the requirement of being a four-job wife. The modern woman must be a housekeeper, a publicity agent for her husband's advancement, a mother to his children and a veritable psychiatrist who endures and explains his discouragement. It is no pastime being a responsible member of the modern home, where human egos push and squirm. It is a long, long way, this life, from the old-fashioned farm, and an open question as to whether it is more comfortable.

Most of us cannot permanently go back to nature; someone else is on the land, and failing to make a living there. But if we only subsist on temporal values, unadjusted in our mechanical world, striving to live like so many robots, with standardized personalities and a rotary education, we shall lose our reason. If we live in bedlam all the year, we become like its other inmates. One may adjust to heaven or adapt to hell without losing his courage, but he who compromises with earth is soon in despair.

Many blame the Great War for our turmoil. The confusion it engendered was not a cause, but a symptom of social unrest. An atavistic self-indulgence has broken the dikes of old restraints and we are madly striving to satisfy tormenting desires. In centuries past, inhibition kept longings within bounds. While human nature is repressed, there is little tumult. The Chinese, constrained by their Confucian precepts, were successful automatons. No matter how barbaric the passions, they were not troublesome. Now comes the Chinese flapper and the Oriental lounge lizard.

Similar suppressive devices held in ancient Judea. When they broke, the wandering Jew traversed the earth. Among savages there is little neurotic futility. With no knowledge of the possibilities of life, man has few incitements to intensify his longings. Our times, shorn of the old restraints, teem with stimulus. High-powered motor cars, luxurious yachts, theaters and dances, gay resorts, wealthy homes, opportunities for expensive enjoyments entice us all. None is denied sufficient contact with these things, through magazines, motion pictures or other forms of vicarious experience, to be unaware what a life of pleasure could be.

Rich in provocation, our social order is poor in guidance to supplant the old restraint. Thus we witness a marked psychosis of desire, a mob lust for power, a group hedonism that madly seeks excitement with no steadying consciousness of the meaning of life.

Unless we stop enticing people to wish for what they have not earned, fomenting a delusion of easy money and a life of affluence, we shall have more revolt and madness. In the old days, a king would not have owned so powerful a possession as a motor car. To-day a little flirt from the Five and Ten may sell her virtue for it. Every child expects to have what he sees. Thus we witness the phenomenon of a country beyond itself in its cravings, blandly oblivious of the inexorable law of effort.

Nor is it the fate of one class to be driven by desire. From the humble tenement and the palatial mansion comes the same discontent. Release from economic burdens frees a man from one set of bothers, wealth creates another series of bedevilments. Yet are we willing to give up this maelstrom? Do we not look with skepticism on one who suggests a solution to our problems, convinced the family setting, financial burdens, neighborhood standards, business difficulties must go on? These are the "hard facts of life" we insist are unavoidable.

Would we not contest any philosophy pretending to diminish them, fearful of disappointment and certain we had succumbed to the optimistic lullabies of Pollyanna? Too many promises have failed, too many platitudes gone the way of religion, for us to believe an answer is possible. A pastor Wagner may write of the simple life, and Santayana explain that the only hard facts are those of emotion, as if a man made or unmade his own relation to experience by the values within his breast. But were they not, you query, ethical theorists? Aristotle may plead that self-command is the beginning of all practicality, but he lived centuries ago. And as for the teachings of Jesus, how, you ask, could the message of one who was crucified guide a man in this modern uproar? To apply His words "Take no thought for the morrow" seems to prophesy an empty larder and eviction from the apartment. Smartness suggests one wanders in such footsteps only as a hobo.

So it is men come, in this twentieth century, to mouthing wisdom few dare follow, preferring instead a skeptical factualism. We turn away from those who claim alembics for suffering, determined to be "practical." The routine of the office must go on, the morning's mail be answered, the contract signed with "Smith & Jones." There is the bill for Mary's schooling. Roger's allowance, ever increasing, must be attended to. And that memo to call the plumber about the leak by the cellar stair, new spares for the car. Yet even with this hounding of details the tasks are never done.

The average American is like a monkey with his tail tied to yesterday and his head caught by the onrushing tomorrow. He realizes that conditions are wrong and must be changed, but he has not yet brought himself to accept emotionally what he intellectually knows.

Worry about our pressure would not be so serious did it not spread like toxic until it encompasses a man's whole nature. An anxiety once started seeps into every aspect of consciousness. Dorith Hard spends sleepless nights over her children. She not only fears for their health, but expects every playmate to corrupt their morals. She has decided to have no more offspring — two are such a care. And what of their future in so uncertain a period?

From this quite natural beginning, Dorith's worry has spread until the widening ripples of anxiety cover every aspect of experience. There is no peace for her in life.

Her friend, Mrs. Bauer, is also a victim of exhaustion, albeit her overapplication developed in relation to her profession. She is "in advertising": an account executive of no mean ability. She worries about her physical condition. Her body simply will not stand the strain of — of what? Mrs. Bauer calls it "competition under present conditions." Her doctor describes it as "business neurosis": fixation on work even in her anxious dreams.

Frenzied toil has long been a curse in America, though often praised as a virtue. "But they while their companions slept were toiling upward in the night." Nonsense. They were digging their graves.

· IV ·

Is Uncle Sam Insane?

Some time ago, a certain man, released from a sanatorium, returned to his home in the largest of our cities. Two decades had passed in his absence. He gazed at the pushing crowds as one in delirium. His companion, used to our national tempo, dodged his way across the street as he had done for years. Soon they stood in a business office. Nervous rush prevailed. A secretary came forward.

"Telephone for you, Mr. Gurkins." The late victim of nerves listened to his friend's conversation.

"Yes, jazz that copy up, we've got to make 'em buy. Sure, plenty of red ink. No, that order goes to Walla Walla. By the way, we've got to cut out the silk in those linings. I'm meeting our fashion designer, *Berengaria* docks in an hour. O.K. Yes, yes. O.K."

It seemed to the listener as if some invisible demon must be pursuing those about him, ready to destroy them if they paused to breathe. Late that afternoon, in the library of his own home, our friend sat back in exhaustion. Even there, everyone seemed possessed: victims of the great American Frenzy in which the success bogy alternated with pleasure-hounding.

"No one at the sanatorium was as mad as these," he thought. "There they at least took time to digest their meals. Here everyone is so frantically doing this or that he has no chance to live."

Observant individuals have long suspected our national behavior of being abnormal. A few noted the affect of its speed upon our bodies; a handful considered how it was destroying our minds. We talk of our worries as if there were no connection between them and our way of life, and speak of the strange conduct of our children as if they should be entirely unaffected by the moods of their elders. Have we forgotten to trace a relation to our own hectic ways?

The spread of neurosis is unquestionably a major disease of civilization. It colors the lives of millions who do not consider themselves abnormal. The background of divorce, business failure, the delinquencies of youth, and even of many physical diseases, lies in our tension.

At a meeting of the American Medical Association some years ago, Dr. Walter L. Bierring declared the increase in mental cases was one of the most pressing social problems of our day. "The number of commitments to institutions for mental diseases almost parallels the increase in matriculation at colleges," he said. At the same gathering, Dr. George Crile predicted that while the medical profession could expect to conquer many sicknesses in the future, it would see a growing amount of insanity.

"It is in the field of neurosis and mental diseases that we shall be in 'red ink,'" was his statement. "The complicated mechanism of our civilization will lay a heavy toll on the brain and nervous system. After one hundred years of the struggle in which we are now engaged, there will be an increasing number of wrecks."

Dr. A. J. Desloges, general medical director of hospitals for the insane, industrial and reform schools, and chief of the division of social hygiene for the province of Quebec, predicted some time ago that the whole world would be insane in a quarter of a century. Recently he said that he had been too generous by fifteen years: that the world had already reached that point.

Quoting his words: "All nations seem to be going insane. The impending material and political bankruptcy of the civilized world is the natural result of the fact that the world is already mentally, morally and socially bankrupt. The population of our mental hospitals is increasing in ever growing proportions year by year. But that is only a partial criterion. There are more insane outside of the hospitals than in them."

A group of mathematicians in England recently reported on a basis of categorical statistics that in two centuries there will no longer be in Europe a single person in possession of his reason. They prove it as follows: In 1859 the proportion of insane was one in 535, in 1927 it was one in 312, in 1929 it was one in 150. And so it is easy to calculate that in 1977 there will be one insane person in every one hundred, and in the year 2139 one in every one. If such a hypothetical calamity could come to pass in Europe, where they have never known our craze for speed, hurry, push, what is to be expected in the future of America?

Insanity is loosely defined as irrationality to the point of incoherence. Hasn't our national thinking been incoherent: the political, social, economic, financial, commercial solutions in this century? If any one of us had behaved as Uncle Sam has in the last two decades, wouldn't he be committed to some asylum?

Suppose we diagnose his mental state. It would appear that his symptoms are of the type of psychosis known as Manic Depression. This form of insanity is marked by periods of excitement and overactivity, followed by times of gloom and quiescence. The Manic Depressive shows extreme emotional oscillation: up and down, joy and sorrow, optimism and dejection. He is exhilarated in booms, lachrymose in panics. In the manic phase there is excitement, flight of ideas, extreme exhilaration, overstimulation, swift inaccurate motion, lightning thought and exuberant enthusiasm.

One buys stocks at the highest peak, regardless of security. The manic is a booster, always on the go, making a racket. He runs around to forget his troubles. Where do we go from here? Gin, Jazz, and Jitters. If we are honest, weren't a good many of us caught up in such a frame of mind a decade ago, even if we were supposedly calm, practical, self-possessed personalities?

Then comes the melancholy phase. The depressive man is morbid and brooding. He has a feeling of inadequacy; his ideas are retarded, he shows anxiety, sadness, sometimes stupor. He goes nowhere. He holds back, prohibiting and inhibiting. He is cynical, sophisticated and negative, laconic, methodical and dull. In a stampede, he sells his securities at their lowest point, regardless of their value. He dramatizes his losses by subtracting what his investments might have become from what they now are.

Need I complete the picture? Observe your friends and see if they do not, in a mild way, either fit into one of these two groups, or else swing from one to the other.

Such a frame of mind produces a system of related ideas with such common affective ties that the arousal of one part of the system brings the whole to bear. You say the word "worry" to the average man and his mind immediately races in a circle: "taxes, lost money, bills, wife's last-winter hat, old car, lowered income; taxes, loss of money, bills, wife's last-year hat, old car, taxes . . ." In such thinking there is what we call a "constant error", due to some distorting emotional bias working consistently in one direction. The result is a tendency to use senseless, disconnected phrases about the issue at hand.

In the large, our stock market has been a good clinical thermometer of Uncle Sam. It measured his manic fevers and depressive chills. His condition has been one of confusion and nervous instability, of ineffectiveness, unsteadiness, and aimlessness; of disorganization, conflict, and irrationality.

Because of such a state of things, we are loaded with incredible debts. The great war cost the United States fifty-one billions, which would have bought the entire country and everybody in it in 1885. It is not paid for yet. The late President Coolidge estimated that the probable cost will be one hundred billions, which is about the present value of all the states west of the Mississippi. Our mortgage on the future is even more serious.

People admire the beauty of our towering buildings, but the New York sky line will be paid for by coming generations. There are bonds on the market now to be bought below par, which the great-great-grandchildren of the present stockholders are supposed to pay for. They are pledged to redeem them at a thousand dollars in the year 2000 A.D. A railroad issue of fifty million dollars is due for payment in the year 2361, to be collected by people as distant from us in time as we are from the death of Columbus.

These figures are quite apart from our commercial debts, the billions of debits of overexpanded manufacture. Indeed, one of our forms of madness was our belief in financial leadership, and our romantic trust in our bankers.

We have reached the place where we must face squarely these forms of derangement, for they are part of what we worry about. As a nation we had, it appears, what psychiatrists call Retrograde Amnesia: that is, defective memory, a loss of what was once learned — which illustrates how panics recur. About one hundred per cent. of the men of this country now claim they knew about the depression periods which come every decade. How many paid any attention to this knowledge in 1929?

Our national consciousness was then obsessed with financial gluttony. Alienists call it "Boulimia." We certainly had an excessive appetite for foreign bonds. There was also a mysterious form of what they call "Telekinesis": the delusion that money disappears and goes into the air without physical means. I have yet to find a man who knows what actually happened to his money and just who got it away from him.

Even more common than these madnesses was Security Hallucination, which made you imagine that the stock you bought was more than a promise to pay — if and when. Such a disease is not more marked, however, than what is known as "Cryptesthesia": a supposed power to perceive hidden values in worthless things, a common derangement of Wall Street advisers. Last but not least is the mental mechanism termed "Imago": a fantastic belief that your money in the bank is there now, instead of in South America. This delusion of possession is common indeed.

Can we separate these national madnesses from the mental collapse in individuals, or deny that one of the great causes of worry is the tempo of our people? We have to live in Uncle Sam's house and struggle with his moods, his wild conjectures and confusion. Unless we are able to maintain poise shall we not be influenced by his views, frightened by his behavior and, worst of all, lose self-command? It is easy to become hysterical about everyday experience; so immersed we have no perspective as to what life means.

If as individuals we do not face our frenzied behavior, we shall turn our national disturbances into a psychic plague. When we are wearied and worried by our own twisted thinking, we can stand no more strain placed upon our personalities. If we rush on impetuously striving to pile up money to meet the situation, without regard to the warnings Nature is giving us, our day is done. By shutting off some of the pressure and keeping from becoming too involved in it, we may avoid nervous exhaustion.

In the art of learning how to worry, the central principle is to keep from becoming confused with other people's anxieties, from being upset by the conditions that are disturbing the life around us, and possibly from going insane because of the world's psychosis.

This last is no unimportant point. There are two hundred and fifty nervous patients over fifteen years of age for every hundred thousand of the general population, and over eighty per hundred thousand are admitted every year into our asylums and sanatoriums for mental cases. The chances of being admitted during your life to a mental hospital are about one in twenty, and the chances of developing some incapacitating mental state are about one in ten.

And this does not include those neurotic conditions that belong to everyday life, such as the inferiorities, the general insecurities, the persecutions, the common melancholias, which do not make one dangerous to one's self or to society, but which turn life into a torture. Dr. Mayo puts the matter even more strongly. In one of his important addresses, he states: —

"We have doubled the number of insane in thirty years. In a period when medicine has made such splendid progress as a curative of the body, we find insanity increasing at a surprising rate."

And later in the same address he remarked: "I might say that insanity is a curious result of civilization. We have few really insane persons among the primitive races. *But the moment a man begins to worry he imperils his mind.*"

There are those who will state that anxiety is unavoidable in such an era as ours, that no man can escape worry under such conditions as have come in recent years. This is true if the individual believes that the behavior of his nation is normal, and accepts all the obligations his environment creates. If he follows the success bogy of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, he cannot keep his thought true and his heart pure. Psychic greed leads to externalism and then to satiety. Result: emptiness inside, torpor outside. The scant diet of decent material for thought, the vast number of psychic germs to which he is exposed, will destroy his poise. Fed on such poisoned food, he loses contact with reality and pernicious anemia develops in his soul.

It is the febrile area within us that lays us open to the contagion. Psychic manifestations obey the same laws as those of the body. There are millions of germs all around us. In a period of epidemic these germs are greater in number. We do not take the disease merely because we are exposed to it. There must first be physical maladjustment making us susceptible, toxics in our blood where the germs lodge. This is equally true of our serious worries. They become devastating only when we are already abnormal.

If man's mind does not remain in order, his social relations and economic procedures will get out of order. Upon his mental poise his power to achieve social harmony, economic sanity, and technical efficiency depends. He must be able to direct his instruments. What is not good for his mind is not good at all. Hours, wages, money, machines and methods are valuable and wise only if they conduce to the happiness, sanity, and growth of the whole man. Pressures that injure him as a thinking creature must in the end destroy his very capacity to handle his implements. If his well-being is not maintained, nothing is well in the society he develops.

The crash we experienced some years ago came because we were focused upon superficial values. We blamed destiny and external factors, instead of eradicating wrongs from our body politic. We shall not have national health until we are willing to eliminate the causes of our turmoil. The same laws rule in a personal panic. We undergo neurotic crises, followed by depressions, but rarely see the cause for what it is.

Society is hectic and perturbed because of multiplying, in mass, the unadjusted conditions in ourselves. The great upheavals of history would not have been possible had not abnormality fastened like a parasite on the pristine consciousness of man. If a world crash comes upon us, its collapse is by our permission, nor did any need its cauterizing more than we. If we resist the searing, our lesson must be repeated. A world depression belongs to each man whose destiny it forms. It is for him and not the multitude, nor shall he be free of it until he frees himself of its power to infect.

For you and for me, the problem is personal. We cannot cure the ills of society. We can do much to meet our own. Difficulties in the large obey two principles: First, wrong social conditions that we refuse to change precipitate trouble. Second, neurotic personal conditions we refuse to face intensify it. If we are not carrying disorder inside, we will meet the outside confusion with poise. If we are neurotic, we will blame our times. If we are not abnormal inside, we will have compassion toward other people. If we are neurotic, we will blame everyone but ourselves.

As long as we neglect our national sicknesses, we shall have crises and depressions. As long as we neglect our personal obliquities, we shall have similar upsets in the psyche. The answer to the problem of living includes seven essential factors: —

First: recognition that society has become abnormal and its demands must be met with firmness.

Second: discovery and admission of our susceptibilities to injurious influences.

Third: doing what we can to get out of personal aberrations.

Fourth: endeavoring in our own way to change the world for the better.

Fifth: learning how to overcome what troubles can be surmounted and to adapt to those that are as yet incurable.

Sixth: learning not to put the blame on environment when our own inner natures are disordered.

Seventh: learning that, in the end, we are treated by life according to our own mental attitudes.

· V ·

Hurry, Worry, Bury

More often than not, it is solitude that invites anxiety. John Farman paced the floor of his room, bumping blindly into the uncomfortable chairs with which hotelkeepers clutter their patrons' cells. He had made the circle of ten cities and would soon discuss results with his sales manager. It was no use. The trip had cost more than any profit his meager orders might yield. It couldn't go on. But if not — what? To tell John not to worry about his work, to face his superior happily, to return to his wife indifferent to the threat his failure brought, would be ridiculous.

And while he paced the floor, lonely and desolate, Mary, at home, sat staring before her, anxious about their boy's injuries. The doctor had just left. Tommy had been run over by a speeding car. It could be worse, for only his leg was broken, yet Mary feared he might be lame. One of her neighbors too had caused the accident, and that troubled her. John would come back to find the home in an uproar, when she knew he needed her comforting sympathy.

It matters little where we go, or into whose private experience we enter — worry is present. So serious has the ravage become, discussion of it enters into countless conferences, both here and abroad. It occupies an important place in the gatherings of eminent physicians. It appears at the yearly conventions of psychologists. Those who attend the meetings of the federated churches listen to discussion of the relation of worry to religious faith and the part it plays in the health and happiness of the modern home.

Educators consider its relation to student suicides and breakdowns in school and college. Most clearly of all, it becomes a central question in reports on industry made by the social service foundations. Much data on the relation of fatigue and anxiety to work-efficiency have come to light in recent years. It has been safe to say that an unorganized survey of worry has been going on in many fields and far corners of America.

In the reports, books, surveys, and articles, interesting and varied conclusions appear. Important quotations from each research, together with the opinions of leading investigators, would fill a volume and touch every aspect of human interest, from biology to politics and engineering. Summed up, they emphasize the point already made: that the American Frenzy is at the root of most of our evils. It appears in one form in the conclusions of labor leaders, in another where economists complain at our mania for sudden wealth. Divorce judges speak of "impulsive marriages", while the whole country notes the slaughter of the people from madly driven motor cars. Yet, everyone rushes on. You do it. I do it. We hurry because of our worries, and when told it only makes more worry, we say we "have to do it" and hustle all the harder.

What is the use of all the wisdom available on the art of living if this edict is disobeyed? None, apparently. That is why investigators spend so much time upon it. A European savant puts the cause of this madness down to our youth. We are the victims of the same "overstimulation" that gives your child autointoxication and makes him get into mischief. We haven't yet learned not to overdo.

Interestingly enough an almost identical idea comes from leaders of agriculture, from men interested in the Grange. Americans, they tell us, have no habit of planting, cultivating, and waiting for the crop in their professional and business lives. They are impatient. To buy at ten a thousand shares of a rising stock and sell in six months at a hundred is more to our liking than gradually to build to success in our chosen work with the purpose and calm with which fruit trees produce a profitable orchard. "America has no patience," they tell us. Nor shall we come out of our morass until we learn to live as nature does: *growing* into affluence.

The thought is found in the writing of our natural scientists. Stressing the factor of evolution, they emphasize the time element in results, noting the series of transitions by which any worth-while achievement takes place. From their view we worry when we refuse to accept the tempo of the very earth, the unfoldment rate of nature, building our structures and adjusting our lives on cosmic principles. There are definite stages, they find, in all phases of life. Nature is constantly creating new designs and adaptations. Her ways cannot be hurried nor essentially changed. We must learn to follow her manner, building the structure of our lives as the conch erects the amazing spiral of his shell.

The European finding which likens us to an adolescent is wrong in one particular, however; for unlike the boy, it is work we overdo, not play. "Recreation is essential," says the report of a large foundation, which scrutinizes the relation of worry and fatigue. "One day of rest, at least." It's quite true, too, according to an academic psychologist, who believes that exhaustion is the greatest factor in discouragement. "Rest, recreation, and reason" show a definite connection, while fatigue and foolishness are brothers under the skin. The mental tests prove it, examiners maintain.

Play is a necessary prophylaxis, says an ethical culturist, as he pleads for exercise and sports as "the best cures for worry"; while a dancing master asserts: "Social intercourse is the answer. If you worry, you need good companionship. Nervous strain and anxiety develop when you are alone. Friends and laughter are essential to mental health." Not only that, but a great restaurateur proves there is a relation between anxiety and appetite. We worry on an empty stomach. "Eat," he insists; "eat for nervous poise. Pleasure and gaiety save your reason. When something frets you, join the merry throng of feasters and see how the fears will disappear." One man goes so far as to believe that neurotic anxiety is a matter of bad eating, the absence of the necessary vitamins, and "hurried restaurant meals."

However this may be, it is emphatically clear in the findings of every investigator that worry is not only created by physical conditions, but itself creates bodily sickness. There is an intimate relation between high blood pressure, heart failure, and all phases of serious anxiety. We are integrated organisms. Every emotional disturbance creates nervous tension and functional upsets in the vital organs, and these constrictions once established exaggerate every depression and make sound judgment difficult.

"To be healthy," states a neurologist, "good elimination is necessary, but this means the discharge of bad mental attitudes and emotionalism more than fetid physical substance."

"Unless you digest your experience and refuse the wrong mental diet," states an organotherapist, "you will have a bilious brain. Worry is psychic nausea." "Right," adds a biologist, "and your energy supply depends upon a normal flow of blood to your cells. They become hungry and wear out. Their waste must be carried away. Your energy is galvanic, a matter of magnetism in the minute particles of your being. You can't have power without the right chemistry and a good flow in your veins."

"And that is why," a nerve specialist explains, "the tension that worry engenders is so injurious. Tension starves your cells. If someone tied a tourniquet on your arm and kept it there for years, your arm would wither from lack of nourishment. Millions wither from worry, for it puts a tourniquet on the whole being." "Your brain won't work without blood," a physiologist declares, "any more than a motor car can run without gas. Every means by which you cut down constricting nervousness is an aid to intelligent living."

Among those concerned with the handling of worry none are more profound yet more adroit than those French physicians whose research has carried them into the somatic side of anxiety. "Do something to get rid of your inner pressure," they tell us, "and you will help yourself to think your problem through more easily." Such concrete advice is a blessing in these days when so many counselors tell us we ought to relax, but often fail to tell us how to do it.

Knowing how few people are able to reduce the strain in their inner organs, foreign doctors suggest ways to release the congestions by indirect means. You can tell your hand to relax. You are used to directing it to grip and to let go. The striped muscles, whose surface presence is evident to your eyes, more easily obey your will. Your deeply hidden smooth muscles are often rebellious. You know less about directing them to yield their strain. To achieve this relaxation, European neurologists suggest a few simple exercises of great value in learning how to worry successfully: —

No. 1. *Pont des Arts:*

This is an exercise to induce relaxation in your spine. Lie on the floor flat upon your back. Think down your spine to about halfway between your head and your hips. Lift up your back — just a central vertebra — from the floor. Then slowly the two vertebræ on each side of it are raised. Then the two following. Then gradually the whole torso is lifted like an arch, or bridge — hence the name of the exercise. Do not strain. Do not lift your torso up as far as possible. Lift it slowly until the center of the arch is about five inches from the floor. Lower it just as slowly until you are quite flat again. Close your eyes and enjoy the thrill of restful quiet. You are beginning to relax.

No. 2. *Le Métropolitain:*

This is an exercise to open your tubes and to increase the circulation of your blood by relaxing the veins and arteries, releasing pressure and inducing rest. Lift your right arm very slowly, so slowly you can hardly see it move. When it is six inches above the floor, hold it still until it aches, then let it fall, suddenly, entirely relaxed. Repeat the process with your other arm, then with one leg, then the other leg, always raising them slowly and relaxing them suddenly after a period of suspension in the air. Now slowly raise your head from the floor; hold it suspended as with arms and legs. After you become aware of the tension in your neck, gently lower your head to the floor. Close your eyes and listen for your stomach as it begins to squeal, or your intestines to untwist. By the third time you do this exercise you will feel and hear tension letting go somewhere in your torso.

This is not really a physical exercise, but a mental one. The French are clever. They know we understand so little of functional release that relaxation of inner organs is difficult. By inducing a tension in the extremities and then relaxing it, they create a sensory image of complete rest, which we receive by a subtle suggestion from our bodies.

No. 3. *En Suisse:*

You know how the air of Switzerland stimulates you. It is easy to rest after a long walk and hard to be overanxious in the Alps.

This is because of the increased oxygen in your blood. You are breathing more deeply.

While lying on your back, take a long breath through your mouth, with teeth and lips almost closed, so that you hiss as you inhale. Let the intake consume as long a time as possible, but do not strain for excessive inflation. Now exhale through your mouth, hissing, just as slowly as possible, so that more than thirty seconds elapse before all the air is out, and one minute has passed during the one long breath. Now take three good breaths through your nose, like a person in a heavy sleep, and exhale each one through your nose. Follow this by five big puffs or blows, like a locomotive just beginning to move. Take another long breath through the mouth and follow this with three sleeping breaths as before. Repeat this series three times. Then take twenty sleeping breaths. Doze for ten minutes.

After such a simple series of exercises, you will discover, if you return to the problem that was bothering you, that your head seems clearer, your heart quieter, your nerves steadier, your mind freer, your emotions not so turbid. It is then easier to worry successfully.

Exercises to get rid of tension are not enough, however, and will not help you much if you keep the mental attitudes that create your tension. Control of the nerves is good; command of your mind is better. Both are necessary ways of life. Habits of thought, as well as the behavior of your body, need changing.

A friend of mine was for many years a Supreme Court judge. Men spent years in prison or went free, according to the way he instructed his juries. His heart was heavy with the burden of it. One day his staunch body failed. The doctor was called.

"Do you spend evenings pondering upon your problems?" the physician asked him.

"Certainly. Every conscientious judge must," was the reply.

"Do you just sit?" the doctor persisted.

"Of course."

"Well, don't. Do something else while you think. Take a drive. Go for a walk. Play solitaire. Dual action is often necessary when you worry. You have too much steam up and need to let it off."

"But I need to rest," the judge expostulated.

"When you sit and brood, you aren't resting," the physician contended. "Most people are too nervous to reason placidly about their problems. When I have a serious medical case to think over, I play jackstraws with my little daughter. That relaxes my nerves and suddenly I find myself making a diagnosis almost as if it had made itself."

"But I must be earnest about my work," the judge persisted.

"Yes, but not too earnest. Our mental wheels will not turn when we are tense. Ease is necessary. It relieves strain to do something soothing while thinking over difficult questions."

The judge listened intently. He put the advice into effect and his health improved. Years afterward he remarked: "Solitaire put me in the Supreme Court of my state, and 'dual action' saved my life."

When I was a boy, I one day reached a point of land in Casco Bay, spent and exhausted from rowing against wind and tide. An old fisherman sat upon a rock, puffing his pipe and studying me with the contemplative gaze of the natively wise.

"Whar be you agoin'?" he questioned gently.

"Up the river," I panted.

"So be I — by and by." Something in his tone brought me to a stop.

"Why not now?" I questioned uncertainly.

"I'm awaitin' for the tide to change, and I guess the wind'll abate come evenin'," he mused.

I put up my oars and climbed on the rock beside him, suddenly aware of my foolish haste. Could I have learned his lesson then, how different the years might have been. Instead, it took decades more to give up the nervous drive, the killing pressure, the idle contest against the current of life. When I too learned to let the tide help me, the change was magical.

If one were to give a single piece of advice as to the control of worry, it would be: Let go your tension. Cease rushing; give up the continual circular brooding. Give up the idea of such excessive nervous responsibility. At railroad crossings there is a motto, the best in the world for an American speeding down the path of life: —

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

Worry is deliberation turned toxic. Only by calm, impersonal meditation is truth discovered and life's problems solved.

It is an interesting fact that in most Oriental languages there is no word for "worry." The Swamis substitute "meditation" for our western "brooding", concentrating upon a problem in the light of an abiding faith in the goodness of the eternal spirit. To them our anxiety seems foolish.

"Sometimes," a jeweler once confided to me, "I wish I'd taken up another type of work."

"Why so?" I asked.

"I repair a lot of watches and clocks, and I'm not sure we are yet developed enough to have such things. The ancients had a sense of all eternity to grow in. We live against time.

Look how people chatter, hurrying on and on as if the next thought would escape them. 'Tick-talking' I call it, and it's destroying our nervous systems."

"We are making mental breakdowns every day," the superintendent of a large school admitted. "We are not teaching our children to learn, with poise and thoughtfulness. The marks system habituates them to straining for an artificial goal, and they do it all their lives. The influence of working for grades is not only one of the greatest causes of worry in youth and behind many student suicides, it is also the bad training pattern that appears as a destroyer in the later years."

"Something must break the spell of it, the spell of such worry, I mean," a mental hygienist agreed, "and I believe that nothing but refusal will save us. While slaves were willing to be slaves, they were slaves forever. As long as the slave spirit controlled them, there was no hope. And we, as long as we are supine and follow on to the slaughter, will be destroyed. Years ago, down in Maine, I met an old farmer, who had the right of it. When pressed by life, he had one phrase: 'I won't. I don't hev ter.' "

To this constructive counsel, one might add a few don'ts, just to follow the custom advisers so love: —

1. Never worry when depressed. If you start to worry while blue, seek distraction.

2. Never worry until you know most of the facts. Secure more information.

3. Never do another person's worrying. You deprive him of experience necessary for growth. Your stomach is made to digest your own food and your mind to consider your own trouble.

4. Never worry about two troubles at once. One at a time is often too much.

5. Never take up another problem as soon as one is finished. Rest a while.

6. Never worry because someone thinks you should. He is generally wrong anyway.

7. Decide what type of trouble you are worrying about: objective matters call for action; subjective ones for contemplation.

8. Never worry while you are angry or irritated. Get your peeve out of the way.

9. Set a time limit on worry talks with others: thirty minutes is enough for any argument.

10. Never worry about an unproved fear. Do something to find out.

11. When you cannot do anything about a problem, take a bath, dress up, buy some candy, go to the movies.

12. Never dump your worries on other people, unless you want to lose their love.

13. Never worry while your face is sad. Successful worry requires a smile.

14. If worry in bed makes you sleepless, get up. Don't say you can't sleep; it isn't true. If you always get up, the demon will give up and soon let you alone.

15. Weeping while worrying leads to failure. Keep tears and worry apart.

16. Self-pity is a psychic nausea. Never ask the family to share it.

17. Never worry until you have refreshed your mind with re-creation; looking up at the sky, for instance.

18. Never worry until it is quiet enough for you to hear the "small voice within."

19. Never listen to your conscience unless its dictates are "with science." Debunk it first of moralisms.

20. Never worry while anyone is trying to persuade you of anything. Refuse coercion and ignore propaganda. He who seeks to force conclusions upon you has an ulterior motive, though he may not know it.

· VI ·

A Discussion of Our Difficulties

If a woman, lost in despair over her marriage, could have the vision and experience of a consultant who has analyzed a thousand such situations, how amazingly her values might change!

If a mother, sleepless over the behavior of her boy, could discuss his delinquencies with a wise scoutmaster, would she feel so bewildered? When you and I are brooding on some problem we seldom consider the points of view others might hold. We have no skill in contemplation to help us see the many sides of a situation.

"The trouble is," a vocational counselor once said to me, "people don't fret about the poorness of their thinking; they fuss about their mistakes, meeting the future more than half convinced they will make the same errors to-morrow."

"But why?" I demanded.

"Because they seldom take their behavior to pieces to see what it is made of. I don't just advise the people who pass through this clinic as to the new job. I try to discover the facts about the old one. And, if there wasn't any job, how the relation to school and home developed.

"We don't solve a present worry by only seeing its relation to the day we think about it, or the circumstances of the moment. One needs to study a trouble on the stage of a person's life, observing the past upsets and one-time successes as they are acted out in dramatic scenes; then question how the data gained affect the present problems. We don't just worry in the here and now; our lives are a narrative of connected events, and all have significance in relation to each other."

"Do you always use a retrospective process?" I queried.

"Invariably. Scores come to me worried about their vocations, uncertain what work to take up, or else dissatisfied with their present position. Even for a man of fifty, I go back to his boyhood, asking him to tell me of his joys and sorrows, his success and failure, in the home and among his fellows. I discover the subjects he liked best in school, and those he hated, get a record of his grades and find out his pleasures, his liking for reading, drama, music, art, or mechanics. I study his relation to adults and to those of his own age. When this tragicomedy of his life is acted before me, it isn't hard to see his vocational possibilities, as well as the tendencies that cause his difficulties. The worries of 'most anyone are clarified if we see them against the background of his life, as well as in the present dilemma."

"You mean that you take time in a person's present crisis to go back to his babyhood?" I queried.

"There you go, talking about taking time" — then, seeing my smile: "but of course you do the same in your work, you only want to hear me agree with you. I'll tell you this: The hidden key for helping anyone seeking work, or having difficulty in a job, is usually to be found by understanding the man as he can be known only through a retrospective survey. Or suppose he is in despair over the drink habit. The answer lies in finding such satisfaction for him in a normal adjustment to life that he no longer drinks to escape frustration and boredom. Fear of destitution is only possible because a man hasn't organized his efforts and established a campaign that would prevent poverty.

"And he can't set such a system in motion except on the foundation of his whole life, properly analyzed. Guidance is in his failures as well as in the times of success. We win by avoiding our weaknesses and using our strengths."

"Your friend's thought comes close to my own," said a well-known educator. "I start a fresh notebook every January. I label it my *Don't Guess Guide.* Into it I put my analyses of problems. I gather facts about the things I have to cope with. I limit my notes to my particular tasks. I refuse — absolutely refuse — to decide anything of a serious nature on supposition. My *Don't Guess Guide* is a godsend. You'd be surprised to see the amazing way my stray facts about the boys in this school assist me. They are simply invaluable in dealing with the crises during the year."

"Doesn't the making of such a book require time?" I asked.

"Some, but not much, and not half as much as I'd be forced to use if I didn't have it. Efficient living requires less attention than the helter-skelter kind. One merely puts attention on forethought and avoidance of situations that would otherwise force themselves upon us."

"You are right," I cried, "we don't get away with anything."

"Not actually," the educator agreed, "we only think we do until life comes up and hits us. I've several other methods I use, of course."

"Come out with them," I urged.

"Well, I've formed the habit of restatement of the facts whenever I have a serious dilemma. I write out at least five descriptions of a situation as I imagine quite different people would see it. Personally, I consider — " he paused, laughed, then hurried on. "I consider how my wife would see it, and what her father would say about it. Then I usually imagine talking it over with one of the boys on the school council, and maybe with a physician. I picture just how each would state the problem, and you'd be surprised to see what it does to free me of biases."

"No, I'd not be surprised," I smiled. "But I know now what made you a great educator. What next do you do?"

"I find this act of restatement has given me experience, as it were, in handling trouble before I actually deal with it. It produces what I call 'mental practice.' You see, we only worry about the future. It's what may happen that bothers us. Worry is a sign we need 'mental practice' in coping with probable difficulties. That allows me the chance to lay out at least three alternatives, which I have ready when the time comes. By that means, I can adjust to the transitions as they take place."

"Don't you believe there is always a line of least resistance?" I asked.

"Of course, but it's not always the answer. Practicality consists in discovering the outcome you find to be wise, not in overadaptation to details, or in letting things take care of themselves. The important point is to discover common sense."

I sat up, startled. "To discover common sense!" What an extraordinary remark. I had not heard of anyone trying to discover common sense. Most of my associates had spent their time assuring me that *they* had it, but no one else did.

"How, how?" I exclaimed. "Tell me how. By what means do you discover common sense?"

"It's quite simple," my friend answered, ignoring my rude enthusiasm. "One must first know what it is. It consists of the use of one's five senses, with the close co-operation of the proper mental processes. This is what I do. I put myself in the various aspects of a situation as I conceive they might develop. Then — I just look around, in my imagination, and see what there is to study. I inspect everything and everybody. I pick things up and turn them over. I listen to all that might be said, and I smell and taste, if I can, whatever needs that sort of experience. Then I use my memory to connect everything I am sensing with whatever I have experienced in the past, and try to reason from that data as to the best way to avoid bad results and achieve good ones. By this means, I turn thought into a vivid reality, and that, so it seems to me, is all that common sense is."

"Yes," I agreed satirically. "You remind me of Paderewski saying a pianist only had to touch the right keys in the proper way. Yes, that's all common sense is — just a splendid use of your intelligence."

So helpful have I found such conversations that many years ago I formed the habit of talking over our human difficulties with all manner of people. A report of those interviews must necessarily be modified by my limited memory and colored by the expression characteristic of my personality. One of the most memorable of these attempts to burrow into experience was with a financier who had years of training to draw upon.

"If you would avoid worry," he maintained, "keep inside your margin of safety in investment and expenditure. That is just as true of psychical and physical assets. If you spend beyond your income, indeed beyond a reasonable margin of safety below your income, there is no escaping anxiety."

Most of us know such a simple truth as this, but fail to apply it. We have not formed the habit of poise, or learned to see the obvious facts of a situation.

"It is easy enough for you psychologists to tell us that worry should be turned into good judgment," a military friend of mine complains. "That is true enough. But I find people are too self-indulgent in their everyday living to command themselves in a crisis. It isn't only the way we think in the face of trouble, it's how we have *been* controlling ourselves all the long years before that counts. One cannot suddenly become efficient if he has not developed self-direction."

This American officer has found it necessary to discover what causes anxiety among soldiers in the army. His conclusions, he believes, are valuable to us all. It is lack of discipline, he insists. He feels we do not train our minds to perform according to the requirements of the situations we will have to face. Sometimes we are on parade. We must drill our wits to meet the inevitable orders with snap and rhythm. There are times when a man must dig in, intrenching himself to endure a long struggle, others when one should deploy his wits with strategy. Take time, the Colonel suggests, to discipline your mental attributes if you expect to meet life successfully. "Worry is mutiny."

"Quite right," agrees a college president of long experience. "Worry results from bad training patterns. Troubles don't just come upon us. We get into them. There is always an antecedent to every worry, a part we play in its origin."

"Not only that," a Y.M.C.A. counselor adds, "but you can't have good thinking habits if you have bad living habits. The control of anxiety begins with the right everyday behavior. If you are willing to correct your casual delinquencies, you will soon use your wits intelligently."

"Of all causes of worry," a police judge insists, "neglect of mental command is the worst. We not only exhibit a bad handling of our brains, but we get into trouble because we don't arrest those thieves: pessimism, willfulness and self-pity, who steal good purposes. Put them in jail and keep them there. They don't belong at large in your life's workshop."

It is interesting to see how men carry on each other's thoughts, emphasizing essential values from the angle of their own experience. In a union of their perceptions the panorama of our lives becomes clear indeed.

"Worry is like a melodrama," a playwright recently remarked, "but it's the first act we need especially to observe. That portrays how the trouble began. In Act Two, the hero faces the villain; you are the hero. Your villain is fear, hate, anger, or maybe a tendency to sexual delinquency. In any case, he's the fellow who gets your loved one into all sorts of predicaments. The struggle develops in Act Three and carries to the crisis. It's a question of who will win. The dénouement depends upon how you face up to your heroic task. It's not predetermined. There are several possible outcomes. The best solution is yours only if you choose wisely and act with vigor."

"Quite true," a novelist agrees, "but there is also the fact that you may all the while be deceiving yourself and indulging in imaginary suffering. We create bad stories and then delude ourselves with the belief we have to live them out. It's a good idea to throw away half of your experiences before they are finished, just as one should tear up half of his scripts. Never finish a poor book, or live out a foolish situation. You don't need to, you only think you do. Lots of people marry, when they should have let it be a passing love episode. Many stay in vocations in which they don't belong and worry because of it; a point on which you'll find the occupational counselors bear me out."

"I once knew a Paris dressmaker," he added, "who insisted we cut fate patterns and then think we have to wear them even when they are unbecoming and make us look like clowns. Did you ever read Montague Glass's book 'Worry Won't Win'?"

I told him I had read it.

"It was written back in the old days, of course, and do you recall the discussion about how the Czar might be killed? Abe says: 'I bet yer over half of the Czar's morning mail already is circulars from casket concerns alone.' There's a fine point there. It seems to me we worry about lots of situations we ought to get out of. Our worry is a hunch to quit. The Czar should have seen the writing on the wall and abdicated. It's no good worrying and sticking until you die. What's worry for, anyway?"

"Well, what is it for?" I demanded.

"It's a warning. It's telling us something. We ought to listen. Sometimes it is saying 'get out', sometimes 'stick', and it's always urging us to action so that we may discover which to do."

His words reminded me of the opinion of a boxer of my acquaintance. "Worry seems to me like a prize fight, and the best way to deal with it is to find out what you are most afraid of and head straight into that. You'll find your adversary's weak spot is the one he makes you think is the most dangerous point of his attack. Watch for it and you'll give your troubles a knockout."

Our brooding is often defined as personal fear, engendered by emotional immaturity, and maintained by infantile habits formed in pre-adolescent days. Like petulant babies, we want what we want when and as we want it, and go into tantrums when denied our childish demands. Anxiety is such a tantrum. In his book "Why Worry?" Dr. G. L. Walton reduces our anxieties to this egocentricity. To him, worry is self-consciousness. We become impotent in the face of difficulty because we dread what may happen to us, and are overpowered by the feeling of inadequacy.

A well-known publicist puts this point excellently. He sees a close parallel between worry and stage fright. When a man stands before an audience and his tongue hugs the roof of his mouth, his trouble is obviously self-consciousness. His attention is cut in twain; half of it is gripped by fear as to what the audience is thinking of him; the other half torpid from a feeling of falling so below his ideals that what he might say seems valueless. What is known as mental closure has locked and sealed his reason.

The correction of stage fright is as evident as the nature of the condition itself: namely, surrender. "He that loseth his life shall find it." He who gives up his egotistic anxiety as to what others will think of his efforts and springs into action, saying or doing what he can, in whatever way he is then able, breaks his closure and achieves some measure of success.

The same is true of worry. We must surrender our fear of results and turn to initiating causes, casting aside our concern for the opinion of others. The point is well made by an explorer who spends his time in the primeval jungle among great dangers. He is there to further the researches of science as to the character of the natural world. Specimens are his aim, maps his guide. It would be easy for him to picture the savages with their poisoned arrows, the dangerous beasts, the deadly insects, the coiled snakes, the ravaging fevers, the difficult fords, the snow-capped mountain passes, which he must conquer.

His attitude, if he is to be successful, must start with a surrender to the facts, an acceptance of the situation as it is, an acknowledgment of his own weaknesses, but yet a dedication of himself to his task in consecrated daring. This adventure drive will carry him through hazards that would otherwise fill him with terror, turning his humility into a cautious preparation for the difficulties he must encompass.

"But when I return to civilization," he tells me, "I don't find my fellow citizens meet their problems in the way we face and conquer ours. If they did, worry would not be taking such toll as you tell me it is."

As a matter of fact, instead of following the example of the explorer, we do just the opposite.

A while ago, an advertising man made a significant confession. Noting that those in his profession were more likely to break down than those in most other vocations, he remarked: "We are all prone to misuse the method by which we advertise, and that's why we worry so much. We see a problem fairly enough at first. But pretty soon we make a negative layout, emphasizing all the dangers and printing the things to be feared in red ink, and so we create an exaggerated impression. Then we worry about this fabrication of our minds as if it were the facts of the situation. You know how some copywriter will describe germs, until you fairly see them crawling all over everything and choke because mouthfuls of the horrid things are gulped down with every breath. We do that when we lay our problems out to worry over. No wonder we have sleepless nights. And heavens, what a relief it is to discover one's self-deceptions."

Debunking delusions is an important act, nor is there a more essential field in which to use it than in evaluations of our dilemmas. We come to every situation with a load of experience residue, which short-circuits our perception as surely as dirt in a dynamo. A small part of an original event in which our minds were clogged by prejudice is unconsciously associated with the present, and a mood of failure is induced so that we despondently feel more misfortune is inevitable. Thus are we tricked by the past into a repetition of our original disaster.

It is by this means that a certain style of trouble runs through a life. It is not predestined. It could, and would, cease if the deception were understood. Until it is seen, doubt engendered in infancy rules where situations are similar, even in the trials of a centenarian.

It is because of this habit of repeating our mistakes, from fear we will, that we work back and exaggerate the impressions we originally received, coloring a situation with our negative anticipation. A fusion takes place between the facts and a dread-ridden phantasy. Nor are we only disturbed by our own failures; verbal conditioning, that fearful stress of anguish that intimates have poured into us in other years, is likely to enter our discomfiture.

A young girl has forsaken all hope of happiness in marriage. A river of cynicism has flooded into her ear. She observes the cases of incompatibility around her. Her own home has offered little to encourage her in thinking that marriage could be satisfying. Yet she yearns for it, and once had felt she could make a success of it.

"There is social dishonesty in every worry," a noted psychoanalyst maintains. "Millions of young people brood over such habits as masturbation, but the anguish of it is largely because of the lying and hypocrisy of their elders. This is even more true of sexual phantasy. Lives are ruined by imaginary guilt. Behind most marriage problems and the whole question of sexual maladjustment is a mass of nonsense as untrue as witchcraft, or the superstitions of the anchorites. Countless numbers ponder over personal troubles that are far removed from reality, and in some instances the things they think are disturbing them aren't the trouble at all."

"Can't you make that a little clearer?" I asked.

"Certainly. A man comes to me worried about his work. I find his business is failing because he's exhausted at the office from quarreling with his wife at home. His marriage is his true worry, but he won't admit it, until I bore into his conversation and find the real difficulty under the masquerade of incidentals. There is just as much significance in what we forget, or don't speak about, as in what we remember and say."

Here, more than in any other statement, is the deeper aspect of worry, a point that must be seen and understood if good results are to be achieved. The discovery of these inner factors constitutes the soul of the newer insight and is emphasized by scores of conclusions from recent inquiries. Nowadays we seek the hidden content not the obvious results of its influence.

Later in the year I talked this whole question over with a psychiatrist and drew from him not a little vigorous comment.

"To my mind," he asserted briskly, "worry is the first stage of neurosis. When we do not solve our anxieties we bury them. If they collect we become mentally sick. We must learn to rid ourselves of our psychic germs. You brush your teeth, don't you?"

"Sometimes," I laughed.

"And eat good food?" he pressed.

"When I can get it."

"Well, we need to teach people what constitutes a good mental diet, and how to chew hard problems. We need to show them that keeping their mental molars clean is just as essential as using dentifrice. The worst of it is," he added, "anyone will listen to what you have to say about physical hygiene, but the moment you speak of mental therapeutics he thinks you are setting yourself up as a confident counselor on every phase of life instead of telling him what conduces to psychic health. He assumes an adviser has no troubles or else that his teachings are only theory." The speaker's eyes flashed as he added: "Nothing could be further from the fact. The discovery of medicine did not at once sweep all disease from the earth, and many an excellent doctor becomes sick from time to time, even with a chest of drugs at his elbow. The use of mental hygiene is not so different from applying chemical substances. It is helpful when rightly handled, if applied in time. It will not give us perfect poise, or avoid countless troubles that inhere in life itself, but it is basic in adjustment."

Brooding is meditation made sick by fear. Reason, when poisoned by hysteria, becomes destructive apprehension. Upon the ability to look ahead all success depends. Could we not perceive the facts of the present and calculate to some extent the probabilities of the future, civilization would collapse and our lives go to pieces. When we turn foresight into fear, we make intelligence impossible. If perception becomes anxiety, and judgment no longer guides, worry is a disease. In the difference between dread and deliberation lies the secret of successful living.

· VII ·

Our Endless Debate

IT WAS 4:37 A.M. Mr. Tompkins had ceased talking, but his brain still reeled. Ever and anon, Mrs. T. uttered an incoherent sentence, fragments of her subjective argument. Shall they, or shall they not? Must it be, or is it avoidable? It matters very little what they were discussing. Last week it was another matter. Next month it may be different. Nor will they overcome the habit of endless debate unless, or until, they learn to see the bypaths their worries take. Some instrument for measuring deflections is necessary.

On this particular morning, the Tompkins were bothered about their daughter's health. The doctor thought she needed a tonsil operation. Yet he always wanted to cut people up! Perhaps the school nurse was more correct, and Priscilla had a glandular condition.

The discussion had included the nervousness of the girl's aunt, her grandfather's love of drink, Cousin Henry's teeth, and the cramming process prevalent in the finishing school. They had talked about her playmates, and even considered the climate. The fact that Priscilla was passing through adolescence and needed to be understood never entered their discussion, for that involved a thought-effort neither parent cared to make. They preferred to contest each other's ideas. While holding to their own prejudices, each sought secretly to exalt his ego, and deceived himself by the belief he was attempting a reasonable solution of their problem.

Did you ever argue with a person who had his mind made up before he knew any of the facts necessary to an intelligent conclusion? Have you met people who hold like grim death to their first impression, worrying over a situation without regard to what had occurred after their idea of it became set? If so, you have encountered what is known as the law of prior entry, which is a common cause in mistaken attitudes.

It is easy enough, of course, to see biases at work in other people, quite another matter to observe and admit them in one's own gamut of anxieties. That to which we first gave our attention is likely to seem the most important, and unless we are alert, it may throw our judgment out of balance. This is particularly true when a choice is made because of emotional preferences. Even great natures fail unless they understand that no situation judged at first glance proves the same upon inquiry. First impressions are always strongest, and, by lazy minds, exalted as the "safest." Belief in snap judgment announces that one is too smart to think.

Phyllis Foster worried constantly over injustice. People were unfair to her, and that was that. Her friends begged her to look more deeply into situations, but to no avail. She sensed at first glance just what everyone meant by what he did and said. She knew people's intentions "instinctively." Nor could one explain to her how acceptance of first impressions distorted her relation to life. She merely felt the critic did not love her: the rulership of prior entry was complete.

There are some self-deceptions so prevalent one might illustrate them as easily with the worries of a king as those of a beggar, or even admit how one's self was continually tricked. I might write your name or mine into an example of how present sorrows are always the most intense. The law of recency takes terrible toll on all who are unaware of its exaggerating affect.

Suppose you and I ask ourselves if we are as full of worry over the troubles of ten years ago, even if they were never settled, as on a present occasion. Might we not suffer less if we kept the same large focus on the here and now we so generously accord to yesteryear? In 1925 Mr. Bellsworth secured a mortgage on his house. Ella, his wife, worried night and day about it. She could not keep from fear of being homeless. The mortgage is still there. Now Ella has gotten used to it. But she is still deceived by the law of recency. A while ago, her husband had a touch of rheumatism. It made her hysterical to think he might not be able to keep his position. By another month a new worry will occupy her attention, and seem overpowering.

Closeness in time is not unlike proximity in space. The nearer we are to trouble, the worse it seems, until, or unless, we discover the deception and refuse to be tricked by the phenomenon. Happy is he who keeps a dilemma at a distance, who knows that it need not so encroach if we will not let it frighten us.

One of the most fruitless means by which men try to handle worry is continual, thoughtless experimentation. Like the man who morbidly trod from place to place looking for work, people neglect to form strategic plans, but attempt to overcome their odds by trial and error. Had General Foch followed such a method there would have been no Allies left by the time the Great War ended. Yet millions still believe in such unorganized endeavor, still praise those who toil unthinkingly to overcome their difficulties.

Sherwood Parsons has tried for years to become a successful playwright. He worries about the slow development of his career. He has experimented in all sorts of drama, from the sublime to the ridiculous. Scripts are sent here, there, everywhere, in hope some one of them will succeed. In the meantime, Parsons has acquired no mastery of any special phase of dramatic art, nor organized a campaign to put himself in touch with those who would familiarize him with the steps necessary to success. "Try and try again," is his motto, which could not be more stupid, when followed to the exclusion of intelligent planning.

We cannot separate a worry from the setting in which it occurs. A would-be playwright living in Walla Walla and mailing melodramas to New York is completely deprived of the quickening necessary to a Broadway success. You, worrying over a problem, without getting in actual touch with the energizing phases of your problem, are also deprived of forces necessary to mental awakening.

Yet millions lie in bed brooding on some sorrow, at a hopeless distance from the facts required for intelligent consideration. Worry, like other thinking, obeys the stimulus-response bond. Deprived of contact, we have little to arouse the brain centers. Phases of a matter necessary to judgment lie unconsidered; understanding is compromised because too little of the picture is set in motion for us to achieve a dynamic survey.

When a worry goes on and on, it is because of this hopeless removedness from the reality of the matter. One is then brooding without the mind successfully aroused and adequately quickened. Nor is this all of it. Unless we form a habit of exposing ourselves to actuality and refusing the abstruse contemplation of difficulties, fate often moves events too far along for our mastery of them.

If we do not deal with a difficulty at the beginning, it may become too hard to handle. Trouble is like a fever. Left to its own devices, it mounts until it makes delirium. Caught at the beginning, it often disappears. The world suffers from this simple neglect. Did we but know enough to meet all events with energy, a crisis would be rare.

It is this law of incipience which creates what is known as "the psychological moment", typified by the saying: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." He who looks after the sniffles when they first arrive seldom dies of pneumonia. Nor will we worry about great troubles when little ones are not beneath our august notice.

If life were static, most worry would disappear. After a time events would crystallize. As it is, everything moves. Change is the most significant aspect of life; how it changes for us is the heart of worry.

It is for this reason that all anxiety is connected with developments. Mrs. Jarvers has a wayward son. She does not worry over what he has done, unless it means trouble to come. She wonders what will happen next. Bertie Ferguson is sick. His mother is afraid he may die. If he does, she no longer worries. She sorrows over the loss.

Because of this futurity of worry all intelligent solutions depend upon understanding the relation of cause and effect. Nothing is ever achieved by concern over consequences when the sequences which produced them are neglected. Yet it is a habit with most of us to go on and on as we were going, plagued by a pursuing trouble, yet never seeking the reason. Elmer Easterly worried just because he worried. He couldn't understand why he did it, or discover what made him come to wrong conclusions. He sought, to be sure, for purely physical causes, when in fact his failure was in the use of his mind. He did not know that there is a law of average error; that one continually attempts to reason, only to find he must review his conclusions. Elmer failed because he was too proud to reconsider.

In the face of trouble, we tend to victimize ourselves because of prompting centers of false conclusion. It is as if scores of punishments and critical accusations, experienced in the growing years, precipitate into the present, and are unconsciously associated with worries. The imprint of wounded emotion is always evident, the recessive factors being the repetitive negativism of early environment. A hidden bogy mutters that we cannot succeed and are too inferior to overcome the odds against us.

This pernicious dramatization is more than an introjection of abasement; a veritable compilation of past woes condenses upon the problems of the hour, until their seriousness is exaggerated beyond recognition. The nervous uncertainty which follows springs from a fusion of ideas, a loose habit of thinking in vague values and under the influence of obliquities. Worry, when constructive, is meditation: a normal use of analysis and synthesis. It becomes anxiety when controlled by negative patterns. The contrast lies in whether we select the positive or the negative forms of thinking.

One or more of the following types of obliquity is usually at work when trouble rules your life or mine. You may not know it. You may not believe it. You usually neglect it. But it nevertheless remains a fact that mental inefficiency is the greatest factor in anxiety.

For the sake of clarity, these negative attention patterns are listed in contrast to the good forms of mentation, and are presented in as brief a manner as possible. They are not meant for casual reading, but offered for serious study. To gain help from them, long and careful consideration is necessary. Those who merely wish to peruse this book should skip this compilation. In the chapters which follow, all the points are covered and amply explained. It is not possible to reduce so concise a statement of the contrast to simple language, free of technical phrases. It nevertheless remains that your present troubles are greatly increased because some form of obliquity is injuring your judgment, and did you but know it, you might reduce your worry immeasurably, by understanding this contrast.

FORMS OF GOOD MENTATION, LEADING TO UNDERSTANDING	VARIETIES OF OBLIQUITY, LEADING TO CONFUSED WORRY
1. Awareness: a state of being alert to realities.	1. Cursory enumeration: causing deficiency of attention, poor gathering of facts.
2. Calm attention: to the end of fully seeing all aspects of a situation.	2. Distortion of focus, from misinterpreting the law of recency; present facts seen out of proportion.
3. Calculation of facts on the principle of rating, and from a probability record.	3. Excitation: emotionalism, forcing repetitive false conclusions and misinterpretation of the frequency of certain troubles.
4. Definition; from normal continuity and contiguity of associations.	4. Vagueness: a state of maze or uncertainty, producing dissociation.
5. Analytic survey: a habit of thoughtfully seeing into, or observing.	5. Over-susceptibility; leading to submergence and loss of identity; sensitivity to suggestion.
6. Consideration; by a synthesis of the analysed facts.	6. Nervous hesitation; from doubt, fear, and ambivalence.
7. Conception; of the seriousness or proportion of a trouble.	7. Regimentation: distortion of facts because of prior entry and vividness of recall.
8. Estimation; through a feeling for the law of averages.	8. Limitation: provincialism, stereotyped conclusions, causing constant error.

9. Subjectivity: balancing the external on the internal values.	9. Pseudo-practicality; creating a false objectification and narrow materialism.
10. Coherence; from the sense of a consistency index.	10. Divergency; causing a misplacement of effects, connecting results with the wrong causes.
11. Recognition of the laws of maturation and evolution.	11. Retardation: the phenomenon of lag, from spasmodic effort and egotism.
12. Prime-orderliness; producing a hierarchy in values and homogeneity in thought.	12. Disorganization; leading to heterogeneity of opinions.
13. Apperception; on a basis of pragmatism, understanding of sequences and consequences.	13. Prejudice; from a habit of projecting biases and indulging in *a priori* conclusions.
14. Cue thinking: seeing symbols and significances from normal redintegrations.	14. Emotionalized compilation: a condensation of past troubles upon a present bother.
15. Visualization: the use of imagination with subjective understanding, leading to insight.	15. Fabrication: an exaggeration or elaboration of situations from a misuse of imagination.
16. Cognition; from getting deeply into the inner values and forms of life concerned with a problem.	16. Negative dramatization: figments of failure, guilt frustration, by means of introjection.
17. Absorption; from the power of sound and normal concentration.	17. Rigidism; having logic-tight compartments in thought, fixations of thought and feeling.
18. Adjustment; on the principle of primary values well understood.	18. Negative expectancy: the rationalization of compromise; skepticism.
19. Revaluation; from a desire to avoid overadaptations and misrepresentations.	19. Secondary adaptation; leading to negative compensations and distorted values.
20. Prognostication; of the fu-	20. Abnormal reminiscence; of re-

ture by formulation of the present.	cessive factors, regression to the past.
21. Intellection: penetration into life through the seeing of theory and practice, principle and fact; living in reality.	21. Phantasmagoria: the transference of attention to phantasy and pseudo-fear objects; living in illusion.
22. Realization; from a sense of the correlations and proportions.	22. False externalization; leading to consideration of substitutes, self-deception.
23. Comprehension; from holding to centers; finding constants among all variables; scientific thinking.	23. Simulation: enlargement of substitutes into subterfuges and masquerades; camouflage living.
24. Acceptation: reason built on the law of averages and the principle of parsimony.	24. Delusion: constant error from dodging facts; solace and escape mechanisms, indolence and self-indulgence.
25. Meditation; by creating a pool of silence in which to think.	25. Argumentation; illusions of thought from verbalism and literalism.
26. Interpretation; from understanding trends and significances.	26. Contention; from ignoring the relation of explicit to implicit values.
27. Organization of effort to the wisely considered course of action.	27. Contrary suggestibility; leading to stubbornness and divergent action.
28. Conception of the currents of experience; wisdom regarding determinism.	28. Non-validation; leading to refusal of wisdom from past courses of action.
29. Reception: relaxed living by seeking for inner guidance, listening to the mind.	29. Self-justification: debate over personal conclusions; denotations *versus* connotations.
30. Interrelation: the ordering and integration of life and effort on eternal values.	30. Over-effort and immediacy: subjugation of reason by involvements and delusions of duty.
31. Self-reliance; from accept-	31. Inhibition: morbid tension and

	ance of self as the means of purposive fulfillment.		repressed impatience, with the appearance of virtue.
32.	Orientation; from the habit of deliberation, using a "moment of pause" before acting.	32.	Psychic hypochondria; displacement of effort and shift of effect from personal obliquity.
33.	Impersonality; openness of mind from a sense of instrumentation.	33.	Closure and circular brooding; from egocentricity.

· VIII ·

Seeing Our Obliquities

Years ago, O. Henry wrote a story called "Roads of Destiny." In it he pictured the outcomes that might have happened to a man had he taken the various turnings. Research proves that just such a possibility is open to each of us in most of the situations with which we have to deal. Moodily treading the path of life, we come to many intersecting experiences, each presenting a choice. That we do not more consistently take the road to peace is because of our obliquities. We turn east, or west, and do not follow the way to adjustment. Afterwards, we see clearly enough which way we should have gone, for many are wise in retrospect.

Consider what happens in the lives of those you know. How many times were biases the true causes of sorrow, how often were situations correctible and sometimes even acceptable, had they only known it? For years Leroy and Carmela Milton were estranged from their daughter. Had their pride abated and their minds been opened, they might have rejoiced in her happiness. Let us look back to a time years ago to see what caused the difficulty.

Scene: The living room of the Miltons' home. Time: 1:10 a.m. Narrative: Mr. and Mrs. Milton are worrying about Juliet. It is obvious to them that she intends to marry a man they dislike.

"I can't bear it," sobs Carmela. "After all we've done for her. When I think how I nursed her as a baby, and how you used to carry her in your arms at night."

"That's not the half of it," Leroy's voice rasps as he speaks. "Look at the money she's cost us these last years: school, summer camps, dresses, dances — great heavens, she's had everything."

"I think you ought to stop her, Roy; you must." Mrs. Milton sits up, determination in her eye.

"But how?" defensiveness stiffens Milton's none too gentle manner.

"I — I don't know. But I just think you should." Carmela sighs.

"You think I should! Well, why don't you try it yourself?" Leroy flings down his paper and begins to pace the floor.

"Don't let's quarrel, dear," Carmela pleads. "I didn't mean anything. I'm just so nervous and puzzled."

In a little roadster, five miles away, Juliet snuggled closer to Gordon Hume, while he urged the car faster, as if to emphasize his determination to keep this girl of his choice now that they had made so good an escape.

"You knew, didn't you, Gordon, dear," she said, "that mother ran away too when she married father, and grandfather wouldn't speak to her for almost five years? Father's parents were upset too. They didn't like the marriage because mother had been to college and danced, and had quite different ideas from what father's family could accept."

"I hate to make your parents unhappy though," Gordon murmured as he felt the warm clinging of Juliet's hand against his sleeve.

"It can't be helped, darling. They're set against you just now. By and by it will be different."

Ten years later: Mr. Milton sits staring into space. His health has failed. He cannot work. He sees no hope of recovery.

"I don't know what we'd do without Gordon, he's been so wonderful," Carmela sobs. "And to think they want us to come to them permanently. Juliet said she wouldn't hear of anything else. They want to take care of us."

"There's nobody like Gordon," his father-in-law mutters huskily. "He's a rock of Gibraltar."

Scene: A bedroom. Time: Late afternoon, when the shadows are falling and a restless emptiness troubles the autumn twilight. Action: There is none. Isabel Winters is lying on her chaise longue. Her eyes are closed. The pulse in her neck beats with nervous irregularity. Her breathing is uneven. Her hands are clenched. Over and over she relives the scene of the afternoon, and hears again Ernestine Severn's voice as she told her the gossip was all over the club.

To be talked about like that! To have them believe such a story! She would have to leave the neighborhood, go somewhere, anywhere, away from it all.

In the room below, Russel Winters sits just as silently, but the feeling in his heart is one of gentle puzzlement and mild humor. He had come back from the office when Isabel telephoned so hysterically. He tried to comfort her; told her he would speak to Severn and several other husbands, and successfully puncture any such wild talk as Ernestine had told her was being noised about.

More than that, he explained that calumny cannot cling to anyone who is above it in conduct and intent, and knows his own true purposes. To no avail. Isabel seemed to be lost in her own morbid anger. Well, it would work out and be over by and by. Too bad Isabel could not see it now, and had to go through the suffering.

Scene: A New York street. Time: A winter evening. Action: Slow, uncertain steps. Matthew Van Walters is going home, utterly confused and depressed. Business has been bad for years, desperately so for months. Matthew feels spent. He sees no way to keep his home, or to maintain his family on the old standard. His feet stumble as worry bears upon him.

Two miles away, Dr. Dallon is talking to Van Walters' wife: —

"He can't stand the strain, my dear. Unless you make him stop, you won't have a husband very long."

"But what can he do?" Celia Van Walters is not accustomed to think, and the situation confuses her.

"He and you can give up this expensive way of living. You can sell this house and move into smaller quarters — out of town maybe: some place suited to the times and your husband's strength. There isn't anything for either of you to worry about, except the obstinacy of your wills. When life speaks, you must respond. How you do so is often a matter of life or death."

Were it not for our pride, and the manner in which we identify ourselves as the heroic martyrs of misfortune, worry would not operate so intensely. We introject the picture of ourselves as victims of a mighty trouble that we may the more greatly praise ourselves when the cause is removed.

Mrs. Dudfield lies sleepless in the night, waiting for her boy's return. Outside the snow is falling. The poem "Excelsior" runs through her head. She weeps to think of his stiff white form. Somehow it restores herself to herself to be so full of sorrow. Is she not the martyred mother of this boy who has not come, who might be dead and frozen? Mrs. Dudfield has always discolored her fear with sorrow. Self-pity in her pleasure pattern. Life glimmers obscurely through the darkened lens of her melancholy.

It would be interesting to know what life would be like if it and we were in order. Would we not then find joy?

Havelock Ellis writes of "The Dance of Life," as if we might waltz to the music of the spheres and our days be a glory and a dream. The melody he hears is far from the dirge to which time marches in most of our lives. Nor are his tom-toms kindred to the drums that beat in our brains when fatigue, despair, and that worst of enemies, indecision, sit like specters demanding what we are to do — now, in this emergent moment.

Thoughtfulness is the only answer to the pressure of experience, and supposition a poor substitute. Random activity in the face of life's realities leads to perplexity. Yet over-speculation dooms us to stagnation. If we ponder beyond the point where the act can be performed, our energy is spent. We cannot solve life's trials except by thinking as we strive.

The acid test of every problem is made by energy. Perfect answers seldom precede effort. We learn by sometimes succeeding. The first principle of good worry is action; the second — think before you fret.

That we fail in this forthright handling of experience is caused in the large by negative suggestibility. We become subjugated by events and identified with situations until like a chameleon we take on the color of that to which we cling.

For years Littlefield's wife worried over his inability to advance in his profession. Night after night he came home in a state of dejection. He made her feel responsible in some way, as if their marriage were the cause of his difficulty. She took this implication to her soul, and felt guilty of disrupting his life.

Courage is made or unmade by the way we handle our responsiveness. You know the story of the Black Knight, who rode on his ebony charger with fearful insignia emblazoned upon his armor. Combatants, one after another, went down, trembling even before they felt his strength. When he dismounted and shed his trappings, he was found to be a flaxen-haired boy.

You know people whose imaginations are involved in every danger. They have a feeling of repulsion for life because there is so much misfortune. They sense the crushing force of an approaching train and expect to be sucked under it. They feel the blood dripping from one whose life is oozing away. Observation and perception are obviously distorted by such suggestibility.

Those who automatically blame life for their difficulties seldom correct them. He who shakes his fist at God merely dislocates his soul. His thought then obeys the most common, yet least recognized, pattern of worry: a movement away from the facts toward biased conclusions.

Consider the fixations of Michael Hanlon, whose focus turned on being cheated. No matter what the situation, he expected it to be unfair. When his wife served the ice cream, he inspected the plates to make certain his own was not less full. If it did not tower above the others, he was hurt.

In business, something always entered to justify his fears.

As certain as the coming of night, his mind turned to prejudiced values. Nor was he content unless every deal went his way. You know the outcome, for trade, like a contract, requires mutuality. The coign of vantage is a counterfeit. Partiality never pays; you are its debtor always. He who outstrips his competitor comes home nude.

This *a priori* thinking is caused in the large by the law of frequency. We become sensitive to those experiences that are often repeated, tending thereafter not only to expect them, but to see them where they are not.

Reginald St. Regis used to live in Greenwich Village. Now he has gone to the hills. He cannot stand civilization. "The noise, the crudity, the ugliness, the empty sophistication, the greed, the—" Reginald reels off the list. It stretches for pages. He has become sick over the conditions in the world. Though endowed with genius for music, and at one time destined for the concert stage, he lives alone in abject poverty, having escaped into idyllic stagnation.

In such a state of regression, the mind becomes diffuse. Reginald cannot keep his focus on a point for any length of time. As soon as he proceeds with one angle, something intervenes, breaking his continuity. His thought leaps like a flea and no conclusions are reached. Forgetfulness is not uncommon when in such a maze and deceptions develop from lack of differentiation. Little bothers are made as disturbing as serious emergencies, until a heterogeneous mass of irritation controls consciousness.

Trouble is often pinned upon any convenient excuse. A young maiden worries because she is a maiden, or because she is one no longer. A boy broods over the pulse of his passions and the pointlessness of his purposes. Wherewith can he earn his bread and butter when no prospect pleases? Then it is that compromise rules our minds like a subtle hypnotist, impelling us into a situation in which we waste our strength. Not until we face our personal obliquity and seek by persistent mental training to restore a sound association process, is perception normal and worry a helpful procedure. Not otherwise is cue thinking — that greatest process in meditation — a safe method of reasoning.

Psychologists say that to comprehend symbols is the highest form of intellect. Each situation has significance, every experience meaning, all objects an inner value. There are cues in any problem hinting of the wise solution. It is not in the lines, but between them, that truth lies. Comprehension springs from willingness to accept portents, the causes behind effects. Intelligent conclusions come into being from a mellow pragmatism, which is willing to study the relation between things and people, times and situations, and to seek experimentally for the right answers.

A compromised personality distorts this process into a remorseful reminiscence: cues of what he might have done, reminders of what did or did not happen, haunt him continually. All experience leaves its record. Even as after-images appear on the retina of the eye, so subjective patterns impinge on consciousness. These we must learn to recognize, and then discard.

Niel Dow is abject over his failure. Problems are never settled. His health is poor. His insomnia, though he knows it not, comes because there is little control over the images obtruding on the functioning of his brain. That which has happened is over. It has passed. Yesterday will not return. With its passing, its events are ended. Niel cannot let them go. He lives in an uproar of memories; hollow of value, empty of guidance.

In all instances of regression, there is a perpetual "if" in possession of the will. "If I had done this." "If I hadn't done that." In such reminiscence there is no decision and no end. We only multiply possibles: what one could do, could have done, might do, until efficient thought vanishes. Many writers, worrying about their expression, edit themselves as they produce, blocking the flow of inspiration. Some artists watch every brush stroke, destroying creativity. Women broodingly regret mistakes with children, becoming unfit for motherhood.

Courage is singularly destroyed by this morbidness. When we meet a difficulty with our eyes on the past, we add our ancient failures to it. The germs of dead woes filter into the present.

Minnie Sombert frets about her son. She doubts if he is doing well in college. She thinks of her own life, her early schooling, what her father and the boys did in the mauve decade. She is seized with apprehension. She imagines Louis in every conceivable mischief.

Rose Birtue has not heard from her wandering boy. She muses: "He is ill. His last letter spoke of feeling weary. Tired people become ill. Colds develop into influenza. His uncle died of pneumonia while away on a trip. People often die that way. If Son hadn't pneumonia he would have written. He hasn't written. He must be sick. He was tired when he wrote last. Tired people become sick, get colds. Colds turn into pneumonia. Son might die as his uncle did. People tend to die that way. Son must be dead."

The influence of past sorrow affects our morale until we recognize our carrying patterns, seeing the delusion of dead events. Quite regardless of the fact that what happened once may never happen again, we fear that our bank will close in 1938 because we lost our savings in 1930. Even tension over an accomplished fact may produce torpor. When Ampère's father perished on the scaffold for his resistance to revolutionary excesses, it put the son into apathy for a long period.

Under the control of such a negative state, the individual has little command over his will. The imagery involved in his depression rules his mind as long as the perversion is at work. His mentality becomes capricious. He is unable to separate the sheep from the goats. An illogical "won't" builds in consciousness, a won't that controls the flow of blood in the veins, constricts the nervous system and creates staleness out of which we break into impractical conclusions.

Under such tension, there is a feeling of congestion, a warping of desire, a laceration of spirit, a sense of separatedness and ostracism. Such forlornness leads to a sensation of sterility, as if one had nothing to give and could not be loved. One has an envious sense of disparity, that others seem to have more, — money, beauty, brains, work, or opportunity, — and a feeling of being cut off by the paucity of one's own capacity and the transiency of human contacts. These attitudes so dissociate us that the solitary worrier converses with himself in an effort to extract solace from his misery. One becomes enslaved by the bogy of perfection, bound out to a hoard of imaginary requirements. He must achieve brilliantly at every moment, fulfilling the demands of every situation, even if it could not be humanly met. In this condition, fatigue and mental closure are a certainty. There is conflict between pride and humility. Attention is given to what the world will think.

Can we not learn to give up such nonsense? Who are we, never to make mistakes? Why exalt ourselves? If God sat brooding over his lightning, repentant for his droughts and devastated because of tornadoes, we in a morbid mood could give him sympathy. We would know just how the

Deity felt if a thousand fishermen died in a typhoon, nor would the consequences of creating germs, or filling life with dangers seem unfit for Divine remorse. The regretter has so much shame of his own, he can spare God plenty.

When we have evidence that our Creator broods on the sins of Nature, it is time for us to worry for our frailties. Until then, we should listen to the wise man of ancient China, quoted by Pearl Buck as saying to readers of his book: "Why, therefore, should I care? How can I know what those who come after me and read my book will think of it? I cannot even know what I myself, born into another incarnation, will think of it. I do not even know if myself afterwards can read this book. Why, therefore, should I care?"

It is strange that people still worry about recognition. If a man wants fame, he can secure it by getting hanged. Stevenson said of Villon: "He is certainly the sorriest figure on the rolls of fame." But he is there nevertheless, because, as Lewis Galantière puts it, there was "The essential human antimony between Villon's outward confusion and his inward lucidity, between the chaos of his material existence and the order of his spirit. The contrary is perhaps true of most human lives."

Nobly said. There is a profound message in it. We need not worry about our unfortunate actions if our inner selves are right with creation. Men survive much calumny if there is in them something of the Divine Fire.

Many of life's troubles eventuate because we make too many secondary adaptations, and worry over unimportant values. Even for an animal the art of living depends upon wisdom in securing food, shelter, companionship, sex, offspring, rest and recreation. His organism requires these things. He must seek them, and with them a safe environment, or he or his species will die.

Man has these needs no less, but many more. Love, work, play, rest, subjective freedom, spiritual unfoldment, all that conduces to his growth as nature's consummate handiwork, pertains to his primary needs. Whenever one of these essentials is neglected or sacrificed for the artificial values of position, fame, affluence, devastation begins and decay is at work.

The art of adjustment requires a basic adherence to the values of nature, and from its dicta there is no escape. Eat the wrong food, wear constrictive clothing, suffer undue exposure, neglect sleep and sanitation, and you pay — pay until your fine is met. Marry from the wrong motive, wed the wrong person, assume a task unsuited to your endowments, live in an incompatible environment, and you shall suffer until you change your ways or your setting. Nature brooks no disobedience, permits no growth contrary to her primary will. Adjustment is essential, but compromise leads to sickness and death.

In secondary adaptations, the creature accepts spurious substitutes, temporal values, unreal aims, that distort and destroy the normal development of his life. He yields to half-measures, becoming supine in spirit and a calculating coward. His life is one of sops and solaces, partial and palliative action. He deludes himself by indulging in specious philosophies and prates of his practicality.

Nor does one readily shake him out of his rationalization, or convince him that his compromises are steps toward ultimate disaster. He does not wish to face the data on suicide, nor see what lies behind disease. He contests the evidence contained in psychological research and ignores the facts of the world's unhappiness. It nevertheless remains that compromise is madness, secondary adaptation foolish, and substitutes the cause of most of our woes.

Some time ago, the country became enema-minded. High irrigations were in vogue. Undoubtedly we all need them, but more for our minds than our bodies. Retention of unimportant values constipates the human spirit.

Would it not be wise to start all fresh every now and again, meeting life with the requirements of a pristine attitude, asking — even demanding — the primaries: compatible love, contenting toil, a peaceful home? "Ask and ye shall receive." Let us stop being hypocrites, repeating the Bible on Sunday and forgetting it the rest of the week. Let us dare follow a few of its precepts and expect fulfillment of its promises, or discard it altogether.

Clogged by our own compromises, we magnify our sufferings whenever some external loss comes upon us, despairing as if starvation were imminent. Indeed, the most serious aspect of secondary adaptation lies in the distortion it brings. Some time ago, a young student, failing to win honors in college, killed himself. Recently a minister, criticized by his deacons for advocating birth control, suffered a nervous breakdown. Not long ago, a woman discovered she was gossiped about. She is now in melancholia. Yet the sun shines, food is plentiful, her husband loves her, the children are well, and no one has destroyed her home.

When dejection comes upon you, it seems as if each little ill were mountainous. Noise from the street is like a file upon your nerves, a word of criticism sends you into despair. It matters little what your trouble was in the first place; as in hypochondria, your pains move about until you visualize paralysis from a mosquito bite.

This misuse of imagination is worry in its most vicious form, for upon imagination success in life depends. We may extol reason and revere judgment, but he whose power of picturing is poisoned with pessimism is a psychic cripple. Abulia, that torpid state of the will in which we become spiritually helpless, springs from the constricting influence of negated imagination.

In contrast to this mental play, an energetic power of fancy, harnessed to forthright purpose, accomplishes miracles. Here is the division, if you will, between worry's uttering a curse or a prayer. It haunts, a threatening demon, when foul with fear; leads us as a savior when prescient with vision. Insight is imagination at work, throwing upon the screen of contemplation moving pictures of possible action; that we, the thoughtful beholders, may decide with judgment what to do. The art of worrying successfully depends upon this power. It is achieved by discarding spurious influences whenever they constrict the vigor of thoughtful understanding. A plenitude of puerile opinion needs elimination from most of us.

When one's imagination exaggerates a sorrow, be sure there are other centers of trouble he dares not face. Remorse over sexual delinquencies may appear as fear of injuring people while doing such simple things as driving a car. Apprehension over financial or business irregularities creates fancies of sickness and strange premonitions as to the future.

When subjective anxieties are especially disturbing, we transfer them to unoffending objects. Philip Littlesmith is shy. Long ago, he shifted his nervousness to details of appearance. His haberdasher's goods, his family's behavior, his home surroundings are never right. He criticizes everyone but himself, worrying about equipment "appropriate" to his "position."

It is thus we call up additional worries with which to displace the facts we refuse to take. This game of subterfuge is common indeed. A man anxious over his business difficulties transfers it to his home; a boy disturbed over cheating blames his lessons; a woman who could and should have a career nervously dominates her children, fretting because her home is not an amphitheater.

Gabriel Gadbury thinks his wife is extravagant. He dreads the future and speaks of filling a pauper's grave. Analysis reveals that Mrs. Gadbury is not a spendthrift. When she splurges, it is only a wild escape from having to watch a dull husband read his paper, fold it, put it away, and monotonously turn to the next desolate activity.

Mrs. Novington thought her problems severe. She worried about her appearance. Her cheeks were sagging, her chin rising, her color fading, the blood pressure mounting, wrinkles forming, knees weakening. But in the meantime, Mrs. Novington lived a flabby, city life, drank numberless cocktails, seldom exercised, and abhorred the sun. "It burns the skin, you know."

When we resist the emotional centers we develop foolish fears as to what will happen. A woman, unwilling to admit her marital worries, transfers them to her children, becoming obsessed by anxiety about them. In her heart wishing her husband dead, she imagines her boy will catch every contagious disease, be killed by any passing car.

In the search for the actual in one's apprehensions, knowledge of shift analysis is important. There is a tendency in the human mind to turn away from the center of a trouble, feeling it easier to deal with the less important values. A man worried over money, shifts his focus to the inevitable waste in the home. He fusses about the water rates, the gas bill, the cost of sonny's shoes, while neglecting vital factors connected with his income. You know how farmers, who cannot afford comfortable homes, build huge barns, but leave mowing machines in the fields to rust. One sees them everywhere across the land, while their owners fume over the cost of raising produce.

Emphasis on the unimportant, with neglect of essentials, is the soul of a hundred complaints. He who stops and considers honestly is usually shocked to discover what he is thinking about when he worries, amazed to see how he is substituting secondary aims for primary values and by this misplacement of reality is making his troubles permanent.

Newell Pratt is concerned over becoming engaged. He thinks he may be in love. But he doesn't know. Lily's nose isn't classical, nor her figure so chic. She dresses just so-so, and — well — her set isn't of the smartest. And then, he'd heard there was some question as to the wisdom of her father's choice of investments. All in all, Newell has much to give him pause.

In such worry there is always a displacement of effect. We fret nervously over little questions because they are associated with the big unsettled issues we ignore. We transfer our secret sorrows to obvious disturbances, escaping from reality in a masquerade of petulance. Under such circumstances, our error frequency is inevitably high, and we indulge in much contrary suggestibility, doing quite the opposite from what we should because of unconscious trickery.

There is nothing easier than to suggest to oneself all sorts of foolish answers, and to dramatize a score of impossible dangers when indulging in this deluge of woe. Insight is destroyed by ridiculous apprehensions, surrogates for the turmoil in our souls.

It should be obvious that substitutions, as long as the upset remains, destroy our ability to clarify a problem. An imitation becomes our focus of attention and energy is spent in foolish action, the worry itself taking the place of accomplishment.

· IX ·

Successful Thinking

A LITTLE over a decade ago, a certain Virginia planter came upon hard times. His crops were poor, the market bad. His place was mortgaged because of ill luck in previous years. The banks called in his loans and left him bankrupt.

Faced with the problem of taking care of his wife and children, trained only in agriculture, and living in the south where work was done by a low-waged, colored class, the planter faced the future with an anxiety which you can well imagine. To say that he was "worried" would hardly convey his distress. But his was a sturdy spirit. Convinced that a desperate situation calls for an unusual solution, and sure there was nothing for him in his region, he shipped on a freighter going to the West Indies. A week or so later, he disembarked at the island of Nevis, as he had done for an hour or so at the other islands. Looking around, he found the place in as sad a plight as his own.

The old deserted plantations were all owned by the Royal Bank of Canada. The Negro population was living on a sort of government dole. The few remaining buildings were falling into decay. The great hotel, once a palatial hostelry for visitors from all over the world, who came to take the sulphur baths, was vacant and still. The planter meditated on the disaster that had come upon the island. He, of all men, knew how to sympathize with those in such suffering. It made him want to do something for them. Might he not thereby help himself? One negative often destroys another, leaving a positive outcome.

An idea came to him. This soil had once borne fortunes in sugar cane, when prices were high enough to merit its production. Would it not grow that long-fiber sea-island cotton so much in demand by the navies of the world? Was it not far removed from boll weevil and other such pests? Could he not get backing to try it?

Convinced he had a good idea and might also salvage his own fortune, he went to the Bank of Canada and made them an offer to buy all the plantations "on time." He laid out his plan quite frankly. Glad for anything to get them out of their mortgage loss, they made remarkable terms: no money down and years to pay. Then he went to the natives, promising to pay them something at the end of the first year. Desperate for work, they agreed.

After this, the British government was approached. Interested in anything that might stop the dole to a hopeless community, they sent him cotton seed enough for an immense experiment. It succeeded. The planter is now a man of wealth and virtually owns the island of Nevis. Prosperity came not only to the natives, but to the Bank of Canada and the British authorities, and the planter had turned his worry into an amazing achievement.

This is a true story. The writer has been to Nevis and learned of it from the planter's own lips. He has also talked with the natives and seen the miracle before his eyes.

It is not only financial matters that are solved by a forthright spirit. The trials of love and marriage often succumb to reason and a firm purpose. Once I met a young man on a commuting train who looked fatigued and unhappy, as if he were headed for a nervous breakdown.

"What's wrong?" I asked him. "You look sick and blue."

"I am," he answered. "I'm in trouble and I don't know what to do about it."

"What's the matter?" I asked sympathetically.

"Why, you see," he said, "my wife has a habit of reading in bed until about two o'clock at night. She says she can't go to sleep unless she does. If I go into the other room to sleep, she has such hysterics that I have to get up and take care of her. And if I turn the light out, she thrashes and sighs so that I can't sleep anyway. When she lies there and reads, the light and the rustling pages keep me awake. I have to get up at seven o'clock to catch an eight o'clock commuting train. I've been married four years, and I've been getting less than five hours sleep a night all that time. I can't stand it much longer, and I don't know what to do. And you see," he added with an apologetic smile, "I really love my wife, so I've been trying to put up with it."

"What makes her act that way?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "It's queer, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. But we'll never get out of trouble by just talking about it. We must understand it. What sort of home did your wife come from? Did she form this habit early in life?"

The young man looked as if he were beginning to comprehend my purpose.

"Why, you see," he said, "my wife's father died when she was a baby. Her mother was a very nervous woman and wouldn't stay in the room alone. So she had her little daughter sleep with her. But she always read until late at night. After my wife was twelve years old, she was allowed to read too. They were wealthy people who could get up late. Alice did her lessons with the governess in the afternoon."

"Ah," I exclaimed, "so the little lady took on her mother's habits, did she? Then it is no more her own inclination than any other sort of acquired behavior. And it's perfectly easy to break it, if you approach it the right way. There are two types of contrariness, you know. Those we are born with and those we take on. When trouble comes, it is always important to know which is which. Moreover, it's never necessary when you're in trouble to sink into the blues, and just grin and bear it; or else break down, as you have been doing.

"There is always a constructive solution if you can figure it out. Your wife, you see, has formed the habit of thinking she can't sleep unless she reads until early morning. Her memory has the pattern of doing things the way her mother did them. She has identified herself with the same fear imagery that made her mother unwilling to stay alone. That is what we call an insecurity complex. But it is no more your wife's way of doing things than for her to have a red face because she once had the measles. We must find a way to correct that bad habit of hers, and we'll have you out of trouble in no time."

"How are you going to do it?" he demanded, excitement in his eye.

"I'll tell you," I answered. "I want you to get a pair of your wife's old black silk stockings and some cotton. Tonight when you go to bed, put the cotton in your ears, then tie the stockings around your forehead, and when you get into bed, pull them down over your eyes, and go to sleep."

"Why, I can do that," the young man cried, "and I won't see the light or hear the rustling pages. Why didn't I think of that before?"

"Because your ego was offended when your wife didn't go to sleep the way you wanted her to, just because she loved you. Now I'll make you a promise. She won't read for more than three weeks. By that time she'll be putting the light out and going to sleep also."

"But why?" the young man looked surprised.

"Because you will have taken away all the satisfaction to her ego from feeling that she had your attention while she lay there reading. She won't be able to bear it to have you quietly overcome your troubles so completely."

I did not see the young man for several months. And then he came up to me one day with utmost cordiality.

"Well," he cried, "you were wrong in your prophecy."

"Was I?" I asked, curious to hear the story. "How did it come out?"

"Well, I did as you told me to. Only when I got into bed I didn't pull down the stocking quite to cover my eyes. I left a little corner open so I could see how my wife was going to take it. She didn't notice me for a minute or so. Then she caught sight of that black bandage. She sat there staring at me for about five minutes, as if she couldn't comprehend what on earth had happened. Then she got up, put her book on the table, turned out the light, opened the windows, got into bed quietly and went to sleep. And she has done it every night since. I still put the bandage over my eyes just by way of precaution. No," he added, "you were wrong. It didn't take three weeks."

This story isn't just a casual example of how trouble can be met. It contains a principle which you and I can apply if we want to. Every time we stop to analyze a trouble to see where it came from, and then seek for the center of the problem, we are on the way to doing something to overcome it.

A good many years ago, when living in a foreign country, I was challenged to a duel. I had been warned beforehand that the challenge was coming. My inclination was to go and punch my adversary in the jaw, but I realized that that would only make a bad matter worse. I had already done that to him anyway, for just cause. I was also tempted to tell the man's second that Americans don't fight duels. But I knew I'd then be hectored unmercifully. I had to accept; and not only accept the duel, but the whole situation. It would do no good to get angry.

I came to my senses and decided to plan out a positive pattern for action, and to have it all completed when the challenge arrived. I rapidly surveyed the facts of my position. Suddenly I saw the weak spot in my enemy's armor. He was the challenger. I was the challenged one. I had the right to name my weapons. Fine. As an American, I could name any unusual weapons I might choose. He could not object. I decided to name six large stones apiece, to be thrown from the distance between a baseball pitcher's plate and the home box.

When my adversary's second arrived with the challenge, I accepted so eagerly that the man turned pale and departed abruptly giving me no time to name my choice of weapons. In haste he returned with a written apology and called off the duel. I refused to accept it, insisting that my challenger must apologize in person. This he did, and then left the city. He considered himself disgraced. I discovered afterwards that he interpreted my eagerness to mean that I was a sure shot. But I cared not what he thought. My constructive policy had worked. I had overcome my trouble.

I heard recently of a man who while driving in the country ran over a dog. He examined the poor, mangy creature. The dog was dead. The man pushed the body into the gutter and started back to his machine. As he did so, a farmer carrying a gun appeared. Anxiety gripped the motorist. What should he do? Forebodings of trouble seized him. Each step of the man with the gun added to the motorist's misery. Nervously he reached for his pocketbook, produced a twenty-dollar bill and held it toward the farmer.

"I'm sorry to have killed your dog and interrupted your hunting. Here's twenty dollars. Will that be enough?"

The farmer took the bill and folded it deep into his pocket. As he turned away, he remarked dryly: "Wasn't goin' huntin'. Was goin' into the woods to shoot the old dog."

Half our anxieties and most of our mistakes arise because we become excited before we know the facts. Each of us needs to have a mental filter to serve as a protection against our nervous anxieties. Great athletes, even in running to catch a baseball, or kick a goal, use what we call "a moment of pause" to see how to make the play. Even in rapid action, they wait for an instant to collect themselves. In that second, they decide swiftly but quietly what to do. All of us need this same "moment of pause" before we make effort, particularly in troublesome situations.

We have all had the experience of becoming so confused and depressed when trouble comes that we make serious mistakes in handling our difficulties. It is not uncommon to realize how much better we could have done in coping with our problems than we did. Losing one's head in a crisis is an ancient weakness of man. Even Adam failed to keep his wits, and then blamed his wife for it. Most of his sons followed this example. They have crossed their Rubicons successfully only to be felled by Brutus.

The steadfast man is not the one who gains his firmness while trouble is going on. He is the one who prepares himself in advance for the dangers which may confront him.

Experience and training taught the Roman centurion how to fight with heroism. Both are necessary to the forming of stability and insight. But neither experience nor training need be physical. We prepare ourselves best by determining to discover the facts before we allow ourselves to be stampeded by a difficulty.

A while ago, a certain grocer was in despair. He could not compete with the chain stores. When a fruit-jar salesman of his acquaintance entered the establishment seeking orders, he refused to give him any and explained his situation.

"I'm not lucky, as you are. Your business prospers when times are bad, because people buy jars to put up their own fruit."

"That's true," the salesman agreed. "Then why don't you specialize on groceries and equipment that save people money? Why not send your son around to customers' houses with an economy list, and have him explain how you can help them in the hard times?"

"Say — " The grocer's eyes brightened. "It's an idea!"

He put the plan into effect, with striking success.

Suppose that in the days of Caesar Borgia a courtier and his sweetheart had incurred the enmity of a despotic prince, who had them in his power. As a sadistic means of entertaining himself, the prince arranges a test of the man's courage and ingenuity. He offers him a means of escape through two doors; one of which leads to a pit of poisonous snakes, the other to his lady. What could our hero do? It is possible for him to use his senses, even that of smell. Snakes have an acrid, pungent odor, his sweetheart always wears a certain perfume. His sense of smell can save his life, if he remembers to use it.

It is characteristic in worry that one's mind goes from fact to fact, while the values of a problem seem to shift about, first one and then another point appearing to be the more important. Experienced worriers know that some one point is the GREATEST COMMON DENOMINATOR, which can and should become the "constant among the variables," and this constant is always a clue to the situation.

There is a definite technique for discovering this key.

Project yourself into each fact in your problem as if you were there physically and could see, hear, smell, touch, and perhaps taste the elements involved. Make your thought an experience. Then consider how one part affects another part: the relations and motives, the causes and effects. Lastly, recall what happened in similar situations, and thus might happen in the present problem. Organize your decision around the most obvious fact and decide to keep this as your constant. You'll find there is magic in this process.

If you are indulging in gloomy fears which follow each other round and round until the brain reels, there are two possible procedures: —

First, quit circling. It doesn't matter where you cease whirling, as long as you stop.

Second, if you cannot find a constant, think of something as different from the fact at which you stopped as you possibly can. Imagine what would happen if you mixed that contrast into your situation. If nothing results to clarify your worry, try another set of opposites and continue the process until you do get a helpful answer. If you persist, you will soon solve any ordinary problem.

Picture puzzles and worries are much alike. Many parts of a dilemma which have become scattered about must ultimately fit together before we come to an answer. Frank Fordson is walking the streets looking for work. He enters store after store with discouraged, pessimistic proprietors. There are poor window shows and dusty sidewalks. They make Frank morbid. His mind feels heavy. He wishes he could happen on a bright idea.

Fordson consults a psychologist. He is told to treat his problem as if it were a picture puzzle, to take fifty filing cards and write out one fact after another that connects with finding a job, and his reaction to the experience of looking for one. He is asked to put each new fact as it comes up on a card and then to lay them out on the floor in any order to see how the details may affect each other.

For example, on card Number One appeared: "Out of work"; on card Two: "Drab streets." Change the order. Card Number One: "Out of work"; card Number Eleven: "Dull sign." A new relation was suggested to the young man. "Dull sign"; "Out of work." Could he shine the sign as a way to a job? Perhaps. An idea came to him. He went to a hardware store the next day and said to the proprietor: "I'll shine your dull brass sign for nothing if you will give me a can of polish to do it with and let me keep what's left over."

His plan was accepted. The next store paid him fifty cents. During the day he found enough work to net him three dollars. Ten days later, he was offered a job of window dressing, and before the year was out a position in advertising. He had discovered that his card method was a valuable way to originate ideas and make titles.

The rule for picture-puzzle making in worry is as follows: Take one of your own anxieties, analyze it so as to recall all of the factors. Write threescore of these on separate cards. Following Fordson's example, move the cards about the floor into as many different relations as possible. Study each combination. Use your imagination to picture what the new association implies. Consider carefully the results if you should follow the suggestion the new connections make. In this method there is a tremendous stimulus for directing your thought toward practical conclusions.

Many people compare themselves with others and feel inadequate, regardless of the fact it is not our strength but the use of our capacities which determines the success of our efforts. Imagine a lion struggling to free himself from the ropes that bind him. Not far away is a mouse who has been caught by thongs far stronger in relation to his strength. The mouse gnaws the cords. He is a weaker animal, but is using what capacity he has to meet the situation. While not possessed of a hundredth of the power of the lion, he sets himself free while the king of beasts remains a captive.

If you feel inferior in the face of a dilemma, do not strive to conquer the whole situation. Look for a place to gnaw the thongs which hold you. Make a list of the strong aspects which you determine to avoid as too difficult for a mouse to cope with. Study the points the average person ignores, and say to yourself: "I shall overcome this problem by starting on the things others overlook because they feel competent to cope with the larger aspects. One by one I shall conquer the little ones."

Abraham Lincoln did not consider himself a great orator. He felt inadequate to make a speech commemorating the battle of Gettysburg. But he did not worry. He worked at his problem where he could, using the abilities he found within himself, feeling he was incapable of dealing with anything but the simpler aspects. It was this simplicity that led him to produce the greatest address in history. His courage and his humility gave him power.

If one cannot meet a problem alone, he should find something to solve it for him. Once upon a time men worried over the need to communicate with people at a distance. Telephones are the agents that now perform this service.

In antiquity people worried over infections. Antiseptics are the agents which now destroy the germs. There are many such instruments available to the thoughtful man.

You probably never spoke to Rodin, but he has created statues which talk to you for him. You have never held converse with Shakespeare, but he created dramas that are his voice. You did not know Richard Wagner, but his operas are instruments that communicate with you from his heart and mind.

When the Greeks wished to enter Troy, they made an agent for themselves in the form of a wooden horse. Hiding within it, they were drawn inside the city gates by the superstitious Trojans. In history it has often been apparent, when such a method was skillfully used, that difficult emergencies could be overcome. The pass at Thermopylæ was a cleverly handled agent. When General Custer was captured by the Indians and found himself powerless to resist their superior numbers, he feared he would soon be shot. His mind worked rapidly seeking a means to assist in his escape. Remembering an eclipse would occur in less than an hour, he told the chief that if he were not set free he would make the sun go dark and it would be night forever. Shortly afterward, when the phenomenon began, the Indians, in an absolute panic, allowed Custer with his companions to escape.

An agent is usually available in a troublesome situation if we have the thoughtfulness to look for it. Whistler, Sargent, and Sir Edward Abbey discovered American snobbery was such no native artist would receive adequate recognition from his people. But perceiving that Americans had a veritable worship of European masters, they crossed the ocean and achieved fame there.

Myron Elson was in a serious conflict with Ted Alvin.

He was advised to write to Ted asking him what advice he would give to one in Elson's situation. Alvin, despite his enmity, was so pleased to be appealed to, so eager to express his opinions, that he responded cordially and the quarrel ended. Irwin Cornwallis got rid of the presence in his home of his wife's mother, to whom his wife was subservient, by inviting all her other relatives to visit them. The result was such confusion his wife exploded, and in doing so fought with her mother, who settled the difficulty by leaving their home forever.

Some concrete procedure is always necessary in the face of trouble. Ted Masten had to appear in court as a witness for another man. He knew his friend was not guilty in the accident for which he was being tried. But Ted feared the cross-examination of the lawyers. He was shy, self-conscious and easily confused. Sick with worry, he consulted a man skilled in handling such situations.

"Let me see, you are afraid of stage fright," the consultant remarked. "You say this lawyer will rattle you and make you say the wrong thing? Then we must discover some active agent to give you command over your speech. Ah, I have it! I notice you stutter a little. Can you do it more so?"

"Why, y-y-yes, sir, of c-c-course I can. I stutter very badly sometimes," the young man answered.

"Fine!" the consultant cried. "As soon as the lawyer confuses you, begin to stutter. The more he presses, the more you stutter. Finally, you turn to the judge and say: 'If I can't have a chance to s-s-speak s-slowly, I can't testify.' "

The method intrigued and awakened courage. Next day the young man went to court in a mood of calm anticipation. The situation developed as the consultant had anticipated, and when the witness made his hesitating plea to the judge, his Honor, being a sympathetic man, turned to the lawyer, saying: "I shall not permit you to take advantage of this young man's infirmity."

The witness was allowed to tell his story without interruption. The obvious truth of his testimony appeared. The case was settled in his friend's favor.

Do not lose heart when you feel unable to solve a problem. Find an active agent to help you. It takes a little time and practice, but it can be done.

Survey your past moods. Were they good, indifferent or morbid? Activity is forward; passivity, static; reactivity, backward. Professor Galvin received a letter from Professor Bergen asking him to act in a subordinate capacity in relation to a college group activity, of which Professor Bergen was the head. Angry that he had not been asked to direct the group, Galvin wrote a stiff letter of refusal. In taking this reactive stand, he deprived himself of contact with influential people. He need not necessarily have remained in the passive position offered him, but might, had his attitude been active, have made a place for himself as important as that of Professor Bergen's.

The technique of positives is applicable to purely general situations. Worry literally haunted Frank Brewster. He had invested all his money in a hotel, and become its manager. As the city grew about him, many new hostelries were built. His neighborhood and his hotel were no longer fashionable. Business languished and Frank could not see what to do. He explained his trouble to a friend in the advertising business. "My building is out of date compared to these new structures. I haven't a thing to offer."

"If it is really as bad as that, you are done for," his friend answered. "But perhaps you have assets you are ignoring." As he spoke, he pictured the hotel to himself, with its big rooms and high ceilings. An idea came to him, and like the good advertising man he was, he seized a pencil and began to write. His effort ran somewhat like this: —

> If you like small rooms, low ceilings, little windows and boxlike closets such as they have in the modern hotels, built since the city became so crowded, do not come to Brewster House, for we haven't that sort of accommodations. But if you prefer large, airy rooms, high ceilings, sunny windows, spacious closets, kindly old-fashioned servants, and food that tastes better than home cooking, we have them all, and at half the cost you would pay in noisy modern taverns. Brewster House welcomes its friends.

"There!" the advertising man cried with enthusiasm. "You tell me you haven't anything to offer. I'll bet there are hundreds of people who would prefer your spaciousness. Talk about your assets, not your liabilities."

In a few months the hotel was a success. People needed only to be told what to expect.

When a situation is not solvable, the worry is. A certain man was greatly upset at being cheated out of a sum of money. He thought about it constantly. It interfered with his business so that he made mistakes which cost him still more money. The further loss worried him so much he developed a nervous condition and an upset stomach. Finally he went to his doctor about his health.

When he had told his story, the physician asked: "How much of what you are worth is this loss?" The man said he did not know, but could figure it out. He did so, and it proved to be less than one per cent. of his entire property.

"Now suppose," the doctor asked, "you had known in the beginning the work would cost as much more as one per cent. of your financial resources. Would you have had it done?" The man said Yes, he thought he would.

"And would you then have worried about the expense of it?" the doctor demanded.

The man thought not.

"Very well, then you are not worrying over the money loss. To be cheated hurt your pride more than your pocketbook. Face that fact. Put your attention on learning to be more careful in your judgment of men and your arrangements with them. Don't continue to fool yourself. You are worrying now only because you didn't know your hurt pride was involved. Remember this and you will not only cease to worry now, but in the future, for you will feel a sense of self-command in such matters."

The man went home, thought over the conversation, and decided the advice was right. He began to check up on the men with whom he had his business dealings, and little by little his worry disappeared. The lesson had been worth more than he had paid for it, even in money. It would save him more in the future than he had lost in the episode. He would make money in the end because of it.

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Guidance and Understanding

"It is all very well for you to give examples of how some worries were solved," I hear you say, "but it is quite another matter to relate those illustrations to one's own problems."

That is true. Nor are there any recipes for the handling of troubles that will fit all occasions — life is too varied. Events do not follow little grooves or reach certain stages at exact moments in just the way they arrived in another man's life. And the personal equation enters as well. The best advice would be of slight value to one whose temperament or ability injured its application.

There is, however, much to be gained just from knowing that some people have modified their sorrows and often conquered them. There is even more benefit from attempting a systematic handling of circumstances, and most help of all from the attitude of science in place of superstition.

Only a small percentage of humanity pauses to consider how it is thinking when confronted with trouble. Anthropologists show us that the greatest difference between our decisions and those of a savage lies in sophistication. We have more knowledge of a complex life. What we deal with differs from what he broods upon. But *how* we think is not so changed.

There is perhaps no stranger fact than this: that so little of the insight of science is used in our workaday world. If you saw a man plowing with a log, or, when a telephone was handy, sending for help by a messenger on a mule, you would think him idiotic. He would be — in just the way you and I are foolish in our handling of worry.

Modern science is fronted with tasks of infinite magnitude. Engineering must conquer herculean difficulties. Medicine and biology are presented with riddles beside which that of the Sphinx is a child's picture puzzle. Men in those fields do not lie awake at night becoming nervously worked up and emotionally exhausted because of the monumental scope of their problems. They depend upon methods, laws, principles, and the science of numbers. Experiments are carried on with greatest care. Results are checked, order and system enter into the procedure.

If an engineer followed the slipshod ways you and I have usually chosen in our worries, he would be killed by accidents, or see his work collapse. No scientific man could gain insight worthy of the name if he exhibited in his research the infantile prejudices that very likely rule his conduct with his wife.

One does not, of course, wish to see living reduced to mathematical processes. Heaven protect us from anything that would make us more self-conscious, or destroy spontaneity. Above all else, we need to be natural. But that means just what the word implies: of and with nature. The physicist works with her. Chemists obey her laws. The botanist studies her manifestations. Science is the means by which we learn to see what is "natural." Nor would anyone but a dolt advocate the use of exact analysis and careful deliberation in the jolly give-and-take of a feast, or the banter of a party. More than half of life should be full of laughter. But is it? If not, why not?

The answer is clear. Would a chemist smile at a picnic, if guesswork in his profession made every task a matter of life and death? Could a great surgeon ever chuckle if people's bodies were handled in the haphazard manner that is common in dealing with the difficulties of daily life? Is it not just because science works out its trials by definite devices and calculated efficiency that leisure is possible for its followers? And are we not saddened, most of us, by the intrusion of our troubles into our recreation? Must we not learn to worry efficiently and with the aid of science, if we are to laugh with pleasure in our play?

I MAY BE PERSONAL IN MY JOY, I MUST BE IMPERSONAL IN MY SORROW. This is a rule one should never forget. Pleasure requires little concern. Whims are quite in place. Have all the quixotic preferences you desire. Be as emotional as you choose. Consistency is not important. Biases won't hurt. Prejudice in pastimes takes little toll. But when this individualized mood is carried into those tests of intelligence and trials of courage which life invariably presents, disaster is inevitable.

In every man is a dim recognition of this truth. Unconsciously, he feels that his worry is often vitiated by personalisms. Fear is ever present where ignorance denies courage and self-doubt gnaws at the vitals of confidence. There is more to this question, however, than the gathering of knowledge. It is not so much the information we need which modern science makes available. It is its spirit that must come upon us, its point of view toward trouble, its frame of mind in the handling of problems.

Not all the facts in creation will help us vitally unless we learn to approach the stream of events in the manner of research; concerned with keeping our minds free of preconceptions, experimentally seeking to discover the needed truth. He who worries is usually lost in the turmoil of his situation, so close to it he has no vision, so full of tumultuous feeling he cannot think with poise.

The chemist, the physicist, even the experimental psychologist, stands apart from his task, keeps his affections from becoming involved, and uses his mind as an instrument, to the end that facts may be seen and conclusions formed.

In scientific thought, acquaintance with facts is for the end of discovering, under their multiplicity, "the unity of an organic system." The true thinker uses the law of parsimony, working to reduce his complexities to simples, his relations to principles. To achieve this, he budgets his energy and establishes a mental economy, strengthening and protecting the expenditure of thought by an orderly momentum. To say this can be achieved by any one determined upon learning how to put his life in order may be claiming too much. To insist he can make great changes in his relation to experience once he makes an effort is a conservative estimate. The attempt will strengthen his will to believe that deliberation is worth while; a feeling essential to success.

It would never occur to a man that he could fly an airplane if he knew nothing about it. Few attempt to run a motor car down a crowded street if they have had no experience. Fewer still would expect to operate a steel plant if they knew nothing of the business. Yet many expect to live their lives without organizing their wits, or even knowing anything about them.

The mind is a machine just as much as is your automobile. Thinking is a process as definite as the making and baking of biscuits. The habit, in meeting experience, of stopping to use your memory so as to help your reason to decide what to do is as essential to mental health and a successful life as the use of clutch and brake in driving a car, or executive orders in running a factory. No matter what your brains or opportunity, strategic forethought is necessary to achievement. It is not all a question of fate nor yet of ability, but more of approach. To clarify the principle, one might suggest that nowadays there are five ways one can cross a mountain range.

1. He might go on foot: a matter of toil and trouble.
2. He might go on horseback: an easier, but fatiguing, journey.
3. He might go by motor car: possible, but still dangerous on hilly highways.
4. He might sleep all the way over while a pullman train winds its way through the passes.
5. He might cross the barrier in an hour in a soaring plane, which conquers mountains almost as easily as a fertile valley.

In all cases, the same range is overcome. One starts perhaps in Denver and ends his journey in San Francisco. How different the flight of Lindbergh from the struggle of a forty-niner! So too with the use of methods in worry. The hard facts are there, no question about that. Their pressure and their presence cannot be ignored. But how they are dealth with, what antiquated or what modern procedure is followed, is quite as important as the material aspects themselves.

After all, you think, when you think at all, with your own mind, greet life with your own senses, and pick up your burdens with your own hands. How you take hold of them may measure the difference between success and failure.

Worry is often defined as a dissociation and deflection of attention, a confusion of mental focus by anxious concern for incidentals and neglect of the essential element.

Our focus is given to details and ruled by biases. When we are thus deflected and dissociated in our mental outlook nothing of value results from our thinking.

In a state of excitement you cannot sufficiently keep your wits to find the essential values; they go round and round as you dizzily seek a way out of the dilemma. You fail because the answer is not at the periphery of your circle but equally removed from all edges of the whirling confine. Worry is like a wheel, with the key to any equation at the hub, never on the rim of a difficulty. Only by actual deliberation and calm contemplation can one move his focus from the circumference to this basic factor and see what to do.

Experimental psychologists speak of the central element of a series as a "Median." One finds such a key experimentally, working as does the chemist in his laboratory and reasoning pragmatically from causes to effects. Checking each trial and error, the thinker is concerned with validating his decisions until he has a logical and practical conclusion.

When a statistician tells us we worry without knowing half the facts, and counsels us to gather them before we let ourselves brood, he is emphasizing the need of discovering a median. A sales manager who believes it is all a matter of "personal conviction" is nevertheless talking of the belief that "springs from knowledge." "My men have to sell themselves to our product before they can sell a customer," he states. "In worry, a man has to sell himself to a conviction before he can do anything. He makes his mistake seeking the complete answer. What he needs is to find the important point and act on it. I tell my men we haven't a faultless product, but we've one that works and endures."

"A lawyer has to accept such a practical philosophy," a judge of my acquaintance stressed. "We never have a perfect case, but we make a summation of the whole matter and usually become clear-headed as to the main consideration. I always make a brief of a worry problem just as I would a legal case."

"That is good philosophy," agreed an industrialist, when I presented the idea, "but there is more to it than that. Most people turn their lives upside down. Yes, I mean exactly that. They ponder and worry in bed, wide awake for hours, then appear at the office dull and weary. That's a form of self-indulgence that gets nowhere. We must learn to worry at the office and sleep in bed. When I close my desk, it's shut. My thought of business is locked up with it, and I've vowed to keep to that regimen."

His mention of a vow recalled the words of a Catholic priest I once knew. He used to talk about the importance of the confessional and the vow. "Make a vow to stop your bad behavior." There is power in mandate making, no question about that, particularly if we determine to shut off pessimism. Many who "enjoy poor health" will never get out of worry until they cease their enjoyment. And that is why when trouble comes they are unable to see the center, or even the facts of a situation. Indeed, if you tell the average worrier there is always a constructive course of action he will contest your conclusions.

Fred Redford while at business worried about his little daughter coming home from school, fearing she would be run over by a motor car. He could obviously do nothing while at the office to protect her. But he had done nothing when with her to insure her safety. He had not taught her how to cross streets carefully, nor developed her self-reliance. His worry was a half-conscious awareness of his neglect of this simple key to his anxiety. A counselor advised him to spend time training the child to be alert, energetic and self-reliant. When she became expert in observation and exhibited good judgment her father's worries ceased.

Emily Donahue was anxious about her son's health whenever he was away. Obviously she could do nothing for him then. A consultant induced her to see that her worry was an unconscious reminder that she had not prepared him to meet physical emergencies intelligently. When he returned home, she discussed necessary steps in physical hygiene, and thereafter found she did not worry about his becoming sick.

Only when we form the habit of orderly thought in everyday life is it so habituated as to save us in emergencies. Otherwise our wits leave us even when the center of our predicament is obvious.

The house is on fire. Mrs. Beekman, alone at her summer place, sees the smoke. She cannot by herself extinguish the blaze. The telephone is only ten feet away. Help could reach her in a few moments. The center of her problem is obvious. Hysterical fear obscures her reason. She loses her wits and fruitlessly fans the flame with an old rug until, forced to flee, she sees her home destroyed.

The door slams. Nellie Blagden has fled, gone to her mother's. Horace, her husband, has worried for years about their marriage. He foresaw this outcome. Nellie's need of courteous and comradely attention was a simple requirement. Daughter of happy parents and one of a large family, she could not adjust to the austere atmosphere of the Blagden mansion, nor the domination of her husband's parents. Horace had only to make his love real, only to accept his marriage vow, "to forsake all others", and nurture and protect his wife. He chose to neglect this simple center and to worry instead.

Ben Holt has lost his way in the woods. It is getting dark.

He peoples the dusk with dangerous animals. The distant barking of a dog echoes like the howling of a wolf. A dead stick becomes a snake. Near at hand the land rises to a peak, on the hilltop stands a rock. From it, lights can be seen, and camp fires gleam. The answer to Ben's question is at his very side. But Ben is not thinking about hilltops and sentinel rocks, nor yet of the path that runs from that natural eminence. His soul is in an uproar of terror and confusion, he has no habit of deliberation to sustain him in his emergency.

Mr. Brown has just received a letter from his sales manager, a tirade of blame. He identifies with all the accusations, becoming melancholy over the criticism and unable to go on with his work. A breakdown follows. Mr. White receives an identical epistle, for the sales manager was busy placing the cause of the company's predicament on everyone but himself. White refuses to identify with his superior's words. He slowly thinks them over in the light of his actual record during the recent sales campaign. It seems clear to him that his company is not making what people desire for a price they can pay.

White checks the feeling of anger at injustice, for he knows how nervous everyone is. No good getting upset, he tells himself. So he makes a report to his manager, a frank analysis of the situation, together with a suggestion that he might as well seek a new position unless some change in policy is forthcoming. Delighted that someone sees that his department isn't at fault, the manager rushes to the president of the company. A conference is held and the difficulty faced at last.

One might give a thousand such examples, for there are countless forms of bad worry and just as many types of good thinking.

Here is a true history of a man some of my readers may know. Years ago he wrote a beautiful story, but it was refused by every publisher of importance in America. Discouraged, the author sank into a fit of gloom. What should he do? How could he live if his writing wouldn't sell? The conviction kept stirring within the man that his tale was well told and interesting, but a little too unusual to be accepted easily. He determined his book was not to fail. What he needed was a plan, and an intelligent listener. If he must worry, he would worry by doing something.

It happened in those days that Richard Watson Gilder was summering at the seashore. He seemed to the novelist just the man to approach. Packing up his duds, the author was soon at the resort, and before long met the poet-editor. One afternoon as they sat talking on the rocks, our author told the first chapter of his book as one tells a story floating in one's mind. He said nothing about it being in manuscript. Gilder was excited and thrilled. "Can't you write that out for me?" he cried. "Certainly," the novelist answered.

To shorten our report, editor Gilder read the tale as it was gradually given to him during the long summer days. In the fall his company published the book, with conspicuous success.

It is often not so important what method we use in avoiding the toll of anxiety, as long as we use a definite procedure. Through the Civil War, General Grant did his worrying by getting his staff into an argument. Then he sat back, listening to their debate. Out of the heated controversy, he formed his conclusion. It might not have been the best way, but it was A way, and it worked. It was by all odds better than lying sleepless in bed, trying single-handed to produce strategy.

Andrew Carnegie was a communal worrier. He did not pour his troubles on his intimates; he shared his hopes and ambitions, and, what is more, his opportunities with them. Soon they were in the same boat and worried together. It became evident that all could not fail, even though Carnegie was the heaviest borrower of his day. Too many were involved in his ventures to let that happen, so all worked heroically for success.

How great the wisdom of Richard Wagner, when plagued by penury and debt. "It occurred to me to venture upon something out of the ordinary," he writes, "in order not to slide into the common rut of need." His solution was a daring presentation of his *Liebesverbot,* which, though his venture failed, set him so apart in action that he soon got out of his plight. There is a simple law in worry. Common situations require only ordinary procedures to correct them. The more serious the difficulty, the more striking must the action be. Strange and bizarre matters require unheard-of solutions. "Suit the action to the word," admonished Shakespeare. In worry we must seek deeds that meet needs, with consistency and power. More men fail by fear of the unusual than by extravagant methods.

We have emphasized the fact that every problem has a key, which when seen and met, helps to end the issue. Here is an amusing example of this wisdom. Franz Liszt was one who sought the ladies. The wives of army officers were his specialty. They could not involve him in matrimony, being married themselves. When the Franco-Prussian war killed most of the husbands, Liszt was in a quandary. Though he feared one lady in particular, all were a pressing issue. He could not marry each of them and he wished moreover to remain single. The answer was simple once he saw its center. He must make himself as ineligible as they had previously been. To settle the matter, he became an official of the church — and that was that.

There are men who have genius in the handling of worry because they act in the present, caring nothing for what is ended, and spend no time in fruitless anxiety. Such a man was Don Augusto Leguiva whose ardor and honor were to Peru as Bolivar's to South America. "Water that is passed," he once told Ignatius Phayre, "will not grind any corn" — words worthy of any sage. His greatest worry came when, captured by the revolutionaries, he was asked at the point of a pistol to resign his position as chief executive of the Inca state. His answer was simple and emphatic: "No. A dead president you may leave here, but an ex-president shall never walk away alive. I have spoken."

To speak thus is more than to take fate into one's own hands. One becomes fate, shaping destiny by heroic decision. He who acts in the spirit of Jove commands a strange and sudden lightning. Things happen. Events change. Such purpose is the power that worries with success, for it will accept no less.

In the last analysis, there is only one great contrast between good and bad thinking. Intelligence concerns itself with principles and values, with the sequences of truth as they can be seen and understood. Bad thinking is absorbed in fear of consequences and the effects and details of action. The whole problem was put in cosmic relief by the heroic calm of General Lee at the end of the Civil War. Faced with the failure of his men to break the Northern lines, and informed by Colonel Venable that no more could be done, he said: "Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant."

Someone near cried out: "Oh, General, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?"

Lee, in the face of defeat, kept his personal suffering to himself, and out of the decision. "Yes," he answered, "I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question, Colonel; the question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility." Lee, with the wisdom that made him the great general he was, kept his eyes steadfastly on the center of his dilemma, and allowed nothing to deflect his vision. This more than anything else lies at the heart of true deliberation.

Reduced to its simplest factor, successful worry is often a matter of sincerity. Faced with one of the greatest decisions in history, Martin Luther chose to be true to himself, a wise conclusion always. *"Ich kann nicht anders,"* he exclaimed. To know that we cannot do otherwise, and to decide to do it for all we are worth, is an essential act if we would break out of the torpor of anxiety. If a choice is yours, either do it or don't. It is the integrity of your choice that brings accomplishment.

There have been times in the career of Greta Garbo when this sincerity was her difficulty and her ultimate success. She could not even bow as the part required until she felt the expression within herself. Nor could she accept a compromise and act before feeling came. Herein lay her power — the power of anyone, actress or maker of corned beef hash. The thing to wait for when you are worried is honesty of feeling. The course of action is not as important as to believe in your own purpose in its execution. One's eyes need not burn so intensely to find the perfect solution. Rather should we inspect our motives to see what they declare. He whose heart is in what he does accomplishes a poor choice more nobly than the wisest hypocrite fulfills the shrewdest decision.

There is guidance for us all in the drama of other human lives; guidance to which we may turn in hours of need. Every man has within his memory a store of information which he has gathered at one time or another. He has read books full of real wisdom; he has enjoyed novels in which men and women have worked their way through problems. He is familiar with biographies of famous people and knows something of the struggles through which they passed. If he will, he can tap this reservoir of memory and invite the seers of all the ages to discuss with him his own life tangles. Think of what it would mean to have the guidance of Socrates and the vision of Shakespeare upon your immediate difficulty. Few realize they have absorbed wisdom from their reading, or know they could dramatize receiving counsel from friends they have known in books.

Goethe was accustomed to do this, not only in his own predicaments but also when he was concerned with formulating his philosophy. His biographers describe the way he used to fill his solitary hours with imaginary conversations. He was accustomed to picture one of his friends sitting down with him to talk over the matter with which he was at the time concerned. He always conceived of his companion as answering him appropriately, and with his characteristic gestures and accents of voice. He by no means supposed that his guest would agree with him. In fact, he gained much of his best insight by imagining an almost heated argument.

I know a man who assists himself by making fancied interviews with wise advisors. If he is in money difficulties, he has mental conversations with a banker; when business problems press, he seeks the aid of a great industrialist and talks his problems over with this ghostly friend until he comes to a definite conclusion.

If you cannot have the advice of an expert to help you solve your dilemmas, there is no better way to worry than by this play of fancy. Dramatize as vividly as possible the wisest man you know who is competent to help you in the matter with which you are concerned, and, as Goethe did, have an hour's discussion with him about your situation.

"Why not carry the method further and after you have had your imaginary interview, carry your conclusions to God?" a well-known Divine suggested. "Don't you see your idea of communion with the sages is only a form of supplication? Why not add prayer to it? That is the most effective way to worry.

"We need an inner guidance for our outer problems. I tell my people to meditate deeply before they go to bed, and then to say: 'Now I shall rest; I shall not think about this matter all night. It is no longer in my hands. I shall wait for the sunrise.' "

"And do you find it works?" I asked.

"I do — I certainly do. I tell them: 'Don't fret about a problem. Sleep on it. You don't have to solve your difficulties. Pray for light to come.' "

"Any analytic psychologist would heartily endorse your process," I said, "even if he did not entirely hold your faith. Many technicians would suggest that in prayer one is only tapping the race mind, or collective unconscious, from which inventions, poetry, music, and art draw their inspiration."

"But you admit the results?" the theologian inquired.

"Oh, personally, I would not refuse all you say. I am merely pointing out that there is a close parallel between prayer and the means that students of the unconscious believe best solve our enigmas. We are in an age when composers, designers, artists, writers are excited over creating from their inner depths, and certainly profound wisdom inheres in the subliminal flow that empowers creative expression. It can also come to solve our worries — when we are quiet enough."

"Yes, yes, when we are quiet enough," the good man agreed. "I have heard Sin is a word from Greek archery, and means 'missing the mark.' We miss when we are not calm."

"We also fail if we make our prayers complaints to God, don't you think? I'd like to see something besides petitions in our conversation with the Deity."

"There would be, if people prayed in the spirit of aspiration. I don't object if you men of Science think of Divine Providence in Cosmic terms if you also keep a sense of the Eternal Father to whom one can go as a child for help."

It is strange how piecemeal our thinking is. Until this discussion it had not occurred to me that this communion with the philosophers was only a mundane form of praying. And yet it was so.

· XI ·

The Curse of Convention

We often know the answer to a problem, but will not accept it because of stereotypes. Emotions urge and reason guides, but precept denies. You wish to resign from an impossible position. You are breaking down under the strain. There is little honor dying in the wrong harness, yet custom holds you in bondage. Men seldom risk such changes for peace of mind.

A woman is mismated. Marriage is taking joy from life. She loves a man who deeply understands her. Wisdom counsels that she go to him, but: "good women don't do that." Refusal of inner guidance causes much tragedy. Because of it a mockery of virtue still rules the world.

The maddest aspect of worry is our acceptance of circumstance as reality. We act as if the masquerade were true, apprehensive over Miss Jones's gossip and Mr. Brown's opinion. What after all does it matter? If Minnie Jones is low enough to toy with calumny and Brown imprisoned in the conventions, why bow them respect as if they were priests of Buddha?

Like insanity, worry seldom exists among primitive peoples. Nine tenths of our anxieties are caused by acceptance of conventions and have little to do with truth. We are made cowards not so much by natural difficulties as by imaginary values. From the first sniffle to the last cough, our decisions are affected by platitudes.

A negative pattern is a channel which deflects normal consciousness. A tendency once formed, nerve paths incline to the same idea again. Unless thought is logical and coherence intelligent conclusions are impossible. A conventionalism which makes the facts agree with prejudice, instead of adjusting opinion to facts, destroys the basis on which good judgment depends.

We must learn to see that a thing may not be so until it is proved, nor impossible unless its limits are established. Otherwise, superstitions control us. "A Fijian cannot be comfortable with a stranger at his heels." He has made his fear into a habit. A Tennessee mountaineer objects to the "foreigner" from the Mississippi waterfront. He does not feel safe in his society. His valley neighbors deny evolution by legal statute, crediting symbolic stories, obscured by a garbled translation.

Baby carriages and nursing bottles were once preached against by urban pastors. Eve had no such facilities: *ergo,* they were evil. Were it not for the fact that we attribute moral worth to manners, their influence would not be serious.

Many years ago, a party of young people, out for a horseback jaunt, came to the home of one of the girls. She was riding in the free and easy manner of a boy. Her mother was horrified. Where was her side saddle? The girl explained that to sit astride was safer. Mother would not hear of it. No *good* girl rode that way. The writer asked the mother if she knew that until Queen Anne's time women rode astride.

Anne had a lame hip. She had a contraption invented because she could not ride in the usual manner. Not wishing to be conspicuous, she put the ladies of the court in saddles like her own. It became the fashion. Ethical significance was later attached to it. Scores of shibboleths, in which we feel virtue, have developed as foolishly.

More often than not, our standards are no less inane. Mrs. Hudson, fashioned after the mother of the Gracchi, is no longer the sylph her husband adored. She worries about his love. Young Matthews has the ambition of Napoleon, but the constitution of Chopin. He failed to make the varsity team. He cannot bear to confess it to the "old man", Dad so adores football. We accept the grooves people cut for us and suffer when we cannot comply with their ideas.

Have you noted how they hold up the exemplars they failed to follow? Matthews Sr. was a dub at athletics. Mr. Hudson is as homely as a crocodile. Men worry over assuring economic security to a wife as incompetent as a jazz-maddened ingénue. The counterpart of self-coercion is in the pressure we put upon others when affronted by their deviation from our templet of virtue.

Hortense Dutton worries over the conduct of her lover. Her emotional depths are ruled by her father's ideals. She is unwilling to accept the young man's conduct as it really is. Beatrice Winters broods about leaving home and taking up a profession. She has definite ideas as to how a girl should depart and what money and social advantages she should possess. These opportunities are not hers. Deprived of what she feels her due, her heart is full of angry rebellion.

Mr. Bodkin is nervous over Junior's behavior. He has set opinions as to what abilities a son of his should have, the vocation he should take up, the example he should be of his father's teaching. The boy is different from these outlines, but Bodkin refuses to see it. He is not interested in the lad's nature and how it can develop. He is angry because his notions are not fulfilled. Junior himself is trying to become a lawyer, despite the obvious evidence of his engineering genius. Bitter was his worry when he failed the bar examination.

Once distorting values are put upon us, loss is inevitable. There is conflict between the self and acquired precepts. Attention is deflected from command over the mental processes and turned upon compromising influences. A worrier, endeavoring to reason out a problem, assumes beforehand a stereotyped response, seeking the answer he has taught himself to respect. Whatever the superimposed rôle, there is no success under the grinding responsibility.

Take, for example, the case of a man who puzzles over vocational fitness. He is a domestic type, such as Dorothy Canfield Fisher described in "The Home-Maker." He is married to a woman who possesses a genius for business. She cannot boil a cabbage, while he adores cooking. Can you imagine him contentedly taking up housework and letting her run the office? What would people say? You know what they did say in Mrs. Fisher's story. The man had to become a cripple to sanction his domesticity.

It is an open question as to why we endure such perversions. Are we fattening our souls with pride that such heavy burdens come upon us? Is the martyring proof we are really undiscovered saints? If so, egotism rather than goodness lies at the bottom of our stupidity. You know of self-sacrificing mothers, and back-bending fathers, who revel in their toil, exalting themselves to high heaven in a glut of abnegation. You have seen sentimental sons and home-bound daughters, dying with pale glory. They make a virtue of the vapid life.

Yet things are changing. This is a period of transition. The censorious are dying, values broadening. In consequence, people nowadays worry for opposite reasons, blaming themselves for what they have or haven't done, without regard to consistency. We all know men who lost in the market, and felt they did wrong not somehow to succeed. They were abased when the crash came. We heard them say they should have kept their money in the bank. "What will people think of me for being so dull?"

We know men who worried because they did not take advantage of the rising market. They kept their money in the bank. Then it failed. "What will people think of me?" they ask.

Contrast the attitudes of two young men. The first feels disturbed when he cannot get employment. Though he has an income, his friends and neighbors are talking about him because he has nothing to do. A college chum of his is making no effort to secure a position. He has gone on an exploring trip in Canada. To his mind, for him to seek employment during hard times is immoral. He cares not a fig what people say, but is unwilling to take work away from men with wives and children. It is a matter of one's point of view.

Here is R. M. T. He is a deviate, in appearance, manners, and interests. He has always been delicate and oversensitive. He sketches and attempts furtive experiments in the drama, but never lets anyone see what he does. He is embarrassed about it. He believes he ought to be a practical, hairy man, with a strong voice and a rough manner. On the other hand L. B. P. is ashamed of being commonplace. He travels for a wholesale plumbing company, but wishes he were a poet, a dramatist, anything that would make him "different."

The contrast is even clearer between the parents of two boys. The Blackstones are bothered about their son because he will not make Phi Beta Kappa and graduate *cum laude.*

They fill their letters with pleas that he win high grades. The Marstons, on the other hand, think their boy a grind. They fear brain fever. They urge him to go in for athletics and social affairs. Life is cursed with these opposed patterns.

What would have happened had Father Brown met Father Jenkins? Brown was worried because his daughter was fond of dancing. She went to parties several evenings a week. He insisted she would become flighty. "What chance has a girl like that to find a good husband?" he would say. "She can't cook, she can't sew, she can't keep house."

Father Jenkins was equally worried that his daughter did not like to dance. He feared she would become a wallflower. "She can only cook and clean and sew and pick things up about the house," he complained. "I don't believe she'll ever marry. What chance has she to find a worth-while fellow when she's always thinking about dishes and things?" Jenkins feared his daughter might develop some secret vice because of her solitary life. What would have happened had the two girls changed fathers? And when it comes to the question of right and wrong, which was right, Mr. Jenkins or Mr. Brown? Or were they both wrong? Or both right?

Mrs. Peterson and Mrs. Patterson might also have come into conflict had they discussed their views. Mrs. Peterson was disturbed about growing old and not living with her married son. Although she hated her daughter-in-law, and never felt comfortable with her boy, — he was so "eccentric", — still, she believed her place was with them. It bothered her to be "homeless", and gave her no one to dominate.

Mrs. Patterson is also vexed about old age. She doesn't like its atmosphere. Her son and his wife want her to live with them. She is fond of both, but she refuses their invitations because they ease her in and out of chairs as if to say:

"Be careful, dear, and don't break any bones, they won't knit at your age."

So it is that people have opposing views built on the particular prejudices they have taken up. Young Mrs. Pratt worries over knowing nothing about birth control, and Mrs. Frank from not believing in it when her husband does. Mr. Brinkworth fumes when his spouse breaks the pruderies; Mr. Lindsay because his wife reveres them.

There is no area in which difference of opinion is more conspicuous than about personal matters. Helen B. is despondent because she is a strong girl, nearly six feet in height, with an athletic build. To her mind, all women should be cut on the delicate pattern. She stoops as she walks, as if to reach a lower level. She is becoming flat-chested and pale. She will not take part in games. What a marked contrast to Barbara K., a girl of the same height, and a passionate devotee of athletics. She wishes to be strong and does not seek protection from men.

Even more striking is the anxiety of Madeline C., in contrast to her schoolmate Freda. Madeline is at the edge of breakdown because of guilt. For years she has struggled with masturbation. She is frightened, fearing insanity, believing her habit will ruin her health and deny marriage. She hides her guilt, yet feels a furious shame that she cannot break herself of the tendency. She refuses Freda's statement: that the act is only harmful if she makes it so by worrying about it; indeed that it may be the only way she can keep herself normal, physically and psychically.

Many a Victorian girl hung her head in shame because of erotic desire. In his book, "Functions and Disorders of the Reproductive Organs," Dr. Acton wrote: "The majority of women are not very troubled with sexual feeling of any kind." As pure nonsense as ever was written! Woman is as amative, when aroused, as any man, and thirty times as capable. The fact that male prostitution in any age has always been impossible is proof enough.

Yet at the time of the Brontës it would have been thought a terrible thing if any "lady" admitted passion. We can picture these sisters, well empowered themselves with depth of feeling, worrying over the idea that they were lustful, because, as they would have reasoned, the other women about them were free of taint.

The other women were hypocrites. People thought what they said was true. The Brontës and all their sisters of that time were left in utter ignorance of their own natures and made to feel their dear mammas were chaste, pure, delicate, and saintly; quite the opposite of the fact. Worry over their own feelings was inevitable. How different is the sex neurasthenia of a modern girl, who ponders as to whether she has sufficient appeal.

We find the same contrast in the nervousness of women approaching menopause. Those who lived in 1800 were fearful lest they possess feeling after fifty. They had been taught sex was only for procreation and all "indulgence" should cease after that age. Opposed to this, many a modern woman is afraid of losing her erotic capacity, unaware of the fact that an investigation of over ten thousand women revealed that sixty per cent. had greatly increased passion after the child-bearing period. When in her eighties Ninon de Lenclos was asked how it felt no longer to have amative impulse, she answered that the speaker would have to ask someone else.

It was amid great resistance on the part of the censorious that we began teaching hygiene and physiology in our schools only a few decades ago. Pictures of the stomachs of drunken men, combined with ethical precepts on temper-ance, made up the expositions of anatomy. The multiplication table was added to the bones; muscles were included to placate timid radicals and appease materialists. The human body was truncated at the navel and carefully decapitated. With that ostrich-like intelligence often practised by theorists on the youthful mind, everything was done to arouse interest in sex, which was then modestly left as a persistent matter for speculation.

This truncated physiology as much outdid the full human figure in its capacity to stir restless emotion as a nude model in black silk stockings, a pink rose and a smile exceeds a baby in a bathtub. Birth, in this blushing plot, did not exist, or if touched upon was sentimentalized by chromos of butterflies with pollen on their feet. Just why this garbled picture had also to leave out the mind, and in some instances the nerves, has never been explained — unless the conservatives who disliked physiology possessed neither nerve nor cerebral organs.

As long as the standards and conventions rule your reason, worry — even idiotic fear — may ruin your life. If the standards you hold are against nature — truth and the Divine Order — anxiety is inevitable, even if you comply with all the established sentimentalities. Only by daring to be reasonable, is any man free of strain. There is no peace for the prisoner locked in prejudice.

· XII ·

Why Be Afraid?

History and biography teem with instances of lives blighted by the merging of the self with the teachings of a region or a century. Jane Carlyle worried about everything concerned with her life. The problems of housekeeping pursued her at every turn. She was pressed by poverty. Poor health was a constant aggravation. There were serious marriage problems. Thomas was a difficult husband to live with; irritable and as unadjusted to life as she herself. Stress developed between them because of such overintensity in their love that no moment was casual. From her letters we know that Jane was an intellectual who, despite her keen analyses and vivacious humor, never understood herself, or seldom gave her attention to the real causes of her worries.

In the personal area, her mind was closed by an unfortunate practicalism, which made a fetish of domestic duty, a task she should never have undertaken, nor would have but for the "woman pattern" of her day. Her intellectualism made her use her mind for mere social brilliance, shutting off a creative drive which might have ranked her with Jane Austen or the Brontës. Too large for private life, a misplaced maternalism made her nurture a crochety husband in lieu of the children of body or brain. Skepticism about her personal ability left her bottled up like steam in a boiler with the valves closed. Is it any wonder that pessimism and a critical atmosphere produced such toxic in her blood that indigestion and headaches troubled her?

Would she have listened had anyone told her to develop her career, earn her own money, and hire someone to bake the biscuits? Some women achieved it even in her day. Yet in these more liberal times many still follow her example, worrying over the consequences, their minds closed to the logical solutions.

Mrs. P. B. K. is the wife of a college professor. Their budget never reaches around their necessities. The boys are delicate and the girl has several colds a winter. Recently Mrs. K. had a breakdown. She finds the housework difficult. She worries about her ineptitude. She fusses about the bills, frets about the children, and is concerned over the good professor's fatigue. Her attention is set on their uncertain future.

Yet she becomes angry when her sister suggests she should have followed the example of Alice B., who was Mrs. K.'s classmate at college. Mrs. K. resents the suggestion that she might have had a career of her own as Alice B. has done. Both women taught school on quite good salaries before they were married. Alice refused to give it up and when she did, it was to specialize in tutoring. She, too, has three children, but there is a nurse and a servant to help in the household. "I'm not domestic and I don't have to be," Alice says. "I shall earn enough in my own way to pay for the services I need."

Mrs. K.'s attitude denies her such adjustment. Her literalism requires her to fulfill the "wife pattern" in the classical style. Her conservatism refuses the changed conditions since her mother swept the floors. Her egotism requires that she be the one in the home on whom everyone depends. Immersed in the effects of misjudgment, worry is gradually destroying her. Who can penetrate a mind closed by its sanctions and sealed by its sentimentalities?

Yet are we men less silly? K. S. P. worries over fatigue. His business is exhausting. He talks about the struggle to keep his head above water. He works early and late at everyone's task in his company. No one is being trained to carry on his work, none feels free to take responsibility. K. S. P. exudes an attitude of doubt as to their efficiency. When he dies, the business will go to pieces because K. S. P. has not allowed his associates to develop efficiency at their tasks.

Do you suppose this fatigued executive is willing to see his exaltation of picayune particulars to the exclusion of orderly management? He glories in his self-sacrificing attention as hysterically as a housewife blessed with an excuse to victimize herself.

Every year all businesses have a period of stock taking. If they never produced a balance sheet, the company would fail. It is even more important for the officials to discover their own debits. K. S. P. needs to unload his egotism and setness more than unsalable goods. His worry is the product of mismanaging his personality. Until this is in order — the business cannot be.

When trials press you, take account of stock and ask yourself whether you are actually incapable of clearing up your problem, afraid of what people will do or say, or just set and sodden because of foolish shibboleths.

The central question of a worriful relation to environment lies in discovering if customs were made for man, or man for customs. Must we fit our natures to conventions, or should the sanctions fit our needs? The Bible answered the question long ago, but few Christians think when they read that book. Its teaching is too radical.

"The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." Yet the British Sabbath Day League condemned MacDonald, when Prime Minister, for holding peace conferences on that day. The Pharisees also condemned Jesus for ministering to the sick on a day of worship. He healed to relieve people of pain. MacDonald held conferences to free the world of suffering. It was well he would not listen to the modern Pharisees.

Each culture endeavors to mold the individual through formal education, home influence and social control. Wherever there is conflict between the basic nature and superimposed values, there is devastation. The anchorites castrated themselves and all who came within their power, seeking to ease the stress between their normal sexual endowment and their convention of celibacy. The Puritan thought to castrate his intelligence and his sense of beauty to abate the pressure in his nature. His fear of joy was prodigious. If anything made him happy, he worried about his soul.

Unfortunately, our educational influences and even our religious training have not taught us to see the negative factors in social stricture. The Decalogue declares what we should not do, with but scant words to tell us what we should do. Indeed, until the teachings of Jesus we find few positive attitudes. His remark: "*But* I say unto you," was a turning point in ethical thought.

Just such a "*But*" must enter every worry problem where conventions are concerned. After we have seen all the strictures, there should follow a "But I say unto you: There is natural law to be considered. There are constructive actions to be carried out." It is not by knowing the things we should not do that we can solve a problem, but by discovering what we may do.

We are aware of urgent desires in us, trends which play their part in worry patterns. These inner forces press upon us. Our denial of them creates tensions which involve the whole organism. For worry is at bottom a functional matter. Our bodily reflexes cry out for fulfillment of their needs. The organism shouts its desires. Nerve-ends seek warmth, refuse damp winds, crave soft surfaces, shun the rocks, urge for particular food, yearn for certain companionships, are repulsed by others.

The ego wish, the herd impulse, the love drive, all the primary motives in man are pushing him toward the end of his normal fulfillment, seeking to find an environment to which he can adapt, contacts that are compatible to him: people, work, recreation. He innately dislikes all that is unsuitable.

Suppose in the year 2236 a sociologist looked back upon our customs as we look upon the year 1536, when feudalism was breaking and the Dark Ages vomiting their toxic into puritan consciousness. Would not our time appear abnormal?

Progress moves ever faster. We are to-day farther in our forms of life from those of 1536 than the sixteenth century from the customs of Babylon. Our clumsy conventions may in the future seem barbarous, the constricting sanctions a burden upon consciousness. Possibly they are. Might we wisely discard them, seeking experience, love, work, play in a natural manner? Suppose we concerned ourselves no more excitedly about our families and fortunes than Jesus did in the days of his ministry; or accepted the free attitude of Socrates in his relation to Xantippe. Would we be doing more than speed the process society is already carrying on?

Could we but picture the changes of the next few centuries and institute them in our own lives, what release from worry there would be! If we refused to identify with the precepts which destroy us, we might have peace.

"If I am Sophocles, I am not mad, and if I am mad, I am not Sophocles," wrote the Greek seer. Everyone troubled with worry might do well to paraphrase this statement:

"If I am myself, I am not afraid, and if I am afraid, I am not myself."

If you are negatively involved in a situation, you are in some way off the track, not being yourself, concerned with opinions and patterns that do not belong to you. You are the victim of environment.

S. P. C. was born in a fundamentalist family that accepted the Garden of Eden story in a literal manner. His beliefs ran counter to modern science, art and literature. He loved a girl who taught physics and who believed in evolution. S. P. C. is in a breakdown from this situation. What is the answer?

Briefly, he should give up the prejudices that come out of his home and be faithful to his affections. There are a few simple rules in every problem, one of the most important of which is: if you cannot find a specific answer, go with inner longings, follow your feeling for truth, not sanctions of right and wrong.

"Go with your love." "Do the work you desire." "Live where you long to live." "Live as you long to live." "Let money come and go as it does." "Never worry about consequences." Many great thinkers of the past have advocated the philosophy of living while you may. It is interesting to note that over eighty per cent. of those who have achieved in life — in art, poetry, music, mechanics, discovery, philosophy; yes, even religion — have "forsaken all others" and followed their inner guidance. Whatever their task, they refused even as Jesus did to identify with external values.

Suppose you let the mossbacks carry their own mold, but refuse the burden yourself. Some people are already doing so.

Contrast, if you will, the attitude of two men regarding the question of money. Mr. Ray is seriously worried because he cannot earn more than the amount of his wife's income. He fears people will think he married her for her wealth.

Mr. Reed asks: "Suppose it had been you who had the money. What about it then?"

"That would be quite all right," replies Mr. Ray.

"But what would make it so?" asks Reed. "Why in the name of Heaven does it make any difference which one of you has the money, except for the social values? In the sight of God, of nature, of common sense, is there any difference?

"Now, for my part, I am perfectly happy. My wife's income is five times my own. I teach school and my pay is small. If people want to talk, they can talk and talk and talk, and then talk some more. When they get tired, they'll stop."

This constructive attitude transforms a man's relation to circumstance, guiding him in what he accepts and what he refuses in experience. He renders to society that which is society's and unto God that which is of himself.

When worry springs from the collision of a man's "I want" and the social "You can't," something or someone must give way. Jesus desired to help His people. The priests denied His right. Had either yielded, there would have been no crucifixion. In our own problems, the same situations appear: either we compromise, or society is overcome, or a contest develops.

You worry about a difficulty with your neighbors. You may give in, they may adjust, or either may suffer from a struggle. Common sense would counsel us to balance each outcome, and meditate upon the worth of each decision.

There is one thing we can do about any situation: we can refuse to remain its victim. He who believes he must die in prison there remains. No hope, no answer, no future appears unless we courageously conquer events as they present themselves. No revolution comes unless preceded by a Boston Tea Party, no evolution without a demand for freedom. The man who looks Fate hard in the eye and dares her to rule his life sees Fate cower before his gaze.

Circumstance is seldom inevitable. It is serrated with unreality, as fragile as painted scenery. Strike at it and the fabric of events is torn by your blow. Customs, beliefs and a thousand stupidities wrought from the sentimentalities of an ignorant age make more than half the structure of a problem. To be ruled by these sanctions is to admit oneself a dolt. To worry on and on because trials are hard is to simulate a sick snail stretching its belly on the ground.

Man would never have stood erect had he not shattered the shackles of circumstance, nor ever strode with heaving chest toward the morning sun, had he not decided to dare the darkness. We shall never solve our worries as long as we believe the druid superstitions that a situation must be patiently endured.

Conditions change. Not much over a century ago, it was still legal for a man to treat his wife as property. He could beat her "with a reasonable instrument"—a good-sized whip, for example. Her earnings belonged to him, nor could she dispose of her own possessions without his permission. Now his property is in her name, and he a well-trained provider, taught by his mother to obey a woman's will. How would the transition have come to pass if the old sanctions had remained?

Only by a fluid firmness can life be met. Adaptability and mutability, as instruments of unyielding purpose, should become the watchword of all who seek peace. Set minds sink in the quagmire their stubbornness creates.

"If you were a Shakespeare, someone will call you a drunken savage," wrote Sainte-Beuve. "If you were a Goethe, more than one Pharisee will proclaim you the most selfish of egotists."

The attitude of heroic purpose that knows no worries as to the appraisal of what it does was magnificently expressed by Susan B. Anthony: "Cautious, careful people, always casting about to preserve their reputations and social standing, can never bring about a reform. Those who are really in earnest must be willing to be anything or nothing in the world's estimation, and publicly and privately, in season and out, avow their sympathy with despised and persecuted ideas and their advocates, and bear the consequences."

· XIII ·

A Way to Achieve

Not yet are we citizens of the earth. A man's habitat and the milieu of his birth still limit his expansion. Whether struggling with himself, or worried over money, his difficulties begin with the factors of inherited circumstance. It is here he feels the hand of Fate.

One man has a strong body and fine features, another a weak heart and a clubfoot. Tom's family is on a high level of culture. Dick's is thrown into the rough-and-tumble. Harry is the son of a satyr, John of a saint. Nor are the limits those of blood kin only. We are bound or helped by the facts of race, nationality and family. We are affected by the circumstances of a region: desert, seashore, mountain top. The conditions of our day and age, peace or war, are part of destiny, shaping us and our joy and sorrow.

Consider how different Emily Dickinson would have been had she gone to Vassar and been a roommate of Edna St. Vincent Millay. Or suppose Cotton Mather had been a playmate of Isadora Duncan in those early days in San Francisco. And you; had you belonged to our younger set and been exposed to its ways. Would you not have been vitally affected; with less vinegar in your aspect? We are as much a part of this decade in this country and its world destiny as a pollywog in a mud pool.

But is this that we call environment inevitable? Is there nothing we can do about it? Mankind may someday revamp this thing we miscall civilization into some semblance of obedience to cosmic laws. In the meantime, how stupid to darken the face of creation by our misjudgment of Nature, merely because man has been dull in his ways. Need we emulate the cynics because of their erudition? Never were there poorer guides. Many a philosopher does no more than rationalize his own disease into an apparently intelligent system.

Schopenhauer, the world's greatest pessimist, saw no hope in experience. To him people were the miserable puppets of biology, tricked into mating. He felt that to bring children into the world was a sin, living seemed so wretched a business. If life *had* to be as unhappy as society makes it, the German seer might have been justified. He judged creation by the havoc man has wrought in making an environment essentially unfit for human needs. Had he seen how conditions could be changed, had he penetrated the masquerade to discover what life might become, shorn of its social distortions, great would have been his contribution.

This mistake of identifying the possibilities of our days upon earth with the experience through which we pass has confused many observers. Nor will peace and comfort ever come until we shape our ways on knowledge of man's nature, giving each personality release as long as its freedom is constructive and in relation to the welfare of the group.

While we place emphasis upon the importance of social change, there is no attempt on the part of those who follow the newer vision to deny individual responsibility, or to ignore the facts of character. We seek intelligently to understand them in relation to environment.

Popular thinking on the subject of satisfaction is neurotic.

Most people have seen but two ends: one, hedonism; the other, puritanism. Moralists would prohibit drink, hedonists glut themselves. The "saintly" would stop card playing; the "smart" must gamble. The sanctimonious forbade the theater; voluptuaries reduce it to a leg show. Puritanism shrouded the ankles, wrists and necks of the fair sex; modernism would take off what remains of a bathing suit. Neurotic conclusions are always excessive.

It is sad to see that even great thinkers fall into this trap. Freud made this mistake in his study of the pleasure and reality principles. Enjoyment he describes in true hedonistic fashion. His concept of virtue is an acceptance of social creeds.

He rightly speaks of man's conflict as between inherited trends and environmental curbing. He suggests that one must solve in satisfactory terms the conflict between individual desire and social control. He believes that everyone, if he wants to achieve peace, must face his personal problem in such a way as to find an adequate answer to this conflict. He must adjust his instinctive desire to society. But he postulates as the only adaptation an acceptance of archaic strictures and a yielding to shibboleths as if this were a reality principle, instead of spiritual decadence.

To yield to taboos proves one a coward. What, for example, did Jesus do? Did he follow the patterns of his day? Did he accept the conventions? Did his inner nature conform to the standards of his time? Did he fit himself to his environment and accept its blindness to his spiritual vision?

And what of Socrates? Did he yield to the prevalent dogma and practise the political chicanery of Athens? Did he bury the flame of his spirit under the ashes of Greek sophistry? Or what of Galileo, Copernicus, the religious leaders, the doctors who laid the foundations of medicine, the artists who toiled against discouragement, the writers who wrote though they were damned? Reality for them had little relation to social control. Nor, on the other hand, did they all seek to escape in hedonistic pleasure. Free from neurotic blindness, they did not view life in "either — or" terminology, but saw the middle ground of normal self-expansion through bionomic unfoldment. Though an ignorant social order made their pathway stony, they chose the only road to permanent happiness. Man is a living, growing creature. Only in fulfillment of the promises in his nature is joy ever his.

Ignorant people have spoken of the attitude which springs from modern insight as dangerous since it seeks to free the personality from social constriction. They are troubled by the question of accountability in the personal sense. The modern teaching is not a doctrine of *laissez faire* — as one discovers when he attempts to live without rebellion at his destiny. Adaptation in the scientific sense calls for heroism. To give yourself to the service of truth, goodness, or beauty includes no guarantee of external rewards. Your joy is in the doing, and may not pass beyond it. Adulation and riches are not in the bond. If they follow, that is incidental.

The real thinker may even experience strife between his purposes and social possibilities. It is doubtful if Browning could make a living were he writing poetry to-day, and improbable there would be a place for Keats. A sophisticated coiner of *bons mots* once remarked that genius is ageless. It cannot create unless it is. A theatrical manager may revive Shakespearean plays, or a publisher print anthologies of mid-Victorian verse, but he must do it as a servant of beauty. Few pennies will result. To assuage worry, the gifted must accept whatever privations their day requires. Had Edison or Marconi been alive in the Middle Ages, they would have been burned at the stake. Had they demanded financial success, they would hardly have achieved it.

So it is we must accept our personal differentiations and the limitation they set upon us. The unusual personality is and will remain a deviate. If he requires sure rewards and certain comfort, failure is inevitable. Adaptation in the modern sense is not an easy or an indolent philosophy.

Most of the men of science and medicine revealed their ability to change, not only their own current of life, but that of the human race. We suffer less because of Lister, see more with the help of Edison, know something of relativity owing to Einstein. Fate gave them power to change fate, and thus declared them to be men. We are set apart from the animals by this touch of the divine. The more we are men, the greater our power over circumstance. The animal is the toy of chance; man its ruler — when and if he uses his mental birthright.

Such release of one's power for the ends of good accomplishment is social adaptation in the modern sense. It is neither anarchy nor compromise.

The Puritans were right in their belief that hedonism leads to a dulling of consciousness and pleasure-seeking ends in satiety. Contentment reaches saturation on a pagan basis. To keep up the momentum, greater and greater stimulus is required. The analysts are right in saying repression and inhibition bring stagnation of the spirit and atrophy of the intellect. The restriction principle leads to anesthesia, injuring body, mind, and spirit. Between the scourge of Puritanism and the ravage of hedonism lies the only course on which one may steer his ship of life toward permanent peace.

Freud does not see this answer, or if he does, it is not to him a solution. As society would be destroyed if we turned personality loose upon it to indulge in free love, unchecked impulses, and the glut of emotion, so is the victory of social control ephemeral indeed, to be fought for anew in each generation, and always with a loss in sanity and health. If a better social order is to be won, custom must obey nature. Man is not so poor a creature that Mother Earth has forsaken him. She has not given joy to all other things and neglected her own child. The doctrine of satisfaction does not require the barbaric expression of instinct, nor need the release of emotion be atavistic. Even sex never brings happiness until it is the handmaiden of love. Jealousy, used as its guardian, becomes reverence for intimacy. Envy is evil only when it takes from others, not as a prod to achievement. Lust is wicked as the instrument of venery; as the servant of vigor it becomes ecstasy. The deepest instinct in man is that of self-preservation. Upon it, integrity of living depends. No plant, no animal, survives without this urge. Only as selfishness is it evil. Every human emotion, motive, or quality of man's mind is capable of positive or negative expression, of a low or high octave.

To follow this principle is not a matter of morals, it is a question of intelligence. The good art of living has been sullied by sentimentality, made bilious by febrile concepts of goodness. He who lives dynamically seeks the higher octaves because it is wise to do so, not because some white-livered moralist shakes the finger of hell at him.

Nearly every great thinker has taught a doctrine of joy diametrically opposite to the creeds. We, the people, read their words unthinkingly and overlook guidances that might set us free. We are stolidly unresponsive, convinced by dogmas that there is no way to satisfaction. What knowledge did your parents have of the instinctive forces of your nature, and the art of their constructive expression? How much sex education did you receive? Did they teach you how to conserve each passional quality and so merge it with the finer guidance of your spirit as to achieve the higher octave in love? Did they conserve the power drive of your ego and harness it to your intelligence? Or did they fear your basic impulses and assert a superiority over you as if they themselves were pure?

Several years ago a mother showed me a list of longings her boy had expressed when filling in a questionnaire propounded by his school. The teacher had asked her class to state their five greatest desires. She wished to know what they wanted in life. There was marked agreement in the answers: —

"I'd like to have a sweetheart to pet with, one who could dance well."

"I'd like to know how to make hard work easy."

"I'd like to have adventure and a bang-up time seeing the world."

"I'd like to have lots of money and nice things."

"I'd like to be famous and have many friends."

The mother was horrified. The list seemed mere pleasure-seeking. We talked a while about her boy, and then about herself. I questioned her as to her own ambitions. She explained that she was lonely. She wished her husband loved her as he used to. She was generally weary; she wished she knew how life might have a little less strain. After all, it wasn't very interesting. She would love to travel, see other countries and peoples. Unfortunately, she felt that financial matters had to be taken care of: that one had to have a good home. Most of all, she felt a deficiency in acquaintances to make her life content.

She noticed the smile on my face and suddenly realized that she had expressed the same five longings she had found so disappointing in her boy.

There is no question that, whatever our achievement, we long for successful intimacy. We wish work to be full of interest, to fulfill ambition and be free of stodginess. We want the comfort and the security which money brings. What do we experience? A job, and two weeks vacation in a two-by-four hotel full of mosquitoes and rocking-chairs, with a little dancing thrown in. And as for love — well, look at it about you. We have the years waiting for marriage. We have the teaching of abstinence, conflict with the flesh, devastation of the physical organism, neurotic development. And as for security, what of financial panics?

How many of us know fullness of ambition, or amative ecstasy? These are our primary desires, out of which spring all the hopes of the human spirit, ruling the effort of our days and determining our achievement. There are many curious contradictions in this problem. The world has been taught the philosophy of abnegation, but it does not like a good man. Often it raises selfish people to eminence. Always it allows them to push forward with precision.

There must be significance in the machinery of success. May it be that selfishness is organized for the wrong aim, but in the right way? It is not that we object to goodness, but something seems to be out of order with most individuals who spend their days in mild benevolence. We are familiar with the mocking phrase "He is good to his mother", and use it as a symbol for apron-strings. The funny strips gibe at the man who is absorbed in taking care of his wife and children and lets himself be henpecked because he is so kind-hearted.

It is an equally amazing phenomenon that the world loves a villain. We read detective stories and revel in the excitement of crime. The cave man with his brute tactics has long been glorified. He is supposed to be the idol of woman. Only recently there has been uproar over the erection of a statue to Jesse James, that colorful marauder of the Victorian era. It shocked some people that this train robber and general highwayman should have been made an idol. Few have asked themselves the important question, "Why is he revered?" Why, like Robin Hood, or François Villon, is his name something to conjure with?

Indeed, we may well ask a deeper question: Why do the biographies of Cleopatra occupy a library shelf, while the stories of good women are usually limited to a single volume? Why were Catherine of Russia, Catherine de' Medici, Ninon de Lenclos, Madame de Staël, Nell Gwynne, and all the rest of the lively and voluptuous ladies made memorable, and the virtuous forgotten? There must be something more to it than love of their charm. In some way we must instinctively feel they had that which we admire and would follow.

We need not go back to history for examples of this. We see it expressed about us every day. Two men come to my mind. One is a scalawag. He has neglected his wife and with debonair dash reached into life and taken from it what he would with both hands. The other man has spent his days in a patient, calm, steadfast devotion, bearing the burdens of his parents, his wife, his children, his friends, until his back is bowed, his face wrinkled, his skin yellow and his eyes dull. Everyone knows he is a saint, but nobody seeks his society, unless they come to ask favors. The other man is courted and admired, dined and wined, as if he were the best of mortals.

Nor is this typical only of masculine experience. I know a woman whose husband died when her son was five years old. For twelve years she has spent her life in bringing up the boy, darning his socks, earning their living, laboring day and night for his welfare. A while ago he ran away from home. He does not love his mother, or enjoy her society.

Another woman has lived a gay, carefree life. She left her son to the mercy of distant relatives and brought him years of uncertainty. His education was neglected, his pleasures limited, his opportunity hindered so that he must succeed without assistance from her. Yet he worships his mother with a dog-like devotion. He hangs on her every word, thrills at each crumb of kindness she tosses his way. How can such things be? What is it that turns life upside down?

Many, misunderstanding this paradox, have grown cynical. Not so students of the mind. Some men teach that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," but this to a philosopher seems injustice. Others accept an attitude of martyrdom. Nowadays we call such people neurotic. Some doctrines assert that life is a discipline with rewards in heaven if we bear woes patiently. Should the Board of Education organize classes on such standards people would rise in wrath. Nothing could justify a creation that made a mockery of opportunity. If the love of truth, goodness, and beauty means failure, suffering, and despair, then is experience but a poor schoolroom.

Life, as it happens, is neither for chastening nor martyrdom. Its end is growth. Neither goodness nor evil have yet been understood. Efficiency inheres in much we call wrong. We must understand the ways of wickedness if we would be successful saints. If there is a secret in our interest in the robbers of old, and our own "self-made" barons, it is time we discovered it.

Significance lies in the fact that such natures were at least themselves and not deformed by pretense. That they achieved wholeness by negative means is not the point, it is their sincerity we love, their reality we admire. Need we ape their delinquencies in seeing their unity? There is no magic in evil, but a miracle comes to pass whenever a living creature dares to be himself.

History and biography give abundant evidence of the doctrine of release and self-realization. Almost any true work of art, literature, music, science, invention or mechanics bears in its very structure proof of the fullness of life it brought to those who found expression through it. One need only read Emerson's essays to realize how keenly he enjoyed the act of writing them. Incidentally, no book on the newer psychology contains a philosophy half so radical in its declarations as his "Self-Reliance."

Let him who reveres the great seer of Concord study that essay again in the light of this day of psychological inquiry, and he will be impressed to see that all of the modern leaders — Freud, Jung, Adler, I care not which one chooses — are mumbling conservatives compared to Emerson. That you may be tempted to read him again, I quote a few passages: —

> I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself, and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady.

> I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

> What I must do, is all that concerns me; not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness.

I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himmaleh are insignificant in the curve of the sphere.

Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom, and trade, and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor moving wherever moves a man; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. Where he is, there is nature.

Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper, in the world which exists for him.

I appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier.

I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.

In this thrusting off of conformity, Emerson was not pleading for hedonistic anarchy, but for a constructive expansion of the forces of personality. He knew that only in action and integrity lay growth. He would rather be a devil than not be himself. This doctrine of honest motion is essential to every concept of health. It is inherent in progress. It is better to do some wrong and be able to correct it than to live in fear of one's being.

I remember a line in an English play, which I cannot quote correctly. A little curate remarked to the heroine: "I might have grown too if I had had more happiness." "Happiness?" the heroine cried. "Sin, and grow greater than your sin!" None of us pleads for a practice of delinquency. But we denunciate the fear of sinning.

To many people the doctrine of fulfillment seems a blatant selfishness. They cannot understand the principle of sincerity. Yet, even in selfishness there may be guidance. Some psychologists feel that one of the significant facts about it is its power. There is dynamic drive in greed. "I want" are words with magic in them. There is focus in desire. He who yearns for money beyond all else is likely to get it. He whose thought is focused upon comfort so that nothing stands in his way usually wins luxury. He who wishes romance, and will brook no interference in the consummation of his desires, finds love. He who does not have to be told "Why don't you speak for yourself, John", speaks quickly and with purpose.

Nor is this personal adroitness less evident in great accomplishment. When knighthood was in flower, many a man flung his spear at all who blocked the consummation of this vow. This one thing he would do. He was like the poet or the painter, who sings his songs, or dabs his colors, even if the world is consumed and his family sicken and die. The inventor, absorbed in his machine, forgets that anything else exists. It is said that Henry Ford, when he first planned his motor car, let many obligations lie unattended to. Some may have called him selfish.

If we could look into the annals of all achievement, we might find that the doers of every heroic deed seemed selfish. Their purposes may not have been deflected from goodness, but they permitted no interference with their aims. After all, is this not true throughout the whole vegetable and animal kingdom? The cabbage is busy getting a great head. The pine tree reaches out its branches. It does not emulate the oak, nor take on the responsibility for choking the grass about its feet. It drops its needles irresistibly. If the grass dies in consequence, we can imagine the pine tree soliloquizing: "That is its own affair. If it tries to grow near me, let it fail. I don't let the grass grow under my feet." It is obeying the unfolding principle and there its duty ends.

Even in higher mammals, this law of efficiency in fulfilling the experience of growth is everywhere evident. Have we any reason to suppose that man is an exception to the laws of nature? Obviously he is not. He who obeys his hungers becomes well fed and pink-cheeked. He who abnegates becomes wrinkled and sickly. His aims are scattered, his goals dimmed, his needs neglected.

The sentimental idealist, cursed as he is by perfectionism, and burdened with allegiance to unwise duties, presents a wavering, disorganized front to events. His attention is disjointed, his effort spent in nervous endeavors to move all his requirements forward at once and to neglect no responsibilities in the line of his obligations.

Thus, by his distracted focus, he seldom does more good in the world than the man of greed. He breaks down instead and has to be nursed by those whom he thought to protect. This is why virtue is so often overcome by a cruel fate, while the wicked seem to thrive. But evil does not prosper, it merely wins for a while because of better strategy.

If virtue would cement its purposes and arrange its ambitions as efficiently, badness would be driven out. The world is bettered more by intelligent achievement than by stupid goodness. We would not cloud our lives with worry if we dared to define our goals and clarify our intentions, believing in our right to be ourselves. Life holds no obligations contrary to the endowment of your nature — you only think it does.

Nor is this law less evident in the organized relations of society. Imagine a great executive allowing every needy person to interrupt his life. How long would industry thrive?

Suppose we accepted the pattern of goodness as it was taught for generations and applied it to commercial enterprise or professional proficiency. We should not need to debate the question to know that no undertaking would last a week if operated in the manner we have called virtuous.

Selfishness is built like a snow plow. The selfish man has his greatest greed at the forefront. It is his plowshare. It turns the sod of life for him, and casts the obstacles aside. Behind his primary wants come his desires, organized according to their nature. Possibly he seeks money most of all. Then love and comfort follow together. In the third rank we see praise, recognition, pleasure, and then a group of sustaining impulses gathered around the focus of his fundamental purpose.

Need we argue the question that such well-organized individuals will succeed in life after their own pattern? Why should we not recognize the efficiency of their purposes and discard their aims? Why should we not see that the structure of success consists in having one's will to achieve built like a triangle, with the first and greatest purpose placed at the forefront and the other aims behind it in their order?

Is there any reason why goodness cannot be organized as well as selfishness? That it is not so fortified as a rule may explain why we look down on most good men and women. It is not their goodness we dislike, but their inefficiency.

Many a business man gives part of his attention to his office, but much to the antics of a willful son; more goes into mollifying his wife, bored as she is in suburban society. A fourth measure is spent worrying about the situation, and a fifth lost in emotional uncertainty. Still greater effort is spent trying to adjust his conscience and his behavior. Do you wonder his toil-marked face does not draw admiration from our lips?

It has been said the newer psychology is a selfish doctrine. We accept the challenge if the critic means we endeavor to understand the way to health. We refuse the judgment if by this criticism it is meant that the modern teaching has the aims of negative self-will. Science is the study of what is in the world. We analyze success, fitness, power, striving to see what it is, approaching our problem without preconception. In studying selfishness, we find it is organized on the foundation that produces success. We advocate the structure, not the greed.

It is strange that many should believe that supplying normal needs is ever evil. To demand that which belongs to us is a basic right. No substitute will abate our turmoil. There are "musts" in life whose will is inexorable. When Mischa Elman was three years old, he sang accompaniments to his father's violin, and showed a desire to get hold of the instrument. After a while the lad became strangely ill. It came to light that when his father was away, Mischa had been allowed to pick at the instrument. But his father's violin was too large for his small fingers. He made discords. They rasped his nerves, causing the sickness. A child's fiddle was the only cure. Mischa took to it at once.

Our self-delusion is most apparent when we pose as victims of self-sacrifice, hiding our cowardice behind objective factors in a situation. Life often seems to ask the impossible. Instead of discovering wise procedures, we woefully accept the coercion and worry ourselves into exhaustion.

The means by which we justify this sterility are varied, but at the center is a feeling that our effort would fail to match the standards we have built as to what we ought to do. We substitute imaginary obligations for practical reality, laying out a series of possible actions, then circling in our thoughts as if we were seeking which one we were capable of carrying out — intending to select none of them. We condemn ourselves because we cannot achieve the absolute, deploring our frailty; and by this device excuse ourselves for our recreancy.

Relief from our guilt is gained by counseling others. With unholy glee we delight in picturing standards they could not possibly achieve, comforting ourselves the while in a certainty that soon their misery will love our company. We use this device as a justification of continued failure, rationalizing afterward how necessary was our "sacrifice."

A man has a business opportunity, but feels he cannot take it without loss to his wife. He is thinking in relation to his training patterns, but not in relation to life. Dr. Fritz Künkel remarks that not to take the constructive action sometimes seems self-sacrificing, but in the end it works out as merely putting upon someone else the barrier to action which is in the person's inner consciousness. The man fears the new job and makes his wife the excuse.

When we bore into the real issue of a worry regarding the effect of our conduct upon another person, and have courage to make a decision, we find that what is best for us is, in the ultimate, best for the other individual as well. Life is either a cosmos or a chaos. If it is a chaos, it makes no difference whether we are selfish or not, because there is no answer to experience. If it is a cosmos, there can be no right action for the self unless it is in the end the right action for the other person. In a cosmos right and truth cannot be good for one and not for the other.

The basic principle of successful worry lies, then, in accepting life as it is, ourselves as we are, and the consequences as they must be in view of those facts; doing what we can with the opportunity we have, and being content with the result.

· XIV ·

The Babble of Advice

Of the many causes of worry, none is more evident than the influence of others upon us. Our forefathers declared all men were created free and equal. In giving advice, we act as if people were also alike: one type and motivation. Mrs. Jenkins goes to a nerve specialist, Mrs. Evans to a gland doctor, Miss Fullsome to a stomach man. Each looks at his patient as a "case." The neurologist sees Mrs. Jenkins as a group of nerves; the endocrine specialist treats Mrs. Evans as disfunction; to the gastronomist, Miss Fullsome is a stomach. For all the thought some therapists may give to personality, these three women might be the same individual.

As it happens, they are so different, they could not serve on the same church committee. Mrs. Jenkins is one of those small eaters, resembling a songless canary in manner, beak and complexion. Her birdlike eyes glitter with satisfaction when you mention the *Mayflower*. She acts as if she came over on it, and thereby acquired those prejudices which serve her in lieu of reason.

Because she reported sleepless nights, the specialist suggested a rest at a sanatorium. If he could have put her mind under ether or locked her disposition in hypnotic sleep, quiescence might have served. As it was, the nurses needed the rest, when that trailing cloud of glory left for home. A placid life would have killed Mrs. Jenkins.

Mrs. Evans thrived on it, needed it in fact. And that was the trouble. Her husband was as quiet as a Jersey mosquito and as genial a bedfellow. He was alert, efficient, practical, and incapable of thought. A direct channel ran from his eyes to his mouth, permitting a flow of all he read, saw, or failed to see. To Mrs. Evans he had once been a dream lover, which explains the marriage. She lived, in fact, in a world aloof from daily events. For hours as a child she would sit mulling on a promontory, where the sea obliterated all sense of the mere world. As a woman, her mind retreated from the clatter of her animated marionette. In solitude lay sanity, and because she sensed this, her soundness of mind was doubted.

Mr. Evans was told that his wife "must get out of herself" and that he, Evans, should see that she did so. He must talk to her and get her to attend to social matters. Evans obeyed assiduously; that was his métier.

The specialist did not attend the funeral. Nor did he see Mrs. Evans' last letter to her sister, Jane. In part it read: "Had I married a man who loved to meditate as I do, a man like Paul, all would have been well. My nerves have been right enough, I see that now. But I tried to make chatter to please Henry, and, well — "

Although Miss Fullsome succeeded little better, there was no husband to blame for it. In fact, that was the trouble. Had the gastronomist supplied one, all might have been well. A diet is a hard thing to fall in love with; lettuce and nuts are perfectly good in themselves, but unresponsive. Miss Fullsome's stomach may have enjoyed the new régime, but her emotions wept nightly, with the result morning found her increasingly wan. What she needed for cure was not obtainable from a dietary kitchen.

Pattern advice, bottled in the laboratory of plausible scientific research, is as dangerous as patent medicine. Many a weary soul is dying under its confident ministrations, nor will the trouble be cured until we recognize divergencies and calculate upon them. Our reactions to life are as varied as our physical difficulties. No platitudes will heal all troubles. One man is unruffled by great disturbances, another annoyed by incidentals. To the same event we do not make a like response. We fume and fret according to our biases.

Nor do we feel a set solicitude for the problems of loved ones. William lives in permanent disquietude, concerned for his children's future. Andrew exhibits his anxiety by irritation, feeling beset by their troubles. Thomas is vanquished by the stream of obligations, foiled in every attempt to conquer events. Worry presents as many faces as there are patterns of prejudice.

In spite of this contrast, we still expect standardized sensibility. "Now be reasonable." How many times we have heard these words. Could we not also say to the speaker "Now be reasonable"? Does he not often mean: "Be reasonable my way; see things as I see them"?

Father Dudshaw believes in late marriage. To his mind, no boy or girl has any sense about matters of love. One should be thirty before yielding to it. Mother Dudshaw believes in an early alliance. To her mind, nature intended things that way. One may get far astray philandering if the wedding is delayed. "People over thirty have such set habits."

Their daughter is afraid to marry at all. People make such a mess of it. She is looking for the couple who are happy. Their son wants a bride, but is converted to the companionate variety. He thinks a fellow should be able to get out of a mistake without having to pay alimony all his life. His ideas trouble father and horrify mother. They reason with him, but from opposite angles.

We judge life from the stored-up impressions it has made upon us, using our memories as starting points from which to form conclusions. If, with daughter, we have seen many unhappy people, we reason from this basis. If, with father, early fetters taught us to worship success and think of love as impractical, we argue from these beliefs. If, with mother, romance is a secret dream, we form our opinions on this premise. If we are modern, experience leads us to agree with son. If we are old, we think he is shocking.

This tendency to judge life by our little piece of it is a destroyer of reason. We become the victims of carrying patterns, unconsciously bringing values from one experience to another. We judge life by what has happened to us, as if all truth were fought out in the arena of our own egos. What worked or failed in our little event is used to measure the will of God. These Lilliputian values we then offer to our intimates with Brobdingnagian confidence. When we are down, our shame at having trouble dethrones the giant in our souls. We then seek aid of others, as if they were not likewise compromised.

There is no dead level in human experience. What you and I have suffered is colored by our puerilities. One man is caught in a fire and badly burned. Another finds his way to a place of safety. One woman, faced with a marriage difficulty, is permitting primitive emotions to dominate, and devastation follows. Another, in the same perplexity, weighs the facts and with steady gaze sees the truth of the situation. The outcome of each of these experiences is different from the moment their paths divide.

One's mental attitude will thereafter be colored by the result. Where logical firmness and crisp action have dealt with situations, the experience passes down to memory surrounded by the light of reason, and is stored there as a clarifying influence. The nature has mellowed and matured. Those who have greeted life with unthinking rebellion turned each experience into bitter turmoil and the tragic consequences are buried in brooding resentment.

Rare indeed is he who is willing to weigh and measure each event on a logical scale rather than on the balance of his own small experience. Rarer still is he who knows that action and reaction are affected by the mental command with which events are met. They who live constructively can alone give wisdom. As for the rest, nothing is more unsafe than opinion based on personal paucity. Only by laws and principles, connected with repetitive inquiries and pragmatic research, is truth to be known or conclusions proved.

That we might follow this road to reason, nature gives us wits. To use them we must think for ourselves. Such thoughtfulness requires attention to reality. Judgment depends upon subjective contemplation. Wisdom is the product of meditation.

The real problem in contending against fixated opinion lies in the fact that the other person's attitudes may be true enough in themselves, but are out of focus in relation to the question in hand. Two per cent. of a dollar is still part of a dollar, but to consider it the whole dollar is poor finance. Two per cent. of the truth is still truth, but only two per cent. and not the whole truth. Belief makes it into an hundredfold and presents the illusion as fact.

When, as is usual, the solution of a worry lies in the unseen aspects, toward which the individual refuses to look because he insists his opinions are enough and must be sanctioned, the problem requires a change in the state of mind before the situation can be met. This is why psychologists so commonly insist on considering the psychic values before handling the material circumstances.

Two generals are fronted with the situation of opposing an enemy's army twice the size of their own. The first man wishes all to know his difficulty, that in case he loses none shall blame him. He is hypersensitive about the unfair conditions. The second man sees the fact but is determined to overcome it by discovering ways to equalize the odds. He deploys his troops in trenches and trees, in dugouts and on the hills, fighting a defensive battle and thus meeting his problem. The first general is not worrying over his military dilemma, but about his own welfare. What sort of advice would such an egotist give to an intimate? Would he outline a wise procedure, or one colored by personal bias?

The avoidance of injurious influence begins with recognition of the contrast between these two types of people, and of our own susceptibility. Many laughed at the teachings of Emile Coué who themselves suffered from negative suggestion. Day by day, in every way, they became worse and worse, thanks to the pressure of their intimates.

Trace back the causes of your ills. Would there be so many if you had not accepted the conclusions of prejudiced personalities? Had you followed the deeper leading of your spirit, what would have happened? Debunking consists in perception of actual values under the masquerade of inanities. When our associates trot out their taboos, passing off the counterfeit for truth, we must learn to recognize the foibles they have gathered.

If we accept this make-believe as reality, we anguish over delusions that have no ending. Consider the confusion of Samuel Heridan. It was his last year in high school. Should he go to college or should he not? And if so, or if not, what was his proper vocation? Mother thought the ministry would be a beautiful profession. It sets you so apart. Father hooted the idea. Let son become a good salesman; that was common sense.

Aunt Elmira was strong for banking; it gave one such prestige. Neither of Sam's sisters was much interested in what he did, as long as he went to college. They hoped he would bring boys to the house. Let him study and study until they were successfully married. Sam's brother had become a lawyer and thought the boy had better get a job. There were not enough family funds for two of them.

Sam himself felt like a piece of clay, pulled in every direction. He identified with each picture, seeing himself at whatever task was suggested.

Family chatter is a menace. Technically known as "domestic echolalia", it consists in the habit of repeating whatever nonsense one hears, without attempting to discover whether it is sane or foolish. Silly opinions are uttered until anyone who is trying to think becomes sick with the uproar.

Dorothy Dolvin was scholarly-minded, built for the archeological exploration she adored. A chance had come to go with an expedition to Egypt. Should she accept? Dorothy had consulted no one, but every relative offered an opinion. "What — go and leave your poor mother? She's sixty-five and hasn't many more years to be with you." Cousin Emily was almost tearful as she spoke. "Girls should stay at home," Uncle Eben announced, "and not go off to foreign parts." On and on swept the tide of spurious values, each speaker more concerned with justifying his ego than with helping Dorothy.

Will Tillingford is exposed to similar verbal torments from his wife, who, though she knows nothing about his business, assumes omniscience. His times of rest are restless indeed.

Children suffer the most from this river of rubbish. Little Winifred Washburn is never permitted psychic quiet. The adults in her setting delight in pestering her. She is given no chance to think things out for herself. It is as if they feared her judgments might differ from their own.

Many a boy is punished for negligence when in fact he is so set upon by relatives that carefulness is impossible. Told to do this and that, continually interrupted, his precious absorption broken, his concentration and poise deflected by adult arrogance, the blame which follows is utterly unmerited. The Inquisition was not abolished; it merely has different victims.

The worst side of advice comes out whenever any situation threatens the sodden sanctities. Should a woman fall in love with anyone but her husband, should a man leave his spouse, the "spurned" partner seeks solace from friends. Whatever hope of decency had been in the situation ceases at that moment. Nor are the opinions ever helpful to the welfare of the recipient, for into them pours all the pent-up vindictiveness the advisers had not dared release in their own lives.

Trouble is a safety valve for amateur counselors. It gives them a chance to vent barbaric spleen by means quite harmless to themselves. The friend in need, however, is led into woe by following these savage leads, and whatever consideration might have been shown by the "guilty party" is destroyed. Hate then grows where tenderness is needed and could have remained.

Dolly Dinsmore looks back at the situation her friends created when Tom became interested in Constance Drew. She realizes bitterly the ruin of her life was not because of his conduct. Had she kept her own counsel, had she not listened to Mildred's "I'd make him pay and pay" and the lawyer's suave statement "He hasn't a legal leg to stand on", how different it all would have been.

When your adviser is insistent, his suggestions flagrant, his manner thumping, be certain his conclusions are unwise. Reason is never inordinate. If he advises retaliation, or the taking of an unfair advantage, you will pay for it if you follow his counsel. If he tells you of your legal rights and they go against loving mercy, beware, for in the end his admonitions will injure you. Nothing less than such compassion as Jesus expressed is wisdom. One way or another you will be cut down by the agencies of natural law whenever you trespass against tenderness.

One of the best ways to take advice from a self-seeking intimate is to listen respectfully and then do the exact opposite. "I shall write novels when I am grown: for that is why I was born," wrote Selma Lagerlöf at thirteen. "And I feel relieved and happy to know that this is settled. Before Aline advised me not to write, I had only a vague, intangible longing, but now that longing has become a fixed determination."

· XV ·

Refusing Compromise

No MATTER how many conceited logicians you have about you, who deride your intuition as unsound, do not let them talk you out of your convictions, or substitute their petty factualisms for your deeper perceptions. No man solves his problems if he only reasons about them. That is why intellectuals are usually stupid in the art of living. They cannot think, they only think they can. Their intelligence is toplofty, with no foundation of understanding.

True intuition is many-sided, and essential to the art of worry. We perceive certain facts, an echo of what we once had seen. We feel certain trends, records of earlier sensations. We note significant impressions, as if endowed with a foretaste of what may come to pass. The fear in our breasts, the rage in our hearts, may give hints of what to avoid or what to change.

In other words, "cue thinking" is at work—an unconscious guidance. To deny this inspiration merely because the intuitive process is not obvious, is to refuse the very essence of creative judgment. Even scientific men write of needing to reach beyond the confines of calculation. Einstein asserts that he believes in "intuition and inspiration." "At times I feel certain I am right, without knowing the reason," he says. Again, he declares: "Imagination is more important than knowledge"; a statement that needs to penetrate our understanding. Without imagination, knowledge is usually so literal as to distort the truth it would seem to convey.

Advice is at its worst in family life. We allow our intimates to stick their fingers in our souls and trade on the fact that they are blood kin. We cannot easily get away from their coercion, or avoid their blame if we break agreements they have squeezed out of us.

A young man is in love. His mother makes him feel he should not marry the girl of his choice. He becomes depressed about it. Nellie Lawson longs to go on the stage. Her father tells her she is immoral to have such desires. In their hearts both these young people know they are right, but have been taught to doubt their wisdom. Our minds tell us what is best to do, while others pour their oppressive opinions upon us. Argument is no solution. Contention only inflates their egos. We might do better to recall the words of Jesus: "A man's enemies shall be they of his own household."

When you are worrying, the chances are that they of your own household are giving you the wrong advice. To meet the situation, make three lists: —

Write down all they think you should do about a problem.

Analyze what *you* think you should do.

Put down your reasons and their reasons in contrast with each other.

Unless you can find more good reasons on their part than on your own, follow your judgment. You have your life to live. It is better to make mistakes that are your own than to become a vicarious underling. Most important of all, consider who it is giving you advice, how your adviser is living his own life, whether he applies his conclusions with success, what his record has been in happiness and where his patterns come from; whether they are logical or only a formulation of platitudes.

No admonition is safe if it is not given in dynamic form, that is, as an active picture of the cause and effect tested out on the proving ground of life for at least two decades. Never accept anything from another person that is only theoretical. Make him express his opinions in such concrete fashion you can see what the effect will be.

Reactionaries always indulge in barbaric values and make your problems greater. They tell a father to interfere with his daughter's love choice. They justify a woman in trying to hold a man. They encourage a jealous person to seek revenge, and condone vicious practices as necessary. Mrs. Curfew opened her daughter's mail saying: "the end excuses the means." The daughter discovered her letters were tampered with, left home and never returned. The mother now lives in a tomb of guilt.

If you aren't firm with a reactionary, he is likely to undermine your conclusions by the persistent mustard gas of pseudo-practicality. To avoid such insidious influence, measure all those who counsel you on the following scale: —

WORRY-MONGER IDENTIFIER

Never accept advice from one who:
1. Always sees the gloomy side of things.
2. Is a gossip, a critic, or a chiseler.
3. Is timid, dependent, or parasitical.
4. Is indolent or self-indulgent.
5. Is arrogant, fanatical, or obstinate.
6. Is complaining and full of self-pity.
7. Is one who becomes conveniently sick.
8. Is reckless or irresponsible.
9. Is censorious and eager to point out sin in others.

10. Is irritable, fretful, and fussy.
11. Is angry, envious, or jealous.
12. Is hypersensitive and painfully good.
13. Is always anxious to give his opinions.
14. Is conventionally platitudinous and sentimental.
15. Shows any inclination to revenge.

When you are confronted with a worry-monger, pass him this page and let him read the identifier. You might also suggest that he wear a shroud decorated with skull and crossbones as more appropriate to his opinions.

A few admonitions may be in place here. Remember that people mollify you when they are afraid of your ideas.

Women who give you soothing syrup believe you are childish.

Distrust the lullaby of forgiveness, when tendered in a sickly sweet voice.

Never contend with an unmitigated ass, cinch him and load him up.

Harsh judgments are made by fools. Greet their folly with laughter.

A torrent of blame is a great compliment; your critic has struck your rock of ages and is being broken into spray.

Never worry about a sarcastic remark; your critic is hiding his own stupidity.

Guilt is double-edged. He who blames you is always more evil than yourself.

Corrosive regret is always neurotic. Remorse is often a blatant form of egotism masquerading as humility. Are you so wonderful as to make no mistakes?

Compose yourself and harmony follows.

People appease you that you may forget your purpose.

Leave a wet blanket alone and he will mildew of his own accord.

Patronage plies its trade among the petty.

Bland words are surrogates for blame.

When people put pressure on you, remember it is only a dead weight.

A woman whose voice is as mild as mother's milk should be left in cold storage or she will sour.

Women who coo also conquer.

If you always smooth things over, your skin wears thin at last.

Contracting personalities strive to shrink you also. If you swallow their ideas, strangulation is inevitable.

Some people live by deflating others. Never worry when they make you feel flat, unless you want to please their vanity.

The signs of hidden worry are many, none more certain than a glum exterior. Grumpy manners spring from shame. Those who are indolent about their troubles punish others by becoming grouchy.

He who loses his temper, loses good purpose. Acerbity and achievement were never friends.

Gruff men secrete their worries. Moroseness is a sign of infantilism and self-indulgence. People become surly when others fail to carry their burdens.

A bad temper comes from emotional colic. Babies pule and vomit, adults indulge in virulence. Words on the tip of the tongue should be swallowed.

Acrimony springs from self-disgust. They who worry about themselves, blame their intimates. A sharp tongue has the sting of conscience.

When people bore you, take the attitude of genius toward them. "Men of genius," Coleridge writes, "are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people, because they have a power of looking at such persons as objects of amusement, of another race altogether."

Domination is the masquerade of weak natures, not the expression of dynamic vigor. The domineering personality is always arbitrary. He dare not be otherwise. He fears discussion as he would the plague. If he attempts intelligent debate, he it lost. His uncertain emotionalism is then revealed, his ability to rule destroyed. Only by coercion and severity can he maintain his pretense of power. Thwart him successfully and no vigor remains.

"Silence," wrote Zimmerman, "is the safest response for all the contradictions that arise from impertinence, vulgarity or envy."

"Take the place and attitude which belong to you and all men acquiesce," wrote Emerson.

When you do not solve your problems because of "what people will think," at least admit you are henpecked by Mrs. Grundy. If you must be a coward, be an honest one.

If your counselor's advice is against a solution, ask yourself: "What gossiping gnats would buzz if I corrected my worries? What camels am I swallowing in my fear of the gnats?" If the camels are more serious than the gnats, stop swallowing them.

Do not be afraid of injuring love by following your honest conviction. If it can be withdrawn, it wasn't worth having.

Never cry over the loss of a "perfect friend." If you shall not look upon his like again, there was something wrong about him anyway.

The paragon is always lonely, and that is well. When others seem inaccessible, they should so remain. Only diminutive intellects grow a swelled head. Such natures are lavish with compromising solutions. Those who cannot comprehend your deeper values always see an easy answer to your anxieties. Note how, to protect himself from the Egyptians, Abraham alleged that his wife, Sarah, was his sister. When Pharaoh took her into his royal harem, Abraham was enriched by herds and servants. We have no record that he felt especially troubled by the loss of his wife. How different his suffering if his heart had known love.

Trouble is not a fixed quotient, but measured by our evaluation of it. Palliatives never cure your ills. No matter who advises expediency, it is no answer for you — unless you are a cad. A casual attitude is more dangerous than the plague, it eats into the spirit. He who takes one thing with another leaves the valuable behind.

If someone passed you a glass of water full of typhoid germs, would you drink it and enjoy the colon bacilli? Then why accept mental germs, or even the vinegar of criticism? In chemistry litmus paper is used to discover whether something is acid or alkali. In modern ethics, we use the same method to determine whether or not advice is sour.

Make a list of all the don'ts, mustn'ts, shouldn'ts, can'ts, shan'ts, won'ts, isn'ts, ought nots and other negatives, in the advice your babbling friends and families pour upon you. Make another list of the cans, dos, coulds, shalls, wills, hows, the ways and methods, the processes and procedures, the plans and purposes and all the other positives and constructives in their suggestions.

If their recommendations do not show more positives than negatives, more constructive explanations of how to do than fear threats of what not to do, the advice is acid and untrustworthy. If, however, there are more clear and practical solutions for your life, more helpful suggestions of how to proceed than negatives leading to stalemate, the counsel is alkali and worth considering. Alkali advice will bleach the grayness out of your mind, and free you of melancholy. Negatives make you more depressed. Learn smilingly to refuse the acid. Demand constructive help. Even if some of the negatives are true, they can be coped with only by positive processes.

An anxious adviser is usually an absolutist in measuring your conduct, but lenience on a lounge where his own efforts are concerned. He makes you feel you must achieve the impossible. Ignoring the limits of time and space, or the question of your present state of development, he tells you glibly what you "ought to do." We have all experienced this abasement. Poor fools that we are, we feel ashamed at our ineffectuality, while our critic struts in glee.

If you are placed in a strained situation, read Rudyard Kipling's poem "If" at least once a month. It emphasizes the return of thought to the central concern of a person's life. He writes:

"If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,"—

If you can keep your eye on your primary goal, not allowing people's opinions to take control of you, if you keep on with your fundamental purpose, you solve almost any problem.

A basic step is taken when we learn to accept the "I can" and surrender the delusion "I ought," seeing the impossible requirement, the impractical idealism and unreasonable absolutism as the evils they are.

Rose Larkin lives in a blighted home, under the domination of a petulant and selfish father; a home in which Saint Cecelia would wither. Yet Rose blames herself "because she cannot be patient" and "take care of Father more lovingly." She spends many nights in this self-condemnation. Nor would she listen if told her sense of duty was sentimental. "One ought to love one's own father," she murmurs sadly. But when one does not, and cannot, because he is despicable, one should leave him instead.

Rose sees that is the only alternative. She wishes there were "some less drastic way." There isn't. But that is not Rose's fault. God never intended her to pamper her egotistic parent on the basis of a silly precept that would make her spoil him utterly.

When we are anxious about alternatives, we are generally resisting the inevitable and making future trouble from fear of an action which is unavoidable in the end. Mrs. Carlington is married to a drunkard. She is desperate about it. She has tried everything to reform Carlington, to turn him into a good father and kind husband. She cannot bear to leave him. "Children need both parents," she explains. Certainly. But her children haven't even one, for as long as their mother is buried in despair about their father, she cannot nurture her little ones. Until she dares to leave him, they will have no chance in life.

A.C.T. believed it his duty to live for his whole family. He carried his wife's, his children's, his parents', everybody's problems, so that none of them had a chance to grow up or experience life. By coming between them and suffering, he made them infantile, and vapid.

A transition passed over him as he reached the conviction that it was not his duty to soften experience for any human being, to be a pad between them and trouble, but only to help them command it. This is a fundamental change of attitude and an important one in human relations. From that time on he refused to carry anybody's burden when it would weaken the development of that personality.

I recall a situation which brought this point home to me. It was the last hour of my week of office work, and I had been engaged on a serious problem. My client knew, I believe, I had real sympathy for him and was doing the best that lay within my power to help him. At the end of the period, he left my office. But he had forgotten something and in a few moments came back again. I did not hear him enter the room. I was standing in the center of the floor, whistling and jigging in a gay and abandoned manner.

As the man stood in the doorway, he turned red in the face, then deathly pale; he bit his lip, but finally burst out laughing. Crossing the room, he held out his hand: "Thanks," he said, "that's the very best thing you ever did for me." In amazement, I asked him what he meant. "Why, don't you see," he said, "I wanted you to carry my problem all day and all night and until I met you again. But you are too wise to do so. You have done all you can for me in this hour and then have thrown the burden off to rest yourself for the next person you have to help."

"Why, certainly," I said, "what good would it do you if I were blue over all your sorrows?"

"That's just the point," he answered, "but I have worn myself out carrying burdens all my life. It never did anybody any good and did me a lot of harm. That's what you've taught me. I've had a pattern all my life that made me believe I ought to take on everybody's responsibility, and focus on all the external requirements. Never at any time have I had the standard of doing the best I could; of using my forces to support an attitude of inner responsibility. At last I see what you mean, and for my part, I've come to the end. I'm no longer willing to be the victim of circumstance, or to accept set patterns as to what I do. My standards are to be internal from now on. I see this is the way to peace."

· XVI ·

The Question of Integrity

It has happened in history that those who were not especially great have risen to high places because they developed skill in the art of keeping out of difficulty. When Coolidge was President, he won the hearts of his people more through this gift than from any other attribute. We learned to keep cool with Coolidge. We were given a graphic example of the art of not becoming committed. The spokesman of the White House was only a painted figure, but he symbolized Coolidge's ability to avoid hundreds of worries by waiting to think things over before he said anything or did anything that would connect him with a situation.

If your life is full of worry, it is safe to say that at least half of it has developed because you have become involved in situations before you have sufficiently thought them over. You have a habit of talking too much, promising more than is possible, taking undue responsibility, becoming nervously concerned.

Learn to stop it. Retreat from half of your obligations. Pull out gradually, not dramatically and hysterically. But pull out just the same. As you do so, remember they who dare not be free are envious of those with fortitude.

Personally I refuse obligations unless I am sure they are mine. I require to see clearly what there is for me to do, to be shown how it can be done, why it is really important, that I am the one to do it, where I am to make effort, when that effort is to be made. Until I am certain, I will not budge. Without this attitude there is no freedom from hidebound stupidity.

True living requires that we have the privilege of forming our own convictions. This necessitates spiritual freedom. Such an attitude bursts the jail of egocentricity and centers one's focus upon life. It is the very core of dynamic living.

Whether such a procedure of freeing yourself from troubles that do not belong to you is selfishness or good self-expansion depends upon your inner motives. There is no true ethical action except as the spirit behind that action is good in its purpose. The law of ego-expansion can be that of greed, or the spiritual usefulness exemplified all through the life of Jesus. There is no character in all history who so completely refused to do anything he had not come to do; who so gloriously gave himself as an instrument to the tasks he deeply felt were his. He allowed no one and nothing to block His work. When told His mother and brethren were without, He answered: "Who is my mother and who are my brethren?"

We all, in part, recognize this necessity. We neglect the sorrows of Hindu wives and are not much bothered by the troubles of Chinese concubines, or the circumstances in Whitechapel. Emerson writes in his essay on Self-Reliance: —

> I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me, and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison, if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to

which many now stand; alms to sots; and the thousandfold Relief Societies; — though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

If this be true of dollars, it is true of spiritual effort. Someday we shall have the "manhood" to withhold concern that does not belong to us, on tasks that are not ours. This is not selfishness, it is the cosmic law of use. When you carry a trouble that belongs to someone else, you are injuring that person and weakening the structure of the world. You are at the same time destroying your power to solve the troubles that belong to you.

Life is not a templet cut to the biases of your intimates, nor have they a right to fit you into their minutia. Give up your mechanical idealism. No standard was ever meant to be fulfilled. Our values are things to work for, our goals beyond us, our stars above us.

There is an average ratio of error in all conduct. Why should you escape it, or blame yourself because you sometimes fail? The normal achievement score of good thinking and efficient action is in the region of sixty per cent. of a man's attempts. He fails often. Error is inevitable, foolish conduct probable, unwise decisions certain. Why hug shame to your blushing bosom when most of your mistakes are from ignorance? Accept your frailty and you will fail less often than when striving to be an automatic saint.

Only God knows right from wrong. He who thinks he does, is an arrogant fool, aping the prerogatives of Deity. More evil has been done by the critically virtuous than by all the deliberate knaves. They prate of goodness, as if it were an absolute. Creation is dynamic, time is in motion, life in change.

All that exists lives within an evolution towards greater fulfillment. Perfection is a completion, which has no growth and no expansion. It is an awful stillness, like an eternal tomb. Imagine yourself unable to change an iota in form or spirit. Could the hell of the ancients equal such a crystallized stagnation?

The standard of perfection has been a curse. The idea that one is evil because he is in evolution destroys the meaning of life. Imperfections are all about us in nature: in earthquakes, volcanoes, killing frosts, blighting heats, desert places. Equal imperfections are in the nature of man: in his angers, jealousies, terrors, despairs, greeds, ignorances, sickness, crime. Growth means perpetual unfoldment: to struggle up where we have fallen down.

We should hold ideals as patterns with which we may compare our achievements. As the years pass, we learn to perform our tasks more and more successfully. As wisdom improves, capacity for idealism increases. Edison had his aspirations as a boy. Before he reached middle life, he had gone beyond his original ambition. He never fulfilled his ideals. With every scientific insight, with each invention, his perception of the possibilities of mechanical advance grew broader. His vision was still beyond.

The unhappy man who worries about his lack of achievement, and compares what he does with people's ideals, is deprived of half his power. Inevitably he fails, and worries still more. The successful man knows there is a limit to what he can do in a day and in relation to a given problem. We should remember a surpassing aim never hits the mark. If you are given an incomparable solution, refuse it. The supreme degree is made fragile by its eminence. It is the base of the pyramid that stands.

Inane idealism makes tension because it is biologically impossible. Only if you are godlike can you achieve the absolute. If you are doing better this year than last, and this decade than heretofore, that is enough. Make five lists as follows: —

My ideals ten years ago on the matters that worried me.
My ideals to-day on the matters that worry me.
My achievement ten years ago on the same problems.
My achievement to-day on these issues.
What my success is likely to be ten years from now when thus concerned.

If you can see evolution in your life, leave the matter there. To-morrow will take care of itself.

Shortly after Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated, he gave a radio talk in which he told his people he knew his batting average would make a far from perfect score. He admitted his methods would be experimental; he expected to make mistakes and would acknowledge them. He assured his critics he would do the best he could. Lincoln in his lifetime was also harassed by derogative opinion. Time proved his vision great.

In the city of Los Angeles there is a gravestone to a cockney on which is written the same creed in the art of living. "'E always did 'is damnedest. No man can do more." Mental health inheres in this epitaph.

We borrow trouble every time we attempt things not our forte. You can force an oak tree to grow for a while like a vine against a wall, but it soon dies. An elephant could haul a dog-sled in Alaska, until the cold killed him. John Dewey might attempt a solo flight across the Atlantic, but would he get there? Charlie Chaplin is a good philosopher, but would hardly fill a chair at Columbia. When we attempt things out of our field, we invite sorrow.

Taking yourself as you are is good psychology always. "You, my sons," said Harold Bell Wright, "know that I do not think very highly of myself as a writer." Yet in saying that, Mr. Wright announces a very real philosophy, one that proves him a true thinker.

Only an incompetent would plant oysters in a corn field, or potatoes in a mud flat. We do not keep chickens on a mill pond, or put ducks in a dovecote. Nor would we blame a leghorn for objecting to the water, or the oysters for dying in a coop. When it comes to human situations, we should refuse the oppressive conditions people force upon us and cease worrying if they are too much for us.

"Were I a nightingale, I would act the part of a nightingale, were I a swan, the part of a swan," wrote Epictetus.

People forever demand that we do something we were not born to do. When we are swans, we are asked to sing like nightingales; when we are nightingales, we are asked to swim like swans. It is this vacuous influence that leads to despair.

If you would get out from under strain, write down a list of instances in which you were not yourself. Write others in which you succeeded in being yourself. Note how in the past you have been able to solve some problem when you insisted on your right of personality; and that you always became self-conscious, uncertain and confused when you tried to be another individual. Thus refuse to compromise. If you are a swan, let people demand that you sing, but go on swimming.

Immanuel Kant believed one should determine how much and how little he could do in life. He had a weak constitution and planned his days accordingly. As a result he became a great man whereas many another would have been an ineffectual invalid.

Lay out your effort in two lists: the "I may" list and the "I may not." In the "I may" column build a picture of your life, having taken into consideration all your possibilities. In the "I may not" series put your limitations. You should then budget your reactions. Make your analyses as follows: —

1. Material circumstances
2. Physical health or constitution
3. Nervous energy
4. Emotional poise
5. Intellectual endurance
6. Instinctive urge
7. Psychic enthusiasms

Refuse to spend beyond your means; refuse to worry about consequences resulting from this decision. Most of all, do not let other people waste your time and vitiate your life.

"Nothing is worse for those who have business than the visits of those who have none," wrote an ancient sage.

Who and what is causing your trouble? This is important for you to discover. Why are you not as successful as you know you could be? Make a list of carefully analyzed thoughts in order to answer the twelve following questions: —

a. Who is using up my time? Make an analysis of the people in your life and discover who the interferers are.

b. Who is confusing my mind? Who are the people whose influence is against normal growth and action?

c. Who criticizes me? Whose ideas are making you self-conscious?

d. Who upsets my emotions? What person or group is disturbing to you?

e. What activities are deflecting my attention? In other words, what are the unnecessary things to which you are giving undue thought?

f. What things are bothering me? That is: what are you allowing to occupy too much of your emotional life?

g. What are the things I need and could get but am neglecting that would help me succeed?

h. What are the things I am doing that someone else could do?

i. What bad habits can I change that interfere with my accomplishment: such as procrastination, or self-indulgence?

j. What factors that affect my success do I neglect that I could attend to?

k. What moods do I indulge in that waste my time, strength, and attention?

l. What is my technique of rationalization by which I excuse myself, and which I pass to others as wise advice?

Try to correct one of these negatives per week, such as to give up wasting your strength when John Bore calls again. Be out, and be out the next time. He who is not about his own business is soon about nothing. He has a right to his own conviction; there is sanctity in sincerity.

We have mentioned how Martin Luther, in denouncing the abuses in the Church in whose service he had been trained, could do no other because he was confronted by a deep conviction. Whether he was right or wrong is not the point. He had at least straightened his own conscience, which is essential if we would meet experiences in a forthright manner. Power is rooted in the reality of belief.

Our actual problem is a redirection of attention to the real issues; not the "how I feel" or "you feel" or "he feels," but a primary solution in relation to life. Ask yourself what you are afraid of, find your focus of attention. If it is negative, try to discover a solution in line with the positive forces of evolution. This is the only attitude that can lead you out of your dilemmas.

Benjamin Franklin remarked: "One man convinced makes a majority." A sound conclusion results when a person has seen the relation between sequence and consequence and come to a decision.

We have in the newer psychology what we call the fortress technique. It consists in thinking through to your stand in a certain situation and determining that that stand shall be a rock. No one tries to push Gibraltar over; he knows it cannot be done. No one brings pressure upon an individual who has come to a final conviction. Those who would make trouble for you are warned by the strength of your determination.

Take yourself as you are and the situation as it is. Use the judgment you have. Welcome the outcome. More than this you cannot do successfully. More than this, you are not asked to do by any constructive force in Creation.

· XVII ·

Controlled Anticipation

Three of us were sitting at the steamer's stern: a pink-faced man with merry eyes named Lamson, a pale little creature who called himself Berkins, and myself. Something I had said struck a pleased response in Lamson. His laughter drowned the swash of the waves. Berkins looked at him sadly, as if the jolly fellow had committed an unpardonable indiscretion. His lips opened and closed a little more firmly. His nervous hands fumbled with a coat button. He waited impatiently for the merriment to cease, and then with obvious emphasis, asked me for further directions on how to reach Chebeaque. One felt he was going there as a somber duty, and might stroll up and down the hotel piazza between telegrams from his office. One could not picture him in muddy boots digging squirting clams, or out on the pier enticing a flounder from the sea.

What was the use of his leaving his office, I pondered; a man who wouldn't laugh certainly couldn't play. But was he really going away? Hadn't he sent his body to see his family while he left his mind at his desk? A vacation, I mused, must be something more than a journey. One had to go in the spirit of joy, or else there was nothing in the experience.

The trouble with Berkins, however, did not begin with his boarding of the steamer, or even his planning of the trip. It had started during the years of anxious toil. That morning I had bought a sponge. It was small, hard, dry, and scratchy, but I knew that when I put it in water it would become soft and pliable. Berkins was a dry sponge. Through the years his brain had been hardening. His memory, imprisoned in routine, had no richness; his imagination, harnessed to business, was commonplace. Even his five senses had ceased to function in relation to a natural world. He would not, I felt sure, soften at the seashore.

I found that Berkins had not taken such a trip in thirteen years. "And I don't approve of going now," he told me, "it's not practical at this time." Lamson, on the other hand, had journeyed yearly to the wilds.

"But you can afford it," Berkins objected, noting the quality of Lamson's clothes.

"If I can now, it's because I took vacations when I couldn't afford to, if ever there is such a time," Lamson contended. "No man can succeed who doesn't give himself a chance to rest, to play, to laugh."

Berkins said nothing, but there was no agreement in his eyes. One felt that Jeremiah would have called him comrade. Heaven must need ample space, if it harbors the self-righteous. To them a picnic is "all ants and mosquitoes." Such natures fear happiness. Speak of recreation as re-creation and they give you an embarrassed smile, as if you had asked them to join a nudist colony.

Too many of us keep toiling on, and then expect others to console us for our sacrifice. Such sympathy is a sedative that helps one to remain harassed. Unless we spend part of our time free from demands, the mind has cramp. Not all indigestions are in the stomach; mental colic is common. If we consume too many difficulties at one time, they lodge in our brains. Then the vicious circle of nervous toil begins. We start overdoing; lowered efficiency follows, making us think we must work harder yet. An office desk becomes an anxious bench, where few repent of their sins.

No control of fear is possible without relaxation. Worry is the sister of weariness. Health requires a periodicity in work and rest; a natural rhythm. If we follow it, poise is maintained. Every man should play truant from the hard school of experience at least once a week. It often does not matter, as far as business is concerned, whether you go or whether you stay. If there is "the devil to pay," the debt isn't your obligation.

There is never a "right" time to take a rest. When things are going badly, we say we cannot stop; when going well, we reason we must take advantage of them. There are many signs to tell you when you need a change. None more sure than bad manners. If your troubles are especially irritating, you should tan and toughen your skin. There is no hush money with which to bribe nature.

It is a curious fact that even persistent worriers have periods of remission, the significance of which they generally ignore. Few know that their best achievements usually follow these times of nonchalance. Even hopelessness sometimes brings results. Once we accept the idea that effort is useless, we give up straining. In the lull that follows, our wits assemble themselves with more sense of ease and before we know it the task is done. Had we let the tension go in the first place, the matter would have come to a successful fruition without the preliminary of despair.

There are a few requisites necessary in recreation, the first of which is enthusiasm. If you indulge in play with the sophisticated *ennui* of a debutante, or pose as an old soul who knows life, it will pay you no dividends. The second essential is to give up the time sense. A small boy frolics so hard an hour seems a minute. We live so hard a moment's delay seems an hour. Watch a man waiting for someone to answer his telephone call. When he gets his victim, no split instant escapes. If you work by the hour, you should relax in eternity.

Some years ago, I met a man whose interests reached into every country. His fresh, boyish enthusiasm tempted me to ask him how he achieved his poise.

"When I go home," he answered, "I drop my business and take a vacation, even if it is only for an evening. And every year I go away to the woods. My business requires my absence."

What a significant phrase! His business requires his absence — which means his employees work better when he is free of nerves.

There is sound sense in the philosophy of laissez faire. I once knew the manager of a steel company who broke down from overwork. Another man was put in his place. When my friend was well again, he visited the plant to see how things were going. The new official sat smoking with plenty of time on his hands, yet business was running as never before.

"What's the answer?" my friend demanded.

"Time enough away from the plant so I can think clearly when I'm here," came the answer.

We speak of the happy-go-lucky person with some disparagement, ignoring the evidence that he is often lucky in fact. Good fortune is the product of limber wits. Loafing is the first step in learning. Your brain cannot work unless your nerves relax. Never worry when you're weary. Play pays as well as push.

At the very height of his fame, Goethe took an extended trip to Italy, and let no one interfere with his plans. If you cannot get away from pressure physically, you can at least get a hobby and ride him about the cellar. You can, if you will, take travelogues in the bathtub.

Our social service foundations now have departments for recreation, and issue reports on the importance of play. "Budget your time as well as your purse," they tell us, "and spend a third of each on entertainment."

Statistics show that rest and refreshment even pay the employer. One of the largest firms in England found its men worked harder and better if given recurrent vacations. Studies of fatigue and efficiency show that employees produce more and better products in eight hours than in twelve. In studies of steel workers, some years ago, John Fitch found that men became old at forty because they had no leisure.

Fatigue curves have been plotted for nearly every vocation. Even in purely physical work, weariness starts in the mind before it does in the body. Mental rheumatism comes from too much exposure to routine.

When you go away, go in a free and easy manner, even if you only play for an evening. Consider a few don'ts: —

1. Don't take your work with you.
2. Don't take your troubles along.
3. Don't have a rigid program.
4. Don't organize anyone else's plans.
5. Don't do everything you expected to do.
6. Don't expect to do too much.
7. Don't see all there is to see.
8. Don't count the hours.
9. Don't be reasonable all the time.

A vacation is a time in which to make mistakes. In fact, there is no greater rest than the privilege of letting up on one's perfectionism. Expect to be witless. Hope others will be so, to help you unbend. Let your wife renege at Contract, and like it. If you cannot be nonsensical at least twice a week, you aren't getting the change you need. Most important of all: —

1. Don't become tense trying to let go.
2. Don't play in formulated patterns.
3. Don't toil at having a good time.
4. Don't spend hours preparing for a few minutes' fun.
5. Don't argue about what you do.
6. Don't fuss about what has happened.
7. Don't refuse to change your plans.

Rest is a time of willfulness. If you cannot be a little cranky and let others be more so, it's no use going anywhere or doing anything. Whims are wholesome. Do not refuse some follies.

The greatest use of play is the enforcement it puts upon attention. As long as we go on in the same setting, we seldom do anything to correct our stupidities. If you hold anything too close to your eyes, the object is out of focus. Many of our difficulties are misunderstood because we are too near them. When we look back to the accustomed tasks from the viewpoint of a new attitude, obscuring prejudices are removed.

Thinking is not an entirely spontaneous matter. It is affected by environment. When you are at a party, you think in the large in relation to the conversation you hear. If you read a book, your mind is full of responses to the printed page. At the office or in the home, you attend to what the situations put before you. Too much of the same stimulus clogs the mind, even as too much of the same food poisons the body. A balanced diet of mental nourishment is as necessary to intellectual health as the right vitamins to the physical organism.

Another great principle in the control of anxiety is a catharsis of unnecessary worries. Needless fear wears out our fiber. When there is no corn in the mill, the stones grind upon each other. People who carry unnecessary apprehensions injure their brains. There are thousands in our hospitals whose stomachs are out of order, whose intestines are congested, whose physical organisms are wrecked, because they have not learned to rid themselves of worn-out fears. Such individuals become so used to panic they continue it as automatically as the man who dreads poverty after he has become a millionaire. Anxieties reach the discarding point in four ways: —

They become obsolete because of one's development. When Nellie Rogers lived in the country and had little money and few educational opportunities, she was tense over her lack of social training. Then she married a wealthy man with whom she studied in Europe. Now she is known as a woman of culture and of an acknowledged position. Yet Nellie is still anxious about her situation in life.

Fears become outgrown because circumstances have changed. As a boy, Fred Holland was anæmic, but his family doctor and the trainer in college athletics corrected his frailness. Now a robust man, he is still concerned about his health. Hypochondria has become a habit.

Apprehensions become extinct when the dreaded trouble actually comes to pass. Peter Drewing used to worry about money. Last year, when his bank failed, he lost all he had in the world. Now he is working for the Government, but worrying as if he could lose his fortune over again. Mrs. Adams used to fear her son would die. Now he is dead, but she still carries on the same anxious attitude, as if she must be tense about the boys of all the mothers in the world.

Anxiety becomes irrelevant when one achieves the desired security. If honor has come to you, there is no need of stress about winning it. If your goal is won, the strain of effort should abate. Plenty of people continue to struggle at the same mad pace after fortune and fame are theirs.

Make a list of everything you are afraid of. Trace if you can the small percentage of apprehensions that came true in the past, observing the great number that were untrue. Decide to discard the foolish fears and to concentrate upon protecting yourself from those that seem logical.

An anxiety may be discarded when:

We no longer desire the thing we fear to lose; such as holding the love of a person we no longer cherish.

We have now changed our emotional values and view life from a different plane.

Age has transformed our interests and matured our intellectual attitudes.

Time has passed and our old fears are no longer applicable.

Greater troubles have replaced our former difficulties.

The problem is removed, as rearing children.

The worst has come and gone, as death of a loved one.

We are free of the neurosis which caused the insecurity.

The realization was not as devastating as the apprehension.

Reasonable safety has been secured and worry about poverty is no longer necessary.

The danger has been conquered, as enmity.

Others have come to our aid.

Analyze your fears and see if you cannot put some or all of them into the wastebasket. If they still remain, list and evaluate them from worst to least, then, using the association process, connect as many troublesome people and bad influences as possible in a way that will create such a double negative that a positive will result: that is, one negative chases the others away.

Mrs. K. S. T. had five things she feared:—

1. That some day she would strike her mother-in-law.
2. A dangerous, long, rut-filled road to her home.
3. A decrepit car that her husband, because of penuriousness, would not replace.
4. That she would go mad because her mother-in-law was nervous and would not stay alone.
5. That she would become a house-bound moron, having no time to read in an inconvenient home.

Mrs. K. S. T. had struggled for years to keep the old car in shape and to hurry back home after taking her husband to the station. Suddenly she conceived the plan of letting the rattle trap break down, which it easily did. Then she sat in it reading through the morning. She repeated the process almost daily. Her mother-in-law couldn't bear the solitude.

Result: The mother-in-law left for a distant city where she had a sister. Mrs. T.'s husband agreed to rent a small, convenient, suburban apartment. The old car wasn't suitable there, so a new one was bought. Mrs. T. almost hated to part with it, for it had saved her life.

Each man possesses a limit, beyond which he can hold no more of some particular experience. This may be called the law of saturation. When a tumbler of water is full, it is full. If you try to pour more water into it, the water will slop over. When a person has had enough of an experience, any attempt to accept more only makes a mess.

Your saturation point is determined by your own peculiar nature. Worry develops when you refuse to obey it. At its center, all anxiety is concerned with self-preservation. Too much of any influence spells death. All that is in you struggles against it. Go with this rebellion, but go intelligently.

· XVIII ·

Making Hard Work Easy

It is not always what we do, but sometimes how we do it, that our natures resist. Some years ago I met a stunt flyer. The strain of his work had impaired his health. He was nervous and worn out. A year later I met him again. To my amazement, he seemed in splendid condition.

"Who put you in such fine shape?" I asked.

"An old hill-billy," he answered. "I spent last summer at his camp. I was talking with him one day, as he pulled turnips.

" 'You an aviator?' he questioned, as if it were difficult to believe that a doddering wreck could fly a plane. I told him I was.

" 'How long you been doin' it?'

" 'Fifteen years,' I answered.

" 'Been tryin' to win races all that time?' he continued.

" 'Just about that,' I laughed.

" 'Well, that ain't your business,' he asserted with emphasis.

" 'Certainly it is,' I insisted.

" 'No, 'tain't,' he contradicted as he flung down his hoe and imitated a flyer straining at the stick. ' 'Tain't your job to win races. Your job's to keep your plane in good order and fly it best you can. If it's the fastest plane, you'll win the race. If it ain't, no need of your gettin' sick tryin' to make it different.'

"The advice was priceless. It showed me I had been putting my attention on the wrong place, thinking of winning the race rather than of flying the plane. It taught me I had made the same mistake with life, trying for results instead of keeping myself in order. Now I remain relaxed and stay in condition. The principle holds in everything I do as well as in stunt flying."

Men and women sicken and die because they become obsessed with imaginary obligations. Competition is a great deceiver. No man succeeds because he is trying to get ahead of his fellows. The human being cannot be driven beyond his ordinary activity rate without disaster. Biologists say we have a certain supply of energy. If more is used at one time than we can safely expend, less is available thereafter. Energy is like an income. If you spend your yearly revenue in six months, you starve the rest of the year, or borrow against the future. Neither overspending nor borrowing can go on for long.

It is not intensity that brings results, but the four P's which measure our possibilities: power, poise, purpose and preparation. You cannot generate power unless you have it. You can learn to use what you possess. You cannot command power without poise. You can learn to keep calm. You cannot harness power without purpose. You can concentrate on taking care of your machine. You cannot win without preparation. You can put your attention on developing skill. Make your effort before the race. Do your striving in advance.

The primary reason for preliminary effort lies in the fact that success is doomed unless we come to situations with confidence, otherwise fear controls us.

In "Man Must Fight" Gene Tunney revealed himself as one who knew that a contest of any sort is a mental problem. The greatest fear of any boxer is how to meet, or avoid, a knockout. Tunney met the famous "long count" at Chicago before it arrived by picturing to himself just what he would do in such a situation. His test was met and met gloriously by this anticipatory visualization. In the stress of such a moment, no man could consciously determine what to do. Tunney had trained his nerves for years to act for him in the time of stress.

Apprehensive natures thwart their progress by supposing they must conquer every aspect of a situation at once. They allow no latitude, no evolution in effort. Wisdom counsels that we edge into an acquaintanceship with the facts, gradually becoming so used to them that we lose all sense of uncertainty. Do a little every day about a problem, go a step further. Plan your full victory, but gradually move a trench forward on your front. It will not be long before you find yourself completely in command. Success is an inchworm that humps its back with everlasting patience.

You cannot successfully say to yourself: "I will not be afraid." You will fail as certainly as the coming of sunset unless you build the imagery of courage. Every failure weakens your confidence. You blame yourself, calling yourself a weakling, not realizing no one succeeds who attempts to will against fear.

Before any primordial impulse volition of itself is powerless. Only by deliberate patterns of procedure can functional processes be controlled. The will is ruled by clearly cut conduct designs, templets of procedure, decisively chosen in advance. Habit then enters. We tend automatically to follow the architectural drawings we have laid out. After a while our plans become programs, the will motivating the accustomed methods. Thus, in the wise command of fear, we do not struggle with the mad despair of Laocoön. We devise the ways of action we wish our natures to follow, training ourselves by repetitive effort to obey those actions.

A good many years ago, a well-known writer was in love, and eager to propose to the girl of his choice. He was so shy the mere thought of speaking to her made him tongue-tied. His desire pressed him, his fear held him in check. Nights were spent in anguish. The conflict undermined his health. He sought the aid of a wise physician, who discovered that his patient could not be cured by physical means. The young man had told him of his trouble.

"I have some practical medicine for you," the physician explained. "Every night take two pieces of typewriter paper. At the top of one sheet make a plus mark, at the top of the other a minus mark. On the minus sheet, write a description of just the way you behave when you feel shy and self-conscious. Put all the details down: how you go up to the girl's house and then rush home as if the devil were after you. Don't spare yourself. Make your description as vivid as possible.

"Now take the sheet you have marked 'plus' and write a description of the way you would *like* to behave. Emphasize it. Believe that you *will* behave that way when you are no longer nervous. Picture how an ardent lover would propose. When you go to bed, take the sheet marked minus and tear it into little bits, throwing it with disgust into your wastebasket. The area in you from which the fear comes is still very much a child and responds best to dramatic methods. Just before you go to sleep, read the plus sheet and say to yourself: 'I am learning to do more and more this way. Soon I shall be able to propose to my sweetheart.' "

The young man took the doctor's advice and for ten nights carefully went through the ceremony of imagining how he would go to see his girl. On the eleventh day he went through the gate and with fervor and confidence proposed to her. He was accepted.

There is no potency in mental images, however, if we do not have trust in them. Faith alone works the miracles. Emotion is essential to all motion, the basis of all victory. Power lies in enthusiasm. A century ago, Phineas Parkhurst Quimby practised, in Portland, Maine, a psychology of affirmation. He sought to discover what he called people's "negative atmospheres" and to eradicate them by intelligent analysis; propounding a repetitive positiveness. He believed that if we assert our intentions and possess a healthy approach to experience in place of churlish timidity, we succeed. He knew that such a point of view would in time become a habit. This "faith cure" was by no means puerile optimism, but a mighty armor which put the individual on his own black charger even if he were in fact but a timid child.

Several decades later, William James propounded what is now called the James–Lange theory, a doctrine which relates intimately to the affirmative procedures of Quimby. There was, in fact, a close historical connection between the two ideas. My father, who knew them both, united the teachings in his practice, using what we now call the "actuation process" as a means of releasing curative powers. In its essence, this belief taught one to live by and from the spirit. When you act the part of a worry-ridden person, anxiety is increased; when you affirm and portray the part of courage, fortitude develops.

Constructive visualization is not a process of vague faith, but a positive selection of one's own imagery, chosen for one's special need. The danger of New Thought and all similar forms of metaphysics lay in the fact that its followers indulged in mere affirmations. The same trouble underlay Coué's philosophy of suggestion: that every day in every way we are getting better and better.

This was too broad and general a statement. Success depends upon specific assertion. We must stick to definite ways and not depend upon sing-song optimisms. Our images must comply with our natural aptitudes. I might build an auditory pattern of playing the violin as well as Yehudi Menuhin, and repeat it over and over. After fifty years I might play a little better, but not as well as Yehudi, because my basic nature has not his endowments.

This is where the nonsense of the success bunk lies, with its extrinsic method of making a person a Napoleon by wishing to be one. A man can become only what he is, fulfilling himself through the plane of life on which he is born, and releasing the type of mental and emotional power which inheres in his constitution.

Yet however we laugh at metaphysicians who claim everything is possible from suggestion, we must not forget its power is evident enough in its negative manifestations. Despair is but a form of it, hysteria its obvious outcome.

One may learn a great deal about the art of controlling anxiety by studying neurotic emotionalism; from seeing how constellations of thought and feeling are set in motion. Young Tracy has quarrelled with his wife. The objective facts are relatively insignificant, but the young man has a mother fixation and such habits of mental uncertainty that he is afraid of a love relation. A consultant knows the outward situation can never be solved until the apprehension is given up. Tracy might get a divorce and remarry, get another and remarry, over and over, nothing would change the real problem if his anxieties remained.

Evans Curkwood is having difficulty with his friends and does not fit easily into any business office. He has been discharged half a dozen times, yet he is an efficient worker. His focus is on his outer trouble. When a retrospective analysis was made a fear of injustice appeared. Neglected by his parents and abused by older brothers, he came to feel no one loved him. Over this wound he built an irritable defense mechanism. Now he unconsciously challenges the good intention of his associates. His fear pattern is unmistakeable, but he must see it himself if the condition is ever to be corrected.

"Words are the physicians of the mind diseased," wrote Aeschylus. Cure starts with discovering the negative suggestions one is making to oneself. Second, it requires positive suggestions of the normal conduct one is determined to carry through. "They shall not pass," held the French against the onslaught of the Germans for years. Say to fear: "You shall not overcome me." Keep this thought in mind. Continually suggest it to yourself. Seek periods of quiet when you are waking up in the morning, or going to sleep at night, and repeat it to yourself. Talk to yourself audibly, explaining what stand you intend to hold and picture how you intend to win. Good visualization is half the battle.

When we attempt this imagery, no result is achieved unless we feel what we picture. As much passion as the neurotic puts into making trouble is necessary to correct it. The late Dr. Morton Prince remarked that understanding never helped anyone unless at the same time he had an "emotional tone" to vitalize it; unless he permitted himself to feel his decision. We are freed by our beliefs. A conviction is possible only when we feel and think at the same time and in the same way.

It is a well-known fact that it is easier to help an actor or an actress out of difficulty than an ordinary person, because each of the former is trained to understand a character part. Whatever you visualize you must put into action. The pictured conduct is a dramatization, a series of patterns forming your vehicle of expression. If you have adequately felt your activity, your motions, your voice, your manner, your state of being, you have as it were trained yourself to meet events.

A taxi driver in a city deals with situations that would mean trouble for him every hour had he not unconsciously made conduct structures that operate automatically for him. We need such behavior formations for all the major phases of our lives. They should differ as widely as our variety of experience.

In a sense, we might say an activity pattern is psychic clothing suited for the occasion. You wear a riding habit when you go for a trot in the park, but you do not keep it on for a banquet. You have sport clothes, business clothes, street clothes, lounging clothes and night clothes. You feel out of place if you have the wrong garments for the occasion.

Imagine a man at the theater in pajamas, or a woman playing golf in a pink, laced nightie; a man hunting deer in a dress suit, a woman in bed in a Paris frock, or a man swimming in baseball togs. Yet millions of people go into activities with the wrong mental habits, or, even more serious, they go out in life absolutely nude and walk around the streets of experience with naked minds, having no predetermined mental imagery to wear. No wonder they shiver and shake at the cold reception many troubles give them.

We should make our effort in handling life before we come to grips with experience. Such a procedure is the positive form of that common condition we call nervous anxiety. The average person turns his troubles over and over for hours before he meets them. Nature makes him do this because she knows he should prepare himself. He is not preparing himself by fretful worry. Preparation consists in analyzing the trouble until the center is found and behavior patterns are prepared.

Fully as much confusion comes when people hastily grab up some habit and carry it over to the wrong setting. I made an activity pattern years ago for public lecturing. I do not have to determine my procedure when on the platform. It is cut days, weeks, months, in advance. I have a definite feeling in mind and even a certain state of my nervous system, a way of thinking and seeing associated with the act of speaking in public.

But suppose I used my lecturing activity pattern at home when playing bridge. Some men do. You know the consequences. Or suppose I used my consultant patterns out of my office, turning analytic procedure upon members of my family. Husbands indulge in such criticism. Or suppose I used my play patterns in my office and treated the tragic experiences of people with the lightness that might attend the nonchalant laughter of an evening of charades.

Just as an experiment, go into a room and sit down alone. Picture yourself sitting in the chair opposite you. Listen to your imagination, conceive what an understanding person would have to say if his companion were in trouble. Picture that you are your intellect and that your perplexed emotional nature is sitting opposite you, with all its barbaric impulses, its jealousies, hungers, longings, and fixations. Explain to this rebellious being why it must make a better adaptation to life, why it cannot vent itself without regard to the rights of others, but must accept adjustments.

Years ago Swedenborg taught that successful living comes from understanding and then gaining the will to accept one's insights. This is essentially the same doctrine as that of the modern mental hygienist. Take time for understanding. The average person when fronted with fear feels he must immediately leap into action, or make an instant decision. Such a necessity is rare. Look at any problem that fronts you as if you had all infinity in which to solve it. Look at it dispassionately, quietly, until you have taken all parts of it to pieces, without any feeling of responsibility or pressure as to what you should do. Do not do anything until you feel you understand the situation. Or if you come to action, do not force your decision, but go into it as a means of understanding.

Always permit yourself time to inform your will, to pass mental pictures of your behavior on to your mind. Give yourself time to receive the impressions, to feel what you have understood. Allow yourself time to embody your decision, so that you know there has been a real fulfillment of love, wisdom and usefulness in meeting your problem.

Many people fail with preparatory effort because of superficiality. If you desire to build constructive visualizations you must surrender your nature to natural sequences and not to manners and stereotypes. The Byzantines had a series of taboos which so limited them to certain forms of expression they could never produce great pictures. The Egyptians who made patterns for mankind to adjust to never produced an expanding culture. Plato remarked that the art and philosophy of Egypt did not change for thousands of years.

However this may be, no man can produce real expression as long as he is fitting himself into any artificial procedure. Only by following the eternal and primary values and releasing the deeper powers that belong to the spirit of humanity does cure of worry result. Morale does not spring from mere assertion once made. Success requires repetition of our purposes. Life is the product of evolution, we do not gain everything in one day. It is what we do on a Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, one week, two weeks, one month, two months, year by year, that gives us skill and wisdom.

Once a momentum is begun, effort becomes easier and easier. All you have done in the past tends to facilitate or hinder all you do in the future. Time and effort alone eradicate fear momentums and establish courageous currents in their stead. While in transition, we rise and fall, see the new vision only to lose it again, pass from confidence to doubt and again to confidence.

Steadfast purpose in time establishes the dynamic flow. "Something cannot come out of nothing any more than a thing can go back to nothing." If you worry and do nothing, nothing will result. You cannot correct nothing. You must do something and then improve it.

· XIX ·

Meeting Emergencies

Some years ago Ralph Drewing made a discovery. He was not brilliant, nor had he a hoard of money. Love was his greatest asset, but love made him worry. He wanted his wife and children to be comfortable, but he did not get ahead. Many an evening he sat brooding in somber anxiety over their welfare. Finally business required so much effort, he was too exhausted to fret. To his surprise his brain cleared, his courage became stronger, his health improved.

The reason for this is not difficult to explain. While he sat brooding, his body was in a torpid state. When in motion his organism was active. Not only is our physical structure largely composed of water, but our natures obey the same laws that function in the life around us. Water becomes stagnant when it lies motionless. So do we. Action is necessary to send blood to the brain, and on this flow our thinking depends. Effort quickens the endocrine glands whose extracts we need in order to think. Toxics are cleared from the body when we move about.

In dealing with trouble never forget this simple rule: KEEP IN ACTION. The most dangerous form of worry is to sink into despondency. Do not lie down when you worry. Never continue to lie down if you find yourself brooding. If you have too much self-pity to take hold of your problem courageously, weed a garden, call on a friend, eat some ice cream, chew a peanut, but don't lie down.

If you never let yourself indulge in morbid feeling while sitting in a physical slump, if you always keep worry and action together, you will avoid many physical and mental ills. Let rest be a happy experience, relaxtion a privilege, sleep a contented bliss. Battle the blues on your two feet. Never sit and brood. This is one of the greatest secrets in learning to make worry your friend.

Next to this comes daring experimentation. If you imagine how you might achieve the improbable, you become master of the possible. Nine times out of ten, desperate situations drop their weapons when we look them in the eye and approach them courageously. Life is dynamic and he who does not live intensely spends his time trying to tie up loose ends in the backwater of experience. Many of life's troubles come because we go to sleep on false trails. Only the vital personality can be happy. Many a stubborn ego gets left behind because it refuses to give itself to the flow of life, to do the act when the act must be done.

No man becomes a victim of circumstance, who does not first believe he will be. The stream of experience changes its course again and again when one stands like a rock, steadfast to his deeper purposes.

Nor is the river of events made of the water of life. Rather do we discover it is often a muddy current discolored by our ignorant sanctions. Against conviction it is powerless. It cannot rule the freed mind. Its force lies only in physical controls, and even these are yielding. Sickness is no longer entirely in the hands of Fate, and Time has given up his allegiance to her. Telephones, airplanes and automatic machines struck mighty blows at her power.

Every step in man's mastery of earth has been one of enlightenment and action. First, he has thought something; second, he has done something. At times action has had to precede thought. Thought was not possible until man acted, if insufficient knowledge of facts delimited his understanding.

Whenever fear is in your life, greet it cordially. Do something, even if it is foolish. Do the intelligent thing if it is possible. Think beforehand if you can. If you cannot decide what to do, study what happens from your action. Never in any circumstance refuse trouble. Acceptance of it is half of victory. The habit of taking experience whole-heartedly is a major step in its conquest. I recall a man who encountered a mother bear in the woods. Instead of running away, he went straight toward her. She came a few steps, stopped, hesitated, circled around a huckleberry bush, and then disappeared in the brush.

When I was a young lad, I decided I wanted to go to Europe, but I had no money. I went into the office of a great meat company that shipped cattle abroad. The manager looked up.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I want to go to Europe," I answered.

"Lots of people would like to do that," he countered.

"Yes," I answered, "but the difference is—I'm going."

I went. He made me night foreman with my own stateroom, yet I was an entire stranger to him. I found out afterward that my answer: "Yes, but—I'm going", was why he sent me.

This purposiveness should not be limited to our positives, it is needed in handling negatives as well.

When we go straight toward trouble instead of away from it in fear, we often discover it is like painted scenery. Nine tenths of life is built on pretenses. When we greet it gaily, it loses much of its power.

Mrs. Lorning was unhappy. Her husband's neurotic state seriously compromised her life. He was afraid of people, always getting his feelings hurt, and lived in morbid egocentricity. She wept for years about his treatment of her. Then one day she began to study her husband's fears with seriousness. She became so interested in understanding his condition she decided to write a story and endow the hero with all her husband's ways. It made her eager for opportunities to watch his behavior. The new interest not only set her free from disturbance about him, but made it impossible for his mental state to continue. As soon as we cease to be upset by an intimate's condition, it begins to correct itself. Calm detachment is a powerful medicine.

Do not be deluded into believing this detachment means one no longer "cares." The change is not one of regard, but of maturity. When involved, you are merely the victim of sentimental affection. Peace depends upon freedom from personalism. Displacement is then given up. Egocentricity passes. The mind concerns itself with the act of living.

The reorientation is magnificent, since it breaks the person's indentification with abnormal emotionalism, and allows him to find his own individuality. The basis of calm nerves and balanced glandular metabolism is detachment. We have such an attitude toward other people's fears, and often find them thrilling. You read ghost stories and horror tales. You like to feel the shivers up and down your spine. Treat your actual fears in the same constructive manner. And most of all, train yourself to see that no matter how negative the situation, there are always positive factors. Having seen the worst, one is quieted if he seeks for a solution.

"If you wish to fear nothing, consider everything is to be feared," wrote Seneca. "Then you will suddenly discover the things you could not fear if you wanted to. These will be things that will help you." "To fear the worst oft cures the worst," wrote Shakespeare. And this is true because you suddenly see what is best to do when you are willing to accept disaster.

"No man has learned anything rightly until he has learned that every day is doomsday," wrote Emerson. He then becomes so used to the idea of doom, he is no longer frightened. We are scared only at the unusual. We fail because we resist the facts and refuse to admit them as they are. Acknowledge them and you will discover ways to correct them, and be too busy to think much about your fear.

"I do not see," said Emerson, "how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom."

Fear then is a guide to deepen our effort and to awaken the mind.

> Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
> Be our joys three-parts pain!
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

This spirit of Browning's is the true cure of fear. Negatives breed in indolence, but seldom in a sturdy life. Action arouses other deep emotions in us and fear is dispelled.

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear."

Since we cannot have two great feelings active at once, rage, love, wonder, even hate, cast out fear, because they change our imagery and redirect our interest, curing by the expulsive power of a new purpose.

John Lubbock said of Campanella he could so abstract his attention from any injury that he could endure what would be extreme pain to the ordinary person without much suffering, and he could likewise control fear by self-reliant command of other interests, leaving his mind serene.

Just such poise in the face of abhorrent experience is possible if we give ourselves to constructive activity. When the *Titanic* sank, W. T. Stead, the editor of the English *Review of Reviews,* swam about in the icy water calmly helping women and children into the life boats. His face never showed anxiety, save in gentle sympathy for the terror of his fellow passengers. He was actively interested, busy at his task until he sank.

Resolution of this sort destroys fear. It even controls the terrors of a whole people. Jefferson wrote to Monroe in Paris about the resolution of Washington and his power to calm his fellow countrymen. "One man outweighs them all in influence," he said, "who supports his judgment against their own and that of their representatives." Washington's power of decision abolished his fear even as, when a young man, he flung himself into a roaring stream to rescue a drowning child.

Decision has magic power. When Alexander the Great was asked how he conquered the world, he answered: "By not wavering." Vacillation invites anxiety and then justifies it. A man without decision is controlled by the current of events, engulfed by trouble and given good reason to live in dread. When people tell you fear is hard to conquer, do not believe it. Act, instead. It is better to do the wrong thing than to do nothing. You can rectify mistaken action. Daring often removes the cause of worry, as Rebecca Bates and Sarah Windsor scattered their fears by scaring the Redcoats and driving them away with a fife and drum. Many a great danger has been met by seemingly insignificant effort.

In A.D. 452 Rome was surrounded by Attila's hordes. The people were in terror. Pope Leo went alone to interview the Hun leader, who was so awed by the sublime courage he showed that he agreed not to sack the city.

A little boy was once asked how he learned to skate. "Oh, by getting up every time I fell down," he answered.

We learn courageous action by going forward whenever fear urges us back. Courage is built gradually until it becomes our unconscious behavior, nor does it require some exceptional opportunity. In the mastery of fear it is the little events, the apparently insignificant advances, that give one the power to conquer.

A general in the Indian wars was captured by a band of braves. He saw a crow fly by and shot it dead. The admiration of the Indians for such marksmanship was so great they let him go.

Do not ignore your slightest chances or your smallest starts. Each may grow into a victory. "Most great men have been masters of trifles and masters because of using trifles." When Franklin discovered lightning was electricity, people asked: "Of what use is such knowledge?" Franklin answered: "Of what use is a child? He may grow into a man."

Fully formed courage comes only when little determinations of daring action have added cell after cell to the psychic organism of fortitude. When night after night you have worked on your conduct patterns, painting for yourself a vivid picture of better action in anxiety; when day by day you endeavor to clarify the facts of every situation, training yourself in deliberation, terror loses its grip. Fear functions only in the lower brain and nervous system. It has no power over the great cerebral hemispheres, if they are constantly kept in order. The habit of clear perception — of relating one fact to every other, of putting yourself so vividly into what you think that you bring real guidance from memory, destroys the domination of negative worry.

Such a custom of thoughtfulness turns emotions into sentiments, fear among them. Prudence results when judgment has lifted panic from its barbaric level into the realm of contemplative decision. A consistent desire to train your apprehensions along reasonable paths successfully accustoms them to intelligent behavior.

When the motor car was first on our roads, horses reared in terror. Now we see in our city streets racing taxis whirling by a horse's head, which he patiently turns just enough to let the rushing vehicle pass. He judges by inches as he weaves between the traffic lines, more skillful than his driver. Even a burro becomes adept in such adjustments, calculating with precision the best way to meet a danger. We humans might at least equal an ass.

The process of suggesting such patterns to ourselves should include, however, an imagery affecting the spine as well as the intelligence. Charles Sumner had a recipe for the cure of fear. "Three things are necessary," he said. "First, backbone; second, backbone; third, backbone."

If you wish to have spine, plan a campaign for yourself that requires courage to execute. Attempt it. If you fail, repeat the process. No matter how often you strive, relax to the result. There is always a period of transition in your change from an attitude of fear to a daring habit of effort. Do not become discouraged when you relapse. Do not identify with failure. Do not feel ashamed. Go at it again. Repetition dug the Mississippi and carved the Alps. The experience of living, even of failing until you succeed, is the important thing.

Timidity is a frame of mind. Mother's little pet and Father's darling have come to think of themselves as so precious that never, never should they do anything remotely dangerous. Royalty must be guarded. The timid are consummate egotists who hide their blatancy in supine retreat. Let them once admit that pride has overcome the will to achieve, and courage grows.

What we need most is practice in the art of daring. Sir Thomas Lipton began sailing races at the age of eleven. "I think I can say with truth," he mused, "that it was on the muddy bank of the clay hole in High Green that I learned one of the greatest lessons in life: how to win with pleasure and lose with a smile." "He who is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." Marshal Catinat once remarked: "A man must indeed be a hero to appear such to his valet."

Militant and persistent effort to eliminate the central cause of one's worry not only destroys it but usually transforms a man's life. So did Demosthenes become a great orator because of stuttering. Henry Ward Beecher was a "clumsy, bashful boy, his speech blurred by an enlarged palate, yet given to constant prattle as a compensation for his embarrassment." Few would have seen in the awkward boy the famous preacher of Plymouth Church.

Clarity of purpose is not only part of greatness, but a miracle maker in solving life's enigmas. One wondered what made Lawrence of Arabia the magic leader he was, until he cast aside all the emoluments of fame as things of insignificant concern. As his eye was single, his purpose was full of light.

Such dynamic intent ruled Sir Isaac Newton when he found that his dog had upset a flaming taper and burned the laborious calculations of years. He refused the anger and worry which would have made him unable to recall his notes. Calmly setting to work, he reproduced his material.

It is the long vision and the enduring purpose to which we should train ourselves. Jane Addams, working for social betterment, was not downed by failures. She expected them. The larger aim held her faith. Discouragement seldom depresses the man whose focus is on the unfoldment of an ultimate desire. He smiles even when discovering that years of his effort have been in vain. Speaking of the tireless courage of Thomas Edison, one of his assistants, Cloyd M. Chapman, tells of finding him one night at 2 A.M. wreathed in smiles.

Expecting that Edison had solved the obstacle in the research they had been carrying on for years, Chapman asked: "You've solved it; you've found the answer?"

"Not a blamed thing works," Edison cried. "Now I can start over again."

Courage endures when we have a persistent will to keep on. Joy follows discovery that the quest, not the achievement, is the important reality.

Such fortitude is released only by an acceptance of self equal to Edison's willingness to see his efforts go to naught. "Resolve to be thyself," wrote Matthew Arnold, "and know that he who finds himself loses his misery."

Acceptance of self, in gratitude to one's ancestors for every quality possessed, and humble realization that there are plenty of weaknesses in the mixture, tends to build power. One doubts if Washington wavered because he was not an intellectual. His vigor lay in command. Action intrigued him. The keynote of his character was will.

He did not hide because he lacked the wisdom of Franklin, the social vision of Jefferson, and the oratorical power of Patrick Henry. His fortitude lay in his belief: “To thine own self be true.” Nothing is more foolish than to question your capacity for courage. Surrender yourself to doing what you can in the service of goodness, and confidence will come to you.

After you have done the best you can, you should leave your acts alone. After an experience is over, its life is done, and you should bury it with appropriate ceremony. I know of a lad of eight who formed the habit of throwing his fears up the chimney. He would run to the fireplace, his face in anguish, and with great earnestness sweep his troubles into the flames.

This method is particularly necessary when something unfortunate has happened. Mrs. Tee drove everywhere in her car until she had an accident. After that she worried every time she went on the road. Investigation shows there is a law of probability: a theory of chances. A certain measure of likelihood exists that an accident will happen to any of us. If we have been through one, the chances of another are less. Thus before Mrs. Tee had her collision, she was much more likely to have one than after she had experienced it. Yet she had not worried about it then.

Even the most inveterate worrier does not fret all the time. There are subjects which seldom bother him. There is always a reason why he worries, and a valuable significance. Mr. Pruster was concerned about his relation to the home. He quarreled with his wife. With his office staff he had no difficulty, for he was wise, thoughtful, poised, efficient. In the home, he was cantankerous, irritable, disagreeable. His manner in business could have given him a picture of normal behavior, which he might have used as a means of changing his conduct in the home.

There is always a significance in successful action. If we study it, the guidance helps us. Although Bessie Esler worried about her husband's health, there seemed to be times when she could laugh. Told to use this period constructively, she found she had an inner consciousness that her husband's diet was unsatisfactory. The secret of her worry lay in the fact she had been half-aware all the time of what was really threatening his health. As soon as she made a study of his food, her husband's condition improved and the problem was met.

When your mind automatically relaxes, learn to listen to the guidance it gives you. Never accept "hunches" when you are in a state of tension. A nonchalant mood is especially important when you are troubled over things about which for the time being you can do nothing.

One should also remember not to fret when for the time being he has to live with himself in the compromised condition most of us are in. Do not judge yourself, life, the future or anything else by the way you dealt with trouble yesterday. Keep on striving until the time comes when you can put yourself in order. If you judge what you can do by how you do while overanxious, your hope is gone.

Learn to laugh as a cure of fear. Make a business of laughing fifty times a day. If you haven't anything to laugh about, be amused at yourself for being so glum. Frank Evans had a business difficulty he believed no man, single-handed, could overcome. He felt everyone blamed him because he had not done the impossible, and it made him gloomy.

One evening as he returned from the office, his little boy, rushing to greet him, stumbled and fell, hurting himself badly. The lad picked himself up and burst out laughing. "Must have looked funny going head over heels," he chuckled. Amazed, Evans asked why he laughed. "To keep from crying," the boy answered.

Pondering this unusual wisdom, Evans tried an experiment. Instead of the mood of anxiety he usually brought home from the office, he entertained everyone by joking about his troubles. That night he slept well for the first time in weeks. The next day he laughed until his partners began to see the humor in their business predicament. A sales conference was held. The men caught the spirit of gay adventure. The designers were asked to use brighter colors. A sense of humor crept into the whole organization. A new note appeared in advertising and sales talks. Customers felt the difference; orders resulted. Evans had laughed his company out of its troubles.

When you are afraid, laugh. The greater your trouble the more humor you need. Do not let difficulties create depression. Laughter that relaxes, without reducing a constructive drive, restores your perspective. It abates self-pity, takes your attention from yourself and lets you think your way through successfully.

Humor is a medicine for many a trouble. It relieves nervous tension and acts as a shock-absorber for the bumps of life. Especially make a practice of laughing at your fears. Laugh them out of countenance. Laugh when people hurt your feelings. Laugh at your own mistakes. Laugh at your stupidity in refusing to be yourself. Snap your fingers at anyone who expects you to be fearless. One cannot be brave who knows no fear. Intelligent living depends upon cautious daring.

· XX ·

Desire and Destiny

THE spectacle of inconsistency men present in their attitude toward trouble has an element of the ludicrous about it. People complain bitterly of the hardships of life, and yet we find them perpetually telling of past difficulties as if they had enjoyed them.

The explorer delights to boast of the ten million mosquitoes that surrounded him in such a cloud he thought it was night. No music is as grateful to his ears as the memory of that insect song. People who haven't had trouble are disturbed because they have nothing to tell about. Life without excitement is monotonous. There seems to be a penchant in human nature to create drama if events become uninteresting. When Byrd went to the South Pole, thousands sent requests to go with him. We delight to test our wits against fate. Observe how we play a game. Without the contest, there would be no pleasure.

It is a mark of humanity that we thus challenge destiny. A clam digs into the mud with instinct to guard its life. It has no power to find a better sand pile. Is there not then something in human nature that responds to the idea of struggle? It enters into our joy in reading of adventure and horror. We like to hear how a man was almost killed, how he overcame the shark, outrode the gale. This is our normal feeling, but *in* trouble we seldom have the same perspective. We say to ourselves: "How terrible it is that we must suffer this experience." We give up the fruitful attitude of conquest and become involved in depression. We ask everyone to be compassionate about our misfortunes.

Our household cat recently injured his leg. His condition was not serious and when I was not at home he ran around quite happily. As soon as I returned, he limped across the floor as though he could hardly bear the pain. Dramatizing trouble is a common human trait. If it helps us to endure sorrow, it also keeps us from getting out of it.

The ancients, among their goddesses, had three Fates. They believed these deities ruled their destiny and they were lucky or unlucky according to their will. Nowadays we know this was nonsense. Yet many, seeing others more lucky than they, act as if they felt success was only a matter of good fortune.

No one will deny there are times when things go well for us, others when they go badly. Statistics show that it is generally balanced in the end. We each have a certain amount of good and a certain amount of bad luck. Fate holds the scales for us, sometimes up, sometimes down.

After all, thing are not always as bad as they seem. When Robinson Crusoe was wrecked on an uninhabited island, he was in a far more fearful situation than you and I probably have known. Yet he worked out a balance sheet that he might survey his predicament: —

> EVIL: I am cast upon a horrible desolate island, void of all hope of recovery.
>
> GOOD: But I am alive and not drowned, as all my ship's company was.
>
> EVIL: I am singled out and separated, as it were, from all the world to be miserable.
>
> GOOD: But I am singled out too from all the ship's crew to be spared

from death, and He that miraculously saved me from death can deliver me from this condition.

EVIL: I am divided from mankind, a *solitaire,* one banished from human society.

GOOD: But I am not starved and perishing on a barren place affording no sustenance.

EVIL: I have no clothes to cover me.

GOOD: But I am in a hot climate, where if I had clothes I could hardly wear them.

EVIL: I am without any defense or means to resist any violence of man or beast.

GOOD: But I am cast on an island where I see no wild beast to hurt me, as I saw on the coast of Africa; and what if I had been shipwrecked there?

EVIL: I have no soul to speak to or relieve me.

GOOD: But God wonderfully sent the ship in near enough to the shore that I have gotten out so many necessary things as will either supply my wants or enable me to supply myself even as long as I live.

He came to the conclusion there was scarcely a situation in the world so miserable that positives could not be found.

Poignant sorrows bring their own anesthetic. It is the ones we believe to be tragic that destroy us. Great troubles are often blousy: too distended to strike. Their presence throws them into high relief. Recurrence makes them into bogies. Be grateful when your trials become acute. They are on the brink of change.

It is balance we need in this present of ours. If you saw on the stage some situation typical of what you are worrying about, you would in all probability keep your wits. You would look at the scene impersonally, free of disturbing emotion, having a fair idea of how the play was coming out.

You should write out a description of your worry, divide it into three acts and nine scenes, as if it were a play, and imagine it on the stage or in the movies with various endings. Look at it as impersonally as you would look at a comedy and you might be surprised at the detachment you would gain.

Whether you believe it or not, a law of averages is at work in your life. Your likelihood of trouble is not a matter of opinion, but of measurable fact. You may worry about death as if it were only a matter of chance. Your insurance company would soon fail if it followed your example. You cannot, of course, have an actuary report on your destiny, but you can accept the spirit of reality and not superimpose your fear upon the facts.

Nor would you worry about most of life's transitions if you accepted the probability of disaster. All things considered, you are still fairly fortunate. Check your past accuracy in guessing the approach of sorrow. Were you so reliable? Then why indulge in hurtful speculation?

The negative factor in worry rules us only when we permit it to. We fill the mind with apprehension when it is empty of desirable thought. Most garrets are in a clutter. What we need is a habit of deciding how serious a trouble is, that we may measure present upsets in relation to others we have experienced.

Mrs. Hudson frets because her income does not allow her the kind of clothes she covets. If she cannot sleep or be pleasant because of it, how would she worry if her husband died leaving her penniless, or if she were disfigured in a motor accident?

When faced with worry, ask yourself: How serious is my trouble? Where does it come in the following list?

TROUBLE SCALE

1. Tragic death, kidnaping, murder.
2. Blindness, serious crippling, incurable disease.

3. Imprisonment, disgrace, accident.
4. Broken home, loss of love, disrupted life.
5. Destitution, complete loss of money or position.
6. Property damage, loss of work, misadaptation.
7. Social maladjustment, injury to reputation.
8. Partial loss of money, or things, ordinary sickness, usual sorrows, trouble caused by casual difficulties.

In times of trial, such measuring of facts is our only means of avoiding stampede. Hysteria had Mrs. Reedman in its grip. Her husband was in bed with a cold. He surely would have pneumonia. She knew he would die. She felt it intuitively! For sleepless nights the dread thought had obsessed her and for the hundredth time she crept into the sickroom to see if he were breathing. When the doctor came the next day, he saw the anguish in her eyes.

"Look here, my dear, you are the patient I need to treat. Your worry is making you ill. If you keep on at this rate, you'll have a breakdown."

"But he's so sick," she moaned.

"How do you know?" the doctor countered. "Are you a physician? Last year when Tommy had a cold you had the child dead and buried a hundred times. Two years ago Elsie had a relapse because you upset everyone by your anxiety, letting your imagination run away with you. I happen to know your husband is getting well rapidly. Surely you can learn to control your anxiety."

When he came again, the doctor held out a card on which he had printed the words: Thermometer of Trouble. "We take the temperature of people," he said, "to discover the degree of sickness. I want you to use the mental thermometer on this card, and every day when I come ask me exactly where we are on the scale. You are to worry only when the condition is increasing, and then only as much as the situation demands. Just now your husband's cold is troublesome, but he is rapidly improving."

If you do not know how to measure dilemmas because you are not sure of the facts, ask your family and friends to give their opinions. They will often be less anxiously concerned and more clear-headed than you are. In any case, refuse to allow yourself more fear than the gauge permits.

THERMOMETER OF TROUBLE

The conditions are Now:	100%	Hopeless	
	80	Serious	
	60	Troublesome	Bad
	40	Transitory	
	20	Momentary	
	0		
	20%	Fair	
	40	Good	
	60	Very Good	Good
	80	Excellent	
	100	Perfect	

The individual who keeps a steady courage during difficult periods is ready to make energetic effort when the crisis appears. We feel blocked and frustrated only when becoming so pessimistic during ebb tide that we do not take advantage of high water. When you feel fate is against you, say to yourself: "This is my bad period, but the tide will turn bye and bye. In the meantime, I will not spoil the future by becoming angry and pessimistic in the present. I shall use this time to prepare for the turn." In this way you will avoid putting your focus on how you feel. Instead of thinking how dreadful things are, you will consider how to get out of your difficulties.

If you seem to be so frustrated that there is nothing you can do, there are still twelve actions you can take while bearing your problem and waiting for the tide to turn: —

1. Make careful plans for a better day.
2. Conserve your resources and budget them.
3. Conserve your strength; make a business of keeping well.
4. Wait patiently; do not waste energy fuming and fussing.
5. Find little places where you can win a bit ahead.
6. Keep at least two special interests active.
7. Make a strategy to beat ill fortune.
8. Never sit and brood; refuse to be moody.
9. Keep your voice and manner cheery.
10. Go to bed early; get up early.
11. Keep your eye on the goal and be busy going toward it.
12. Remember that life is a game, not an endurance test, and watch every play. Your chance will come. Keep ready.

Everything moves in its own time, not in ours, yet thousands of people worry because they cannot speed life beyond its normal tempo. Imagine a woman trying to bake biscuits in a minute and worrying because she could not do so, or an engineer endeavoring to put a cable across the Atlantic in an hour, and angry because he failed. In the subjective values of life, in the matter of handling children, in solving marriage problems, in the question of adjusting financial difficulties, in understanding goodness, truth and beauty, the principle of time is just as absolute as in the mechanical world.

When you find yourself becoming oppressed because you cannot make yourself achieve a desire, ask yourself: "Am I striving to win what I want too rapidly? Am I forcing things beyond the rate they can go?" Legions of mothers worry about their offspring because they want a youngster to have the maturity at five he may reveal at twenty-five. Countless children are given inferiority feeling because a demand is put upon them as infants that should not be theirs until they become adults.

Destiny has its own rhythm. When you worry, stop to see if you are forcing it out of its proper order, unwilling to accept the evolutionary process that inheres in all things. There is nothing one can do about the essential laws of growth, except obey them. A poppy comes to maturity in one year, a giant sequoia in ten centuries. A little task may be done in one hour, a great task in a thousand hours. You and I cannot change that fact. We must learn to accept it, to surrender, which is the secret that solves many disturbances.

A crisis is a turning-point. There are four ways you can go. First, there is endurance: you may keep on a hard road, bearing the situation, inhibiting your pain. Second, you can riot against the difficulties, pushing people and things out of the way, struggling until you collapse. Third, you can turn back on the path, retreating because the problem seems too great. Lastly, you can pause and deliberately organize a campaign, accepting the meaning of your experience.

These four ways depend upon certain inner attitudes. Endurance and resistance develop where there is secret superiority, and when the individual's ego is the force upon which he depends. Hysteria and retreat follow the self-abasement that self-indulgently flees from pain. Confusion and collapse result when one is deluded into thinking he must struggle single-handed while refusing cosmic principles and natural sequences.

Experience is not a thing ordained. Events occur. We meet them with a frame of mind. That which affects us must first be felt by us. If the current of fate contains debits we cannot avoid, it also has those we may conquer. Some we may turn into assets. Others pass us by to strike our adversary.

Two factors then are evident: the element of the inevitable, and the per cent. of the adjustable. The first is a determinism we must accept, the second our area of free will. The art of living consists in finding and achieving the adjustable, and yielding quietly to the inevitable. Failure and confusion come from contesting the inevitable and ignoring the adjustable.

Dynamic purpose consists in gradually strengthening the adjustable until the inevitable evolves or changes in relation to time and space. In a new period, that which was inevitable may then be adjustable. One cannot always have exactly what one wants. One cannot ever have what the natural denies.

The biologically impossible cannot be achieved. We can improve our experiences and our personal trends towards a relative goal of ultimate fulfillment. As a man thinketh in his life, so is his growth. Happiness and security depend upon the direction of our capacities in relation to experience. If we are timid dolts, thoughtlessly yielding to fate, misery is probable. If we deliberate heroically, the shackles are broken. Intelligence refuses to remain in the mud. It rises out of the compromise, the dull task, the wrong marriage, the destructive trend, seeking health and a larger life. As the physician cures disease, as science finds the better way, as mechanics uncovers the easier path, so the forthright vigor of a free and thoughtful spirit surmounts the barriers of environment.

The Japanese soldier who blows himself to death bombing a barbed-wire entanglement is convinced he will soon return to earth in a life made glorious by his act of sacrifice. His courage springs from his belief. No bravery is needed. Fear cannot enter where convictions control.

An almost equal calm comes to him who has faith in natural law, and the victory of true action. He trusts in the integrities, convinced that as he has grown in grace, fulfillment will be his. This is an intelligent fatalism, a scientific determinism. Action and reaction are equal. A cause and an effect have an inevitable relation. If unqualified by effort, the result is predestined by that which produces it.

Thus we learn to depend upon a wise incipience that the end may accomplish our desires. If I eat putrid food, my organism is poisoned. That I may avoid sickness I do not take bad nourishment. I cease to worry about what I eat as I understand how to discard the objectionable and select the healthful.

The new fatalism teaches that man's destiny is brought to him by his psychic tone, even as countless other phases of natural phenomena bring their consequences. Food draws the hungry; gold brings searchers; germs produce disease. Potentials build the possibilities inherent within them and no others.

Belief in such cause and effect has seemed to the casual thinker a harsh philosophy. To the student of life, it becomes a commanding faith. There is more insurance in the doctrine of evolution than in the most dutiful prayer, for it brings its answer. The whole unfolding principle is contained in it. Things come to pass in their own good time, as the forces of life mature.

In former days the established cure of worry lay in faith. Those who believed in the rock of a Divine protection, and humbly accepted the will of God, knew less fear than those whose lives were built on the sand of uncertainty. There are many who find solace by the religious means, few who trust sufficiently to insure the calm that guided the prophets. We find, in fact, too many who announce trust yet keep it in the closet of theological theory and worry just as much as any unbeliever when fronted with daily trials. He and he alone who becomes the disciple of truth is the master of his destiny.

The deeper attitude serves only when we are impersonal about the struggle. The man who gives himself to a situation and is willing to become the servant of the hour, puts all he has into the best he can do. He it is who shows poise in the face of disaster.

Few maintain this insight. They speak of worry as if it were a contagious disease that comes upon them from exposure to misfortune, a sickness that operates upon the just and the unjust, torturing without regard to the people we are and the things we do. They shake their fists at high Heaven, as if a vengeful God visited sadnesses upon us as his whims decreed. To them it is a question of circumstance: "how my husband acts", "what has happened to my boy." They speak as if lack of money, things, opportunity, and friends were entirely to blame. They would like to change conditions which seem hard and unbearable. There is no thought of revamping their moods, no idea that life might be different if they changed themselves.

However many difficulties are in the environment, we are especially the victims of them when habits within ourselves lay us open to injury and make us believe we must accept restrictions. The active factor in each situation may be some incident in life, but control of that event is denied by conditions in the mind. Until we understand oppressing habits, we have no command over attention, and little assurance of peace.

Mr. Adams goes to a consultant for advice. He is convinced the source of the difficulty is in the peculiarities of his partners. One, he avers, is too radical, the other conservative to a degree which spells stagnation. Adams believes he takes the middle ground. If the psychologist discovers the trouble rests slightly with the partners and largely on the fact that his client has not learned to adapt himself, the man is irritated.

Mrs. G. is shocked after she has described difficulties with her husband. She had thought their unhappiness caused by his behavior. Her adviser finds she would have had a problem if married to the angel Gabriel.

Louise Bromley is depressed because men turn away from her. She believes she inherited no magnetism. She wants it, but will not face the perversity in her behavior which makes her unfriendly. She repulses the friends she has by tactlessness. The situation seems a curse of fate. Instead of facing her negative disposition and correcting it, she wishes to know "how to be charming." She wants a powder to swallow that will enable her to escape effects, refusing to consider the causes of her loneliness.

There is no peace until we admit our psychic limitations. Would we be rid of ravings, we must be freed of fever. This requires willingness to endure the discomfort of our mistakes until what makes them can be eradicated.

Those who have passed through a personal Gethsemane and survived cannot lightly deny the part their attitudes played in all that came to pass. That there was a formative destiny few would deny, but not an absolute determinism operating apart from the affect of impulse upon the outcome. Driven deep enough into the heart of things, we come to see the shaping hand at work.

When you are honest, do you not see that many of your sorrows were self-created? Jim Whiston is made angry by his employer. He writes a violent letter — and is discharged. Now he cannot find work. Mrs. Batterfield was impatient with her husband. She "gave him a piece of her mind" every other evening. To-day she has no husband. Tommy quarreled with his gang. Since then he plays alone.

Destiny, like a moving stream, presents to us a series of circumstances threaded with paths and potent with possibilities. There is fatalism in the flow, psychology in how we deal with it. When in our nether depths abnormal desires are in conflict with our verbal purposes, the conscious plan is destroyed, the latent, and often tragic, destiny is realized.

A woman tells us she wants many friends and close contact with the cultural life of her time. But she lives in petulant seclusion, for that was her true desire. She was seeking a sedative for spiritual anxiety. Those who want friends, find them. What we inwardly ask of life, not what we consciously demand, comes upon us.

For this reason we become the victims of events. Unaware of our compromises, we shape our demands to the values vitiated by our inner stress and become enslaved thereby. Self-deception inheres in this drama. We loudly announce that we want a different fate from the one we bring to pass. Consider what lay behind the troubles of Wallace Heminway. Some years ago he invested his life savings in Kreuger and Toll. Now he is sick, without employment and almost penniless. The cause of his disaster lay in a lifelong habit of casual attention. He has never been accustomed to investigate with thoroughness before deciding upon serious action. The loss of his money is only a final calamity. His worries have come from poor gathering of facts and a deficiency of caution.

Jim Jacobson worries over his relation to other people. They hurt his feelings. He gets into embarrassing situations.

These unhappy events occupy so much of his attention he is seldom at ease. People sense his superciliousness and contend against it. Jacobson himself causes the frequency of his discomfort.

Vagueness rules the thought of Nellie Bottomly. She goes about in a daze, seldom alert, never definite. Need we picture the crowd of worries that pursue her, or argue as to how different her life would be if she met experience with thoughtful precision?

Substance is not willful. A loaf of bread does not deliberately refuse our society. Nor is a broken leg without antecedents. When a reckless driver crashes his car into a telegraph pole, the cause of the accident is psychical, not physical. A man without friends seldom proves to have acted in a manner to attract loyal companions. Even money has a habit of attaching itself to the person who gives it devoted care.

"When it comes to a person's troubles," asserts a wise physician, "it is important to show him the nonsensical ideas that have seeped into his consciousness. Unless he avoids a repetition of his boyhood spoiling, trouble is inevitable."

"You mean he should seek a completely different environment from that in which he was living?" a friend asked.

"No — not that. But a man whose mother babied him will allow her to destroy his marriage, won't he, if she is in his home? A woman whose family made her feel abased becomes melancholy if she marries an arrogant husband or works for a despotic employer. Yet people forever return to the sorrows from which they came and seek associates who will maintain their sickness."

"Why — that seems confusing."

"I believe it is because they become used to seeing themselves as persons who suffer a certain type of experience and unconsciously they feel strange and unsure in a happier setting. It is unfamiliar."

He might have added that once their minds are filled with injurious influences they auto-suggest these poisons into their decisions until someone or something stops the self-hypnotism. People identify themselves with their own failure images, and create psychic negatives that destroy their power to conquer. There are two types of expectancy: one, constructive; the other so full of febrile anticipation that disaster is literally invited.

A social worker of my acquaintance puts the point of this good doctor in unique but telling language. She spends her time working among the poor. People, she believes, create what she calls "psychic equivalents" of what later comes to pass in their lives. When these equivalents are negative, they either invite trouble, or else imprison themselves in static situations like sickness and poverty. "Good fortune," she maintains, "depends upon constructive psychic equivalents of those experiences and events that would give us happiness. You don't often know it and can't always trace it, but you make or unmake your life by your attitude toward it."

For centuries slaves believed themselves slaves, and so remained. Even physical freedom would not have meant liberation as long as slavishness endured. For eons women felt inferior to men, and took the lower position. Millions still identify themselves with their bad habits, becoming thereby puppets of a phantom fate. Liberation in life begins within the self.

Consider a man who thought he wanted to perform great healing. He toiled for years to establish a clinic, where the poor might be treated; strove to little avail, because everyone instinctively knew an exaltation of himself was his inner desire. Was fate or his mental state against him? A woman is despondent because no one loves her, but is she not lonely because they shun her melancholy? A man suffers because people mistreat him, but do they not dislike his critical superiority?

We convey our obliquity to others in a thousand unseen ways. Worse than this, abnormality colors our wishes. We receive from life what fits our neurasthenia, not what complies with our intellectual declarations. Nor is there anyone more adept at legerdemain than the subliminal self when compromised by negative moods. It works its will subversively and by nefarious connivings.

This is particularly true in our unpremeditated action. Again and again we say what we mean, but had not thought we meant. Time after time we do what we intend, not guessing the real nature of our impulse.

It is a law of personality that unconscious desire always acts by indirection. A person feels discouraged. Does he see how he may be demanding that destiny fulfill his longings without effort on his part, or his giving life time? Does he know when his attitude is infantile, a carry-over from the days when his parents gave him what he wished, just because he demanded it?

The behavior of Bert Rodwin is an example of this. He mistreated his wife from the time of their honeymoon, neglecting her, criticizing her, disgracing her. Yet he craved her affection. He wanted it despite his abuse of her. He did not feel satisfied merely to have her love him. Unless she could respond while being debased by him, he was not sure of her devotion. He desired to coquette with fate, feeling that adulation was enhanced by rebuff. The mechanism is not unlike that of the famous lady who threw her glove into the lion's den to test her lover.

There are two forms of experience: what it could be, and what we make it by our deluding compromise. Things will continue to go awry until we face the distortions we put upon life.

We all know how desires are blocked by physical states. None would deny the compromising influence of tuberculosis, but everyone tends to ignore equal distortions which are psychical. Heretofore, even in studying biography, many have neglected to portray neurotic influences in the story of a life. Now, few authors would omit such formative factors.

Who could explain Poe, Strindberg, Nietzsche, who did not understand the means by which their aims were thwarted? We bring to experience the influence of our inherited character patterns, modified by limitations that remain from our birth environment, and the habit formations developed during growing years. As adults, our acquired dispositions constrict our biological possibilities.

Many people look at a trouble as if it were an isolated fact sticking out in a universe of endless failures. They treat it as if it had nothing to do with the rest of life and was not affected by other difficulties that nudge it about in this crowded world of ours. They seldom concern themselves with the forces that brought the trouble to pass.

Suppose there had been clinical assistance in the last century and Balzac had come for aid. He was, we must admit, a thinker. But that does not mean his vision was clear in all areas of life. He was constantly worried over money, yet at the same time financially self-indulgent. He had a childlike vanity and great social ambition. Despite his lovable nature, he was, like many geniuses, cursed by extreme self-regard.

However clearly he saw other aspects of life, he viewed his financial problems from wrong values. The key to his money worries did not lie in external facts, but in an internal change of attitude. Spending with him was a compulsion. He could not avoid his worry without facing the vanity from which it sprang. His concern about the consequences of his spending was waste effort because it did not deal with the real impulses which created the situation. Yet let us not forget that Balzac did become one of the greatest novelists of his age. He performed his central task well, however else he failed.

That seems to have been the secret of success in the lives of great and near-great men and women, if their historians are to be trusted. Many of the eminent worried, but in the area of their achievement acted with vigor and repetitive endeavor. How much better they might have done could they have handled their personal lives with self-command is emphasized by a biographer of my acquaintance: —

"After I've spent years in gathering the facts of some man's life in order to do his story, I find myself appalled at the helter-skelter of it all. How he even managed to live is a mystery, and as for avoiding worry, it would have been impossible on such compromise."

"Have you a cure to offer?" I queried.

"Yes, I'd suggest to people that they write an imaginary biography of the next ten years of their lives. If they sat down to figure out what they thought would happen to them, given the life they have so far lived, I believe millions would be brought up with a round turn and would plan to avoid scores of troubles that would otherwise come upon them."

"And yet," objected a religious leader with whom I discussed this subject, "it won't do anything but harm if your friend's idea is carried out in fear. Only if he reads and believes what is written in the Sixth Chapter of Matthew, from verses twenty-five to thirty-four, can he look ahead constructively: —

"'Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

"'Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.' . . .

"He must know what Jesus meant when He said: 'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink . . . nor yet . . . what ye shall put on.' To take no thought for the morrow is a startling and dramatic command, but not so much so as His concluding words, 'for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

"What *does* He mean?" I questioned eagerly.

"To my understanding, he was endeavoring to lift his listeners out of the mood of anxious concern and into the feeling that when we go *with* the forces of life, life gives us more protection than when we greet experiences with fear and tension. To follow the example of the lilies and the fowls of the air is to become part of the flow of creation."

It does no harm to look ahead as constructive designers of a better to-morrow. The danger lies in nervous anticipation. The other side of the picture is, of course, fully as negative — to entrench ourselves in the present, to look backward rather than forward, solidifies our problem into a sodden inevitability.

Many skillfully rationalize a distorted understanding and say they never wanted a different life, and from a prideful conservatism build a materialistic sophistication which acts like an anesthetic to the desires of youth. As sedate merchants, they reduce all life to the worth of a penny and match it with an equally delimited intellect. Such confused states create a mania for certitude. We ask for perfect solutions, omnipotent wisdom, when already too much compromised to follow sense. Dejected at our impotence, we set up defenses against the onslaught of fear, digging ourselves in as if we must bear a situation we dare not shake.

Neurotic worry endures only because we establish ourselves in it. The impulsion for change is turned into a compulsion for debate. Instead of correcting the condition, we close our minds to release. This fortifying of one's biases is caused by an endeavor to defend ourselves. Half-conscious of our frailties, we erect a bombastic front to hide our weak spots. Pride cannot bear discovery.

Such resistance creates the phenomenon of lag, always evident where we are busy blocking our lives. There is, of course, a law of maturation in every difficulty. Events have their periodicity; situations their tempo. But this does not cause the delay so common in most disturbances. Lag is the result of egotism. Arrogance and vanity are its makers. We seek for self-justification instead of giving attention to our mistakes.

When a solution fails to appear, we are not trying to bring it to pass, we are unconsciously announcing that our wills must be obeyed. It is for this reason that lethargy looms in the face of misfortune. We do not want to make effort. We wish our aggravations removed. Like self-indulgent invalids, we would have everyone do our bidding.

The problems of Curtis Enrod are a case in point. It angered him that they were so slow in clearing. He complained of the endless delays. Yet the situation was of his own making. Again and again he set a templet for fate to fit, demanding that life comply with his pattern. Life might break him, but he would not bend: his to make the edict, destiny to comply, had always been his motto.

Needless to say, the stream of events moved on, quite ignoring his desire. As long as a man insistently fits events to the experience of his own personality he cannot learn to worry successfully. Nor is he released from anxiety until he is willing to free his nature from its distorting tendencies.

Within yourself all events are written. You can only master them within yourself. To-day is a moment in your personal eternity.

This is, as I see it, part of the doctrine in the Twenty-sixth Chapter of Matthew. It is not a question of looking ahead or behind but a matter of our attitude toward life. There is no health without an affirmative spirit. If you look into the future with despondency, it will destroy your confidence. If you lug every failure of the past into the present, the present is too cluttered for achievement. Trying to win success while believing you are a failure only leads to failure. Faith and effort are one. Release is not achieved by wishful thinking but by thoughtful working.

Consider the story of Katherine Cornell. We learn from interviews published some time ago that she was a shy child, convinced she was both terribly "ugly" and unpopular, timid even with those of her own age. Hurt so often, she had an instinctive fear of people's criticism. More than this, when she decided to become an actress, there was much family opposition. Well-born young women in her set did not go on the stage. Indeed, her father owned a theater and knew quite too much about it all to accept gracefully his daughter's ambition.

Her first attempt to enter the professional stage was smothered in self-consciousness. She mumbled her lines and could not be heard. Her failure was miserable. Someone else took her part. In the weeks that followed two doors lay open to her. In her worry and abasement she might have given up, disgraced, discouraged, desperate. She chose instead the path of energy, effort and enthusiasm. There is something magical about language. Enthusiasm, in its literal sense, means "God within." She called upon the Divine afflatus with fervor and frequency. When her chance came again, she was on the road to being the actress we know; cautious enough to refuse too rapid an advancement, training her wits and her will to the task ahead. Hers it was to sense her fate and, knowing it, to brook no interference with her purpose. She transformed worry into preparation, moods into action, doubt into that do-or-die determination that always succeeds, for it places life on the one side, oblivion on the other, and in its decisions deals with finality.

If one would know how a man like Somerset Maugham has worried, one has but to read his books. He who once lived in human bondage turned his sorrows into gold. By going into his personal prison, by seeing and admitting his inner struggle, by describing it to himself and then to the world, his death-sentence became his *carte d'identité* for eternal liberty. Just so are Worries conquered. He who strides into his sorrows, determined to wreck them or himself, comes out with a twice-born glory, hero of his own personal drama. And this is always news to the world.

· XXI ·

The Gentle Art of Making Trouble

Ordinary people are as amazing in their emotional nuances as famous men and women. In his book, "Twelve Against the Gods", William Bolitho has not pictured the phenomena of genius merely. It is a record close to common consciousness. Casanova went farthest into the forbidden land of women. But other men whose stories were never told tasted elixir from erotic lips. There are still rich young racketeers, though Rome has lost its pomp, and Catiline is dead. It was not so long ago that Isadora Duncan set girls on tiptoe. The adventures of Lola Montez are still descriptive of feminine frailty.

As we read the Iliad of world characters, there is an echo of many an unknown Odyssey which follows in lesser vein. The great are those whom Destiny has tossed to the top of the wave. The power is in the mass of moving emotion that whirls and surges on the restless sea of human desire. Some may believe you have not longed to feel the utmost passion can give. None who knows life will believe it. All men are potentially what Casanova dared to be. Nor have I ever seen a saintly woman in whose breast the lusts of Cleopatra did not lie. Given the mood, the day, and the embodiment of her dream, it would have been different.

Potentially every emotion is ours; actually, we tend to act from one dominant feeling, reserving another passion for our subjective brooding. A man of science searches the stars while in the nether depths a drive more pulsing than wonder rules his secret being. A woman spends her life as a creature of function, seeming to sublimate sex as successfully as the contented cow translates erotic impulse into mammary efficiency. But in her psyche there may a turbid wonder surge, a longing to shake her wifely ways and claim adventure in the world of action. Madame Curie is what many of her sisters would have been, had dreams become realities. So too we find the timid man may hold a raging lion in his soul while the angry egotist is revealed as a coward.

Whatever we are outside, be sure it is not the person who appears in those revelations which come when joy and sorrow, ecstasy and pain, tear off the garments of the commonplace. The soul of your companion is not tailor-made nor fitted to a Paris frock of feminine grace. The inner emotion pulses warm to the touch, is strange yet intimate, hinting of possibilities seldom revealed in the garish day.

Such is the nature of humanity, and if the gods are real, be sure your desires are omnivorous, even if you look demure, wear prayer books in your pocket, and swear but now and then. It is these divergencies that make the intra-psychic tumult which so often appears in worry, a dual motive that denies contentment. We want to give up work when sick with the "flu", but wish to have the money we would lose. We desire to "go on a bat", yet hope to avoid its aftermath.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand." A man whose reasons and impulses collide is in the same predicament. John Rust struggles with Jack, his other self, disturbed about his erotic tendencies, ashamed of his licentious phantasies. But Jack resists. He frets at the restraints his alter ego sets upon him, fearing he will never be allowed his liberty. Each looks at past experiences from an opposite standard. John is guilty, ashamed of the times he has broken over. Jack gloats about them, but impatiently. He wishes more.

As it now is, various purposes contending for mastery deprive us of power to achieve justified desires. John wants love, but Jack, that moody satyr who broods within him, lusts for romantic escapades. John would be faithful once he found the girl of his dreams. Jack could not be true to anyone.

How foolish to suppose that either John or Jack rule the conduct of Mr. Rust, when neither has free play. John's amative ideals are compromised by Jack's machinations, while Jack has never satiated his desires — John always interferes.

The conflict in some natures drowns reason and wears the very body out. In studies of automatic writing these splits of personality constantly appear. The two or more sides of the nature may seem as unalike as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. In "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table", Oliver Wendell Holmes gives an interesting picture of the three Johns. The real John was known only to his Maker. Then there was John's ideal John, never the real one and often very unlike him. There was Thomas's ideal John, never the real John or John's John, but very unlike either. He also describes the three Thomases: the real Thomas, Thomas's ideal Thomas, and John's ideal Thomas, and of course none of these was the true personality.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau was an example of a nature divided against itself. He wrote more beautifully of the principles of truth and justice than any author of his time, and behaved atrociously. "I do evil," he said, "but I love good." Goethe not only exemplified contradiction and the many-sided qualities of personality, but he described conflict magnificently in his great work, "Faust." He himself — sensual and transcendental, egotistic yet gifted with great humility, social and yet a hermit, religious and yet cynical, arrogant and yet kindly, coldly objective and scientific yet warmly passionate and subjective — was driven by many demons.

Goethe was a master at picturing the overruling power of primordial forces in control of the individual, the instinctive longings in possession of personality. He saw that lust brings a man to ruin; and sensual gratification leads to such a loathing of life that he stands on the brink of suicide.

Our disasters are often but crises following long periods of self-indulgence. As children we were told of Benedict Arnold's betrayal of his country, but nothing of the aberration that preceded it: his extravagance and his difficulties with Joseph Reed, the trial, the partial acquittal, and his anger at Washington's kindly reprimand. Nor did we know of how in London society scorned him as a traitor to his own people, hence obnoxious to them. His melancholia and neglected death were but inevitable consequences.

Those who have read deeply into the life of Tolstoy know his experience was one of conflict; he was never free from the surging battle of the forces within. Something of the same stress surges through all great literature. In many of the Greek tragedies we see the hero's inner self; the conflict of thought and feeling, and finally the release from engrossing worry and the end of his spirit's turmoil.

Worry does not abate until conflict ceases. The poet, Marvell, who knew Oliver Cromwell, speaks of his "wondrous sweetness of heart," yet his "sins brooded over him like birds of night." He it was who countenanced the sack of Drogheda: "the heaviest slaying was around St. Peter's church where a thousand died. Some eighty took refuge in the steeple; Oliver ordered it to be burned and those who escaped the flames perished by the sword." What crashing tendencies in this man! How little peace there must have been in his heart.

Think how worry is manufactured by religious fanaticism. Picture the anguish of Catherine Beecher, grieving when Alexander Fisher, her fiancé, was drowned, but prostrated because her father's theology sent him to an imaginary hell. Until she rejected the doctrine of eternal punishment for her lover because he was a man of science, she was devastated. The old theology was a fiendish producer of worry, and its gluttony for sadism a curse upon the world. No man is at peace until he has vomited its bile.

Yet we must not conclude that anxiety grows only from neurotic delusion, or from conduct over which remorse is always unjustified. Desire is dual. One may seek both goodness and greed; marry for love but care for money; desire achievement yet ignore fame. Our disappointments and disasters spring in the large from our inconsistency. We long for deeper fulfillments while bringing unfortunate consequences to pass.

Few men have the wisdom to strive for things of major worth, yet all complain when only the indifferent and mediocre are their reward. A man who loves beauty languishes as a bond salesman, peddling worthless securities. A believer in rectitude turns banker, manipulating funds against his conscience. His ruling love controls his days; within his breast his spirit is abased at the thing he has made of life.

Wordsworth lived for forty-three years empty of poetic vitality, and, as one of his biographers well puts it, with his "mind seeking compensations for its defunct emotions." The influence of his philosophy was gone, and only a sentimental fringe of poetic appreciation left. But why? Thoughtful minds would answer: because of neurotic and even evil conduct. When he left Annette in Paris before her child was born and fled to England, he took a step that transformed his being.

Guilt worked like a cancer in his breast. Hypocrisy destroyed his manhood. For a goodly while his intellect carried on the main tradition of English verse, resistant to his spiritual disease, but in the end he became only an echo of his once dynamic self. His sister, Dorothy, ended her days in senility, his wife, Mary, became "a phantom of delight": meager influences in a meager emotional life. Secret worry and remorse had taken their toll.

If conflict exists for long years, stress undermines the organism. When passion overcomes discretion, ruin ensues. All his life warfare between his love and power drives ruled Napoleon. Erotic interest played its part even at Waterloo. Had he not written a romantic letter to a newly acquired lady, and sent it by a messenger who fell into the enemy's hands, they would not have known his plans and massed against him.

Had vanity not made him dislike strong leaders, and inclined him to choose poor marshals, they would not have been men who fumbled the battle. Had his ego not destroyed his judgment, he would have kept General Grouchy's men with the main army and not been outnumbered. His lust for power and his escapades in love brought death to legions and disaster to himself.

Our conflicts depend upon our inner purposes, for no man worries against his philosophy. Do you imagine Talleyrand bothered over morals? "Don't make me laugh," he whispered to Lafayette, as he hurried to the gambling saloon after celebrating Mass at Champs de Mars. And as to his chastity:

"Ladies are to be more easily won than Abbeys." He who described love as "a reality in the domain of imagination", would hardly worry about the consequences of his desires.

Talleyrand was always ready for each exigency. In 1830, hearing fighting, bell-ringing, and cheers in the Paris streets, he cried: "Hark, we are winning." "Who are we?" he was asked. "Hush," he replied, "not a word. I will tell you to-morrow." And on that morrow, he stated: "It is not I who have abandoned the King. It is the King who has abandoned us." Heads I win, tails you lose.

Russell Sage preferred to consummate his greed at any cost, not a whit disturbed by blame. He managed to foreclose mortgages in such a way that he alone of all the creditors profited. In the panic of 1857, he closed his solvent banks that he might keep the silver and gold, while paying in paper. It mattered little to him when Joseph Choate revealed his stark avarice in court. He was concerned with dying worth a hundred million.

Our intellects play a game of self-deception with deeper consciousness. When Rockefeller, Senior, remarked "God has given me my money," part of him doubtless believed it. Every worry is ultimately decided by the way we shape our lives. After Gibbs, the pirate, had robbed his first vessel, guilt made hell of his peace of mind. Years under the skull and crossbones permitted him to murder a whole crew and yet sleep soundly.

If an individual's whole nature were as lawless as its atavism, we would become successful brutes, and our major worries would disappear. Without aspiration, we might lie fallow in blissful ineptitude. As it is, our intelligence is ready to obey constructive procedure, while the barbarian still betrays us.

Desires are indeed omnivorous. We should like the fullest physical comfort, with no limits to emotional release in our social expression. Unlike Saint Francis, even modern seekers for the spiritual would like their hors d'œuvres and a chaise longue. To Socrates the search for truth was enough. Philosophers of recent eras wonder how many editions of their works will sell. A new car, a vacation in Havana, more books for the library, rare roses for the garden; scores of desires contend with their intellectual values.

Out of this lustfulness trouble springs. Consider, for example, a woman who thought she wanted obedient, healthy children, but whose offspring were rebellious and delicate. She complained constantly of how difficult they were to manage. But she also, in subtle ways, had excited, annoyed and overstimulated them. Study of her latent desires revealed that she inwardly wanted disobedient children so that she could show her power by conquering them. This appetite for dominion: to rule under difficulties, she would have been the first to deny.

Equally significant is the case of a man who thought he wished to be successful in an important work. Quite unaware of it, he managed to destroy every opportunity that came his way. To his friends it was evident that he did not seek achievement, but rather to amuse himself. He complained bitterly about the ill luck his unconscious pattern created.

Demand for the impossible ends in denial of the natural. Whoever teaches his ego to adjust its greediness to the unfolding flow of nature, wins life abundantly. If one rages at destiny because luxuries do not pour into his lap, he ends his days in the desert of desire. Nor is this a matter of opinion, a dictum of the moralist. Facts are facts when proved by centuries of suffering. No man can trick his way to happiness.

Nothing is ever achieved save by limitation. No artist can paint all creation; he balances his effort in the confines of a frame. No joy is ever sensed save in relation to its restraints. Utterness ends in nothingness.

When you try to teach this doctrine of the rulership of cosmic law to a worrier, he usually interrupts and argues before the adviser has his statements half out. He insists on debating some minor point, as if afraid to face the central values of his maelstrom. None is more skillful at specious argument and clever justification than he whose egotism denies supposed wishes; none more adroitly explains how fate has overcome him.

Confused by the fact that he may have succeeded for a time, while following negative trends, he contests, as mystically religious, any philosophy which measures ultimate consequences. But misfortune comes upon him just the same.

Consider how Christopher Columbus made trouble for himself. Blessed with a great idea, he wandered for years from one European court to another, searching the means for its execution. He did not bother during that time to become a true navigator. Succeeding, by persuasion, in securing Isabella's support, he made an agreement with a great sailor, Martin Pinzón, who had already decided to make the same voyage before meeting the Genoese. Columbus later exhibited intense worry lest he might have to live up to the contract, and admit the superior seamanship of his partner.

After the voyage, he led a bedraggled crew to court, and, relieved by the death of Pinzón, managed to organize a second venture. It ended by filling Europe with syphilis. During the third trip, on his becoming involved in a rebellion, Spain sent Bobadilla, who, as a competent jurist, discovered enough evil in the ways of the explorer to send him back home in chains. Talking himself free, he was angered that Vasco da Gama had discovered a way to India around the Cape, and so he arranged a fourth journey.

The trip ended in a complete fiasco. Efficient navigators were by now bringing to Europe the facts and fortune he had failed to gather. He died in poverty, unknown, and, for a while, unsung. The glory that surrounded his name years after was neither food nor shelter to him. His incompetence and bombast had brought their reward.

Columbus was not the only discoverer whose fate was of his own fashioning. If Admiral Byrd should start on a South Pole flight with no more preparation and as crude equipment as that used by Andrée in his fatal balloon journey from Spitsbergen, in 1897, we would call him mad. Modern explorers state briefly: "Andrée's attempt was doomed before it began."

Trouble comes more commonly in the love area. Most people have read the romance of Abélard and Héloïse, but few have thought of the anguish and worry these two lives contained. Distinguished canon of Nôtre Dame though he was, Abélard's position did not keep him from seducing young Héloïse, twenty years his junior. She became pregnant and bore him a child in seclusion in Brittany. Her uncle's predatory attack followed. The secret marriage being discovered, Abélard lost his prestige in the Church and, being now incapable of erotic expression, forced Héloïse into a nunnery.

The records of his vicissitudes are full of anguish, which he intensified with amazing sadism, taking delight in maliciously irritating the monks in his own monastery. He died a fallen man, humbled and bereft even of his mental faculties.

Yet is it enough to say, with the moralists, that Abélard was a lustful nature, and to let it go at that? Had he not sides that strove against his delinquencies? He it was who, perhaps under the compassionate influence of Héloïse's letters, propounded the greatest tenet of psychological insight: namely, that one should judge by motive and not by conduct as to the integrity of a being. He wrote: "Subjective intention as determining, if not the moral character, at least the moral value of human action."

Confusion lies in the fact we are so seldom able to untangle our better intentions from those of a compromising type. Our natures are not simple, one-purpose organisms. Herein is the secret of our self-deception and the reason for disappointment in experience. We do not seem to receive what we ask from fate, because we do not know how our turbid impulses circumscribe our effort.

Every man's action is a demand upon life; his experience in the large measures the answer. Either our finer longing, or our egotism, shapes our fate. "Ask and ye shall receive", proves all too true. Most of us are not asking for what we think we want. Impulse contradicts our supposed intent.

This is particularly true when we ignorantly pit our personal setnesses against the principles of life. Failure lies in stupidity and stubbornness. When we do not co-operate with nature she refuses to help us. S. P. R. longs for conditions to "return to normalcy", when lower wages and higher prices assured success for intrenched inefficiency. Suggest to him that mass production requires mass consumption and his eye is as unseeing as that of a smoked herring. He cannot think in the new terms. The conservatism of the mauve decade rules his reason.

Two parents are in a panic about their daughter's self-consciousness. She does not fit into the social set, nor make a good debutante. They are worried about her future. Analysis reveals she is a throwback to an artistic ancestor.

Her temperament fits the life of Rosa Bonheur more than of Madame Récamier. Her parents resisted her ambition to study art and derided anyone who advised her to be herself. She is now in a sanatorium.

Mrs. Felting feels a futility that is frightening. Her children are in college and headed for their own lives. Her husband traded his intellect for a bank account. Her mother has become a flapper. She has no friends except the restless members of her club, and that meets only once a week to listen to some publicist talk on "How to Understand Woman." When he is through, does she understand better? Is she ready to face the fact that the meaning of life is the enrichment of consciousness through the experimental dynamics of self-expression?

If Mrs. Felting were willing to breed better angleworms for the Department of Agriculture, anything in which she could experiment, how different her life would be! She does not like to hear you say ecstasy springs from discovering something you can do so well the doing of it is intimately one with the growing of your spirit. Parasitism has so obscured her ability that she tells you: "I haven't any capacities of my own; there is nothing I can do," and so she suffers boredom.

When frustration threatens social position, when the hair is graying and the color fading, when even a daily dozen and the shunned carbohydrate do not maintain the bloom of twenty, Father Time is hinting at the need of mental grace to take the place of physical perfection. It is best then to discard flesh-minded concern over the details of living and rouge the spirit. Active determination to find personal expression alone brings glory that more than equals surface beauty. Ten in one hundred may believe it. Two in all apply it. The rest worry and grow witless.

Even when this boredom appears in men and they turn to evil ways, wives seldom listen, or do anything to free their husbands from excessive toil and ennui. Routine is rationalized, petty values and waste go on, until the home is ruined, or the hearse draws up to the door.

The censorious wrongly attribute our trials to wickedness, as if we delighted in injuring ourselves. The damage done the world by such perverted teaching can hardly be overestimated. Instead of showing men that goodness was common sense, and evil, in the end, induced misfortune, the moralists resorted to ethical coercion, telling humanity it *"ought"* to be righteous. Few advocates of virtue have possessed the explanatory helpfulness of Jesus, or used the interrogating method of Socrates. Both believed most of humanity would follow the truth once it was made clear to them, and we have proof of this in such sayings as: "The multitude heard him gladly."

We do not need threatening diatribes upon our negative tendencies. We need to be shown so clearly what they are and how they bring disaster upon us that insight will merge with emotion, assuaging our conflict. No man suffers if egotism becomes self-respect. None has fallen into difficulties from reverent concern for love, but jealousy ruins legions. Convictions are essential to a courageous life, but fanaticism leads to stalemate.

The truth of such statements needs to reach our primitive depths until we become converted to intelligent living. Once assured of the law, only incompetents will continue conduct that leads to painful reactions. We do not need to be scolded to be good. We need insight.

As it now is, the world is so rebelliously sick of preachments on the virtues that one cannot mention the subject without being aligned with the exhorters. No one wants to hear about goodness; its advocates have made it unpleasant. Yet if we allow disgust to cloud our vision, we are headed for a debacle. Action and reaction will still be equal, causes will produce effects, even if we cannot bear to discuss those that smack of righteousness.

We know this in its broader application. When a Dillinger is shot down, we trace the relation between his conduct and his death. In the subtler nuances we think and act as if the law no longer held. We somehow suppose we can "get away with it" permanently.

If those of us who have spent years in consultation with people concerning their experiences could tell the stories of each person's inner life, we could bring proof of the facts we know by revealing evidence gained from repeated personal testimony, and the effect would be electrifying. As it is, we can only assert truths which many, lacking our opportunity for intimate contact with the depths of human nature, take only as opinion.

Yet how strange it is that people form their conclusions and stick to them without such repetitive evidence. A man goes through one marriage. It is an unhappy experience: *ergo,* he has a score of rigid beliefs as to the nature of matrimony. A mother rears three children and feels the responsibility has empowered her to contest any opinions that conflict with those gathered in her home.

A business man spends four decades in anxious effort. He resents any conclusions that differ from his biases as to how he might have conducted himself so as to avoid trouble. It seldom occurs to him that a man who has heard the problems of a regiment of executives may have learned some facts about their more common mistakes, and have practical wisdom as to daily procedures. There is much to be said for direct contact with a single situation, more to be learned from careful analysis of a hundred similar problems. Personal experience is not an adequate laboratory for the testing of conclusions. Exhaustive investigation into a long series of events may reveal values of which a man can feel sure.

One of the most certain of these is the law of consequences. No man escapes from the results of all he does. He only seems to when our perceptions of his acts are superficial and our data on the outcome incomplete. Woe and weariness, anguish and anxiety, mete out, in the subjective world, searing reactions for every departure we ever made from sane and honest living. Men reveal in their life stories a picture of utter justice.

This we might know to be true by mere logic, but logic we seldom accept. We talk about science and natural law. If there are such, there is a definite relation between conduct and destiny. If this is so, goodness, discipline, duty, love and learning are not delusions. If it is not so, it were saner to glut ourselves while we may, grab what we can, indulge our lusts as lustily as possible, enjoying the orgy while it lasts. That we do not do this, is proof that in our hearts we still believe in a balance in the universe which works beyond our limited understanding.

Most of us are so inconsistent that half the time we attempt to disobey the principles in which we declare belief. Hence our turmoil. We claim to want ideal love. Yet few will strive for it, or live a life that makes it possible. We talk of the virtues necessary to successful intimacy, but seldom attempt to insure our happiness by practising them. We know that "honesty is the best policy", yet how many actually apply the rule in their lives? What we do not know, or have not known sufficiently well for conviction to rule our conduct, is that we suffer and have worry from every unloving act and each lack of integrity; suffer in realms of thought and feeling not obviously connected with our delinquency, but clearly traceable if the whole story, the inner and the outer testimony, is studied.

Millions have mistaken this fact because they have not penetrated its relativity. Things do not take place in the simple, three-dimensional world of everyday appearance. Events are measured by the fourth dimension: that little-comprehended principle of time and proportion. Actions do not at once declare their reactions in obvious measures. We cannot at once see the height, width, and depth of consequences, directly following the causative sequences that produced them. Reactions follow unseen transitions. In the current of destiny an invisible periodicity appears. Proportions of time determine the duration and rhythm of experience.

Nor is there any exception to the laws because our tracing of them is not through obvious and immediate embodiment. That which is done and that which comes from it balance in the end. The false practicality which concerns itself only with personal values and tangible gains has obscured the vision of millions.

Mr. Pettison learns how a Jay Gould watered the stock of railroads, making millions for himself by mulcting the public. He hears of no consequences. Gould seemed to "get by." But in the confessions of men whose lives we can examine, and which seemed free of reactions, there is testimony that not a jot or tittle they ever did, even in ignorance, failed to take its toll. In the subjective world of secret brooding, devastation follows every departure from integrity. It is the rectitude of nature, not of social precept, however, which brings its own reward. We may break the sanctions to our heart's content and suffer little. The basic values brook no tampering.

If we differentiate between truth and fetishes, our inner natures may accept a finer guidance. You may not suffer more than petty inconveniences when you depart from man-made manners. If there is a tradition in your race against pork, you will not die if you break it. To cut your hair, or leave your face unpainted, will bring no cosmic consequences. The standards of man are temporal, those of nature eternal. Only when a man has formed his actions on the primary rectitudes is adjustment sure and conflict ended.

Unless we free ourselves of the areas of stress within us, they spread until the whole psychical constitution becomes involved. Sorrow then comes to pass from degeneration. You cannot be continually self-indulgent in one field of action without having the decay set up, in time, in the heart of your longings. Every secret indolence and each insincerity, if maintained, will work its way into the circulation of the spirit. A kindly and humorous man allows laziness to grow within him. To justify himself, he builds an attitude of futility. Moving in ways unseen, cynicism spreads until his kindliness and humor are gone, and with them his courage to live. A self-centered woman seeks to work her will upon her family. She is intellectual and industrious, but gradually her pettiness permeates her intellect. Lethargy creeps over her consciousness. Her conflict disappears, but with it her fortitude.

We cannot have wild oats and daily bread. N. V. C., a lonely bachelor, thinks he wants a true marriage. He talks sorrowfully of the failure of intimacy. Deep analysis of his secret desires reveals a lust for sex license. In his day he has had many loves. Like Casanova, he did not require sanction for his satisfaction. Yet now he would like a more permanent relation, someone to take care of him as the years pass; not a woman who has lived as he has, but one who would in chaste faithfulness give all to love. He has never found her. It bothers him.

He does not realize that his pattern of life is in utter contradiction to a conjugal relation. Marriage for him cannot be happy. He achieves the sex license, thinking he is only solacing himself for an unfortunate destiny. He draws an evil fate by his secret negatives. Suggest to him that as long as his nature reeks with varietism, he will never find the romance he seeks, and he laughs at your naïve idealism. Did not his partner, John Falston, marry; and Frank Renfrew and Fred Fellows? Quite so, but not into the peace they sought. John knows nothing about Mrs. Falston's private life in the years past. Frank's broken-hearted wife is but a poor companion. And Mrs. Fred is two leaps ahead of her husband in adroitness—she married for the same reason he did.

There is no royal road to marital bliss save that of honest reality. Otherwise single blessedness is blessed indeed. Many are the unmarried who would worry less could they know more. The domestic felicity they seek is but a cold bed unless their own natures are free from whatever taints have delayed their realization of love. There may be obtrusive intellectualism, or an overweening parasitism, a tactless literalism or a militant feminism. Somewhere in the picture are egocentric attitudes, hiding the honey from the bee. Exposed sweets seldom wait to be taken. Yet this is not a pleasant philosophy to the lonely at heart. It were more comfortable to blame the scarcity of eligible men, the emotional immaturity of American husbands and their fear of brains in a woman.

Amelia D. believes she wants love. She is a brilliant young feminist, who would marry if men would accept a single standard and single beds. If you tell her that, unless a woman is aroused, it is biologically five times as difficult for a man to be virtuous as for her own sex, she froths at the mouth. Explain all the physiological, psychological and sociological facts, and she becomes as unintelligently argumentative as a wasp. Her feministic prattle turns into a splutter. Her obtrusive intellectualism and militant literalism deny her even a small imitation of a man to wear upon her arm.

Analysis reveals that she does not actually want love. She wishes to protect and exalt her ego. She has contested every feminine proclivity tending to harmonious union with a man, and rationalized the danger of wifely gentleness. Inevitably she has destroyed romantic feeling whenever it developed, her contentious individualism rasping the man's nerves until he sought more tender society. Broodingly, this victim of her own behavior meditates upon the failure of love and the limitations of the male. To her it seems they only want the society of simpering dolls.

Thus might we continue through all the ills. The Kittlesons worry about their marriage, but no one can help them. His criticism scathes her very being. He has an armory of arguments to justify it. Her masochism leaves him with the shell of a wife. She lives in hollow self-pity.

However deeply the paths of our natures are set against each other, we must separate and balance our desires, clarify our purposes and discover our finer longings. We must retreat from the clamor and become for the time being impartial judges, reviewing the conclusions of feeling and the decisions of consciousness, weighing them in relation to the facts of the objective problem.

The end to be desired is the integration of the individual. Freud explains that the purpose of psychoanalysis is to make the conscious and unconscious one: to merge thought and emotion. Jung finds we need greater understanding of types and their relation to environment: psychological adaptation. Adler feels there is no happiness for the individual until he adjusts his drive for power to the welfare of the group. However each school states it, all seek to unify the personality on a higher plane.

Inner guidance is the only solvent for any stress. We must reach back to the depths of our nature and listen to our better selves. We must become acquainted with our constructive forces and so direct our lives that we are no longer ruled by savage tendencies. The activities of such meditation, however, are never set in motion until the individual has come to the place where he is able and willing to listen to the voice of the spirit, for its solutions are seldom indulgences.

· XXII ·

The Meaning of Suffering

"Why has this experience come upon me?" you ask. "What have I done to deserve such suffering?" Some believe there is no meaning to it — others feel that sorrow finds people out when they refuse to adjust to life's dynamic flow. If we fear its transitions and rebel against adaptations, they tell us, we are broken. If we wish life were more static, not so persistently full of gyrations, and will not face the fact each epoch requires us to change ourselves, there is no progress and no peace.

A man worries about winning a woman whom he dearly loves. She is energetic, vital, vivid. He is self-indulgent, sensuous in habit, yet with gifts that could overcome indolence. The answer to his problem is regeneration. This fact he dodges, lying sleepless as he considers every remedy but the right one.

Mrs. Cotingford married a sportsman, who loves horses and boats, and she fears her husband will in the end go out of her life, as she has never been interested in athletics. She must adjust to his nature if their relation is to remain. If she merely continues to live in dreadful anticipation, the end is foredoomed.

When you worry, there is always a central fact you are evading. It fronts you with the requirement of changing yourself. By this means you may discover it. Consider what threatens you the most, asks most from you, and you will have the key to your problem.

Mrs. Bickering worries because her family is always away. The children like to be out in the afternoon and evening. She thinks they ought to play at home. Although disturbed about it, she refuses to see she is not making home a happy place so they will prefer to stay there.

The principle holds good when women worry about their husbands. No man goes away from his wife if she is more concerned with keeping him happy and protecting their relationship than indulging her selfish interests.

Worry tells us we are not doing something we ought to do. Nobody ever broods who performs his part in life. Discovery of the something you should do starts with turning your attention to the acts that will correct a situation. Mrs. Helton found life a bore. There was no one to interest her. She would not face the fact that she herself had become torpid. Until she does so her suffering will continue.

Never hide your trouble from yourself. Admit it. But admit it because you intend to correct it, and the conditions in you that make it possible. Professor Z is disappointed over his lack of success. He writes books that publishers do not publish. Now and then an article of his appears. People should discuss it excitedly. The public is obdurate. It does not appreciate the erudite professor. Should you tell him the trouble lies in his own obscure intellectualism, he will smile with sad superiority. You do not understand.

If you suggest he is inhibited; troubled with a habit of saying nothing with academic profundity, he will explain that Hegel became famous, why not he? Could Hegel reach the American mind in the twentieth century? Here is a paragraph of his philosophy, as translated by an eminent American professor:—

> The spiritual alone is the actual, it is the being or in itself being, the self contained and determined, the other being and for self being and in that determination or its outer being in itself remaining; or it is in and for itself. This in and for itself being is only at first for us or in itself, it is spiritual substance.

A great truth. Professor Z is worried because such expression does not arouse enthusiasm. You and I are at fault.

Failure is a red light, a warning signal, telling us our actions are unwise. It suggests we face ourselves, discovering the cause of our inefficiency. We can go forward through regeneration, meeting the difficulty by being willing to adjust our natures. We can go backward from resisting the demand it puts upon us; dodging the fact that whatever the objective elements of the situation there is at least one subjective factor that requires us to do something with ourselves.

Is it not better to admit weaknesses than to obscure problems by adding personal confusion to them? Leary Nottingham worries because he cannot justify his business methods. They are, he feels, made necessary by competition. He believes his company would fail if he practised stark integrity. Yet his spirit will not be quiet and let him go ahead with what he knows is "shady." Not until he makes a decision will his worry abate. He must learn either to do it or not to do it: be honest and take the consequences, or surrender his ideals.

There is always a higher point to which one can lift practice in the attainment of a goal. Far from a perfect standard, it is yet a long reach above compromise. Nor need one worry about his failures if his purpose is progress, however gradual, along the road to the Absolute.

Few of us are willing to solve our dilemmas by conscientious effort. We seek some abracadabra to work for us. Like the gnostics, we would invoke psychological magic to cure our misfortunes. Such will never be found.

There are in the large three kinds of people who worry: those who rage at destiny, tossing back and forth under the feeling there may not be a solution to their troubles; those who only pray, expecting God to present the answer; and those who seek guidance and are willing to strive. It is the latter who believe failure contains information as to success. They reach beyond the frantic stampede and persecution of the situation to find constructive principles upon which wise action depends. After the will to think in and about a situation is aroused, it becomes a mere event.

Nature hectors and molests us until the will is set in motion. It is as if she knew that otherwise we would leave the puzzles unsolved. Herein we are face to face with basic law. Were we but willing to see worry as a guardian angel, half the pain of it would be over. We are never cursed with a restless pressure unless there is something we should think out, something we should do to straighten our way. Circumstances are demanding a deeper understanding and a fuller obedience to the principles of being. Time insistently commands that we change our attitudes and revamp our values.

The modern approach to experience is widely removed from the old disciplinary spirit. The medieval concept rationalized unhappy events as sent to us in punishment, even as disease was thought to be the product of wickedness. It was supposed that sorrow tortured the spirit until the carnal was separated from it and passed out into the air. Such ideas belong to a Deity with a gold crown, a symbol of the patriarchal pattern: "the spanking hurt me more than it hurt you" complex. In such a destructive teaching the meaning of suffering as a symptom of maladjustment was completely lost.

Life contains the chance for joy in equal measure with pain. We languish through our own mistakes, but also from those of others. Our suffering devastates us less if we have some grasp of the principle upon which life is built. It cannot be perfect. God is alive, not static and dead. Creation is in evolution. It is in process of change. Expansion pushes its way against contraction, the rise against the fall. Personal limitation in a world of imperfection is inevitable. Yet herein lies our freedom, some measure of free will, of variation, of liberty to respond to laws of life in striving for finer fulfillment.

In this great epic the significance of worry is primary. Suffering teaches one what not to do, circumstance determines what one must do. Worry may reveal why one cannot succeed in any deed except by an obedience to natural law. In other words, deliberation teaches us how constructively to understand suffering, and avoid that which follows divergences from cosmic principles and constructive action. If we would go forward, we must be willing not only to understand suffering but to accept it. We must seek methods of adaptation and read the meaning of our days.

No answer is to be found in the philosophies of endurance. Adam suffered his punishment. He tilled his barren earth. It seemed to him all that was practical to do. To-day we have discovered how to make the earth sustain us more abundantly than any Eden. We no longer advocate patience in banishment. We would say to Adam: "Since you have eaten of the tree of knowledge, let it quicken your wits." That, in some measure, is what the human race learned to do, else no civilization would have come. When we follow the stolid durance of Adam, we suffer. When we use knowledge we thrive.

In this equation, one might epitomize philosophy. When we accept experience, determined to conquer problem after problem as it arises, life becomes easier and easier. When we bear events with sodden patience, trouble is everlasting. On resurgent purpose the better way depends. Worry is our badge of manhood.

In studying this doctrine of cosmic significance, we find there are a number of major acts in the conquest of trouble. A man must cease to sorrow at the stream of events in which he moves and must accept it as reality, learning to master its difficulties where he can. He must cease to rebel at being the man he is, must accept his nature and turn his forces upon constructive effort. More than this, he must learn the lesson of his losses, seeking to understand what portent they contain. Such pragmatism alone permits intelligent living.

Experience is freighted with potentiality, capable of various outcomes from different handling. The measure of values in a situation is determined by the poise and fullness of our intellectual power. Understanding of experience mellows the soul. Misjudgment turns us into haters of creation as surely as the superficial seeking for pleasure makes us spiritually vapid.

For this reason trials do one of two things to us: raise us out of a once-born state, or embitter and destroy us. Small minds succumb. Their cynicism and sophistication are records of the transit of trouble over their natures. They seek escape and sink into grieved discomfiture. The hero conquers. Genius is the son of trouble, fathered by necessity. No great culture has ever come from a lazy or lush environment.

By constructive compensation effort brings its own reward. If communication across space were as easy as speaking, who would have invented the radio? If ugliness were not a commonplace, who would have toiled for beauty? Were it easy to gain love, romance would die of its prevalence. When once in a century devotion is realized, when now and then a Sistine Chapel is decorated with mighty strokes, then is reality made manifest.

"It is not the victories but the defeats of my life which have strengthened me," said Poyntz.

"A defeat is as useful as a victory," wrote Thiers — and it was, to him, for by studying his defeats he learned the way to victory.

Macaulay wrote of Alexander: "Often defeated in battle, he was always successful in war." The largest aim, the ultimate purpose, focus on the whole achievement, frees one of discouragement from the little failures.

"Learn to see in another's calamity the ills which you should avoid. There are some remedies worse than the disease. Amid a multitude of projects, no plan is devised," said Publius Syrius.

When Roger Bacon was persecuted for his studies in natural philosophy, he but strove the harder. Dante wrote while in exile. Luther translated the Bible while confined at Wartburg. Raleigh compiled the "History of the World" in prison, and Penn "No Cross, No Crown" while entombed. Eliot's "Monarchie" and Baxter's "Life and Times" came from confinement, and everyone knows how "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe" had their incipience. Even "Don Quixote" came into being in a Madrid jail.

Beethoven, shut in by deafness and in grim sorrow, produced some of his greatest music. Mozart wrote his Requiem in the face of fatal disease. Handel never stopped when palsy warned of death. Schiller conceived his finest tragedies when in physical anguish. Who shall say what part victory over pain played in their great achievements?

Trouble is the womb in which the soul is born. It is the agitator of your endeavor, the creator of your spiritual grace. It stirs the mind, polishes the wits, stimulates the emotions. It is the tonic of destiny for the maturing of personality.

Survey your own experience. Would you give up whatever growth trouble brought you? Would you be the person you are except through conquests? Would you have gained understanding or insight by any other means? Even when you passed through some mental abnormality, in which you felt inferior, seemed persecuted, suffered melancholy, would you, without it, know the inner nature of others?

Whether physical or psychical, every stress is a challenge to our courage. I know a man who broke his back as a college lad. He never allowed it to interfere with his constructive relation to life. He accepted the accident as an act of destiny, and turned his attention to mental activity, enlarging his horizon so that his lack of physical power has become less tragic. Mental orientation permits adaptation and growth.

The cosmic nature of trouble reveals its periodicity. There are times of greater and lesser stress. Difficulties come and go. If we understand this evolutionary process, we discover conflict contains a divine fire. Rightly used, it burns away the baseness in our natures, removing the forces that were blocking personality.

No man can read the great biographies without seeing that genius was born in flame. Can we separate the greatness of Dante from his sorrow? Or understand the sympathy of Hugo save by his own years of travail? Could we cut from

Proust his hours of pain and not take all that made him significant?

Experience might be called the matrix by which the self is formed. Rail splitting played its part in the spirit of Lincoln. Privation led others to rebellion and drink. Rail splitting itself taught nothing. Lincoln's understanding of it was his instrument of growth.

Disease is a sign that we are going against life. We should not only use the word as one, but hyphenate it as dis-ease, that which is against ease. When we know what to do, we live with ease: go with nature, not against her. When we do not obey the principles of life, dis-ease results.

The story of man's experience has been one of learning how to achieve ease and avoid dis-ease. Picture if you will primitive man pulling at a stone, tugging and straining at an immovable weight. He does not know what to do. Another man comes along, shoves a stick under the stone and bears down on it. The stone is lifted by the leverage. He has found ease in place of dis-ease.

Once upon a time people knew only simple addition. Now we have division, multiplication, algebra, geometry, adding to the ease of calculation. In antiquity man had to struggle through the jungle without roads. To-day we cross a continent in an airplane. We have learned the better way in obedience to existent principles. We travel with ease.

When we suffer, we are fixated on behavior patterns which lead to dis-ease. Years ago American engineers in a Chinese city put in a system that brought pure water from the mountains. The coolies of that region would not drink it. They refused the "white water", fearing it would make them sick. They preferred the yellow fluid of the river that tasted of dead rats.

Trouble is inherent in the structure of life, as much a part of natural phenomena as time and space. In the large, it is produced by the very form of creation. We tunnel through a mountain; the barrier was actual, but not insurmountable. We make a road across the desert, overcoming its desolation. We conquer the sea and the air, mastering problems of distance. These conditions in the outer world are comparable to those in our inner consciousness: sickness, neurosis, death, loss of love, and failure.

Trouble is the footrule of growth, and more than all else gives life its meaning. The seed falls on the ground. Moisture, heat, and chemical substances quicken it to action. Its roots, reaching out for nourishment, come into collision with a stone. For the plant to endure, the obstacle must be overcome. Soon a network of delicate fibers has penetrated the soil. Many stones are encompassed. The slender stem has reached the light. Yet here again the chances of wind and rain, frost and browsing kine, have to be met and conquered with resurgent vigor.

Species and genera, indeed the miracle of all growing things, have sprung from triumph over resistance. Nor is this all. Variation of form is in obedience to the law of fulfillment. Each condition is pregnant with meaning, every situation a book of information on the principles of life. Compliant to its instructive power, the plant unconsciously reads its lessons, adjusting itself to varied problems. We, with less inherent guidance, but more power to deliberate, must face the facts of experience, rationally deciding what to do or to leave undone.

Viewed from this broad perspective, worry is an automatic struggle in our natures tearing its way through those conditions in life that beset us, and out of the circumstances that are discordant to our innate needs. We feel it as a sensation of stress because we are too blind to see the new situation toward which we are being pressed. It must appear when coercion of events bears so heavily upon our present lives that old ways and conclusions are not tenable.

There is an urge in us for reality: integrity of unfoldment. A man worries in wrong human associations, unconsciously seeking his way to contacts that are compatible. Convention has taught him he must accept impossible surroundings, but pristine power relentlessly drives toward a freedom from environmental constriction. The struggle seems ruthless only because he ignorantly refuses the inevitable nature of God's handiwork in creating a living organism.

The young animal is born and seeks its food according to the directive consciousness within it. Danger and hardship interfere with its growth. The obstacles are put aside, or the creature dies. If it lives, it does so because it has worried its way to the nourishment it needs. Worry is a symptom of maladjustment, either of life to the individual or of the individual to life.

It is a first law of growth, that surroundings must suit the needs of species and organisms, or distortion and death follow. In the second principle, the organism must accept and surmount the obstacles and unsuitable elements of the surroundings that its stamina has power to overcome.

Intelligence teaches that the human mind is cosmic, effort wise only when harmonious with nature. This is a primary factor in the art of worry. It is the attitude characteristic of modern science. The chemist studies the nature of his substance and then obeys it. He does not force a series of superstitions upon phenomena. The engineer studies the mechanical relations of materials and follows the requirements of structure. He does not force dogma upon design. In horticulture, men do not put plants in soil regardless of their needs. Intelligence obeys the laws of life, having studied the principles of creation.

If I am a composer, I must accept the esthetics of music. A doctor follows the facts of medicine, or kills rather than cures. A sociologist studies group life, a psychologist how the mind works; they then propound conclusions in obedience to the nature of man. Through it all runs creative acceptance of cosmic reality. Every time our minds are released in this constructive concord, achievement is the reward. When we disobey, nature inflicts pain to warn us of our disobedience, or prevent us from destroying ourselves. If you take hold of a hot coal, she beneficently creates an agony to torture your nerves, otherwise you might continue to hold the ember until you lost your hand. Pain is man's blessing, guide and friend, to instruct him in obedience; joy the sign of his adaptation to cosmic law.

There are, as it were, two sides to the sphere of destiny: night and day, despair and ecstasy. Joy tells us when we are seeing the design of life as the lines are drawn. Sorrow instructs us when we are colliding with the order of things. Reason as we may, demanding freedom for our wills and the right to decide, we cannot choose joyously save as we think obediently. Our liberty lies in the right to make mistakes for as long as strength remains. There is no permission to find peace in conflict with the cosmos.

· XXIII ·

Constructive Nonresistance

It was in a French hotel. A famous dressmaker and a beauty expert sat talking in the lobby. Near them stood a psychologist, intently listening. Translated, the conversation ran somewhat like this: —

"You see," the expert said, "people fool themselves. They worry about what others will think of hair, face, and body, as if they must be as beautiful as Venus. It is their pride that counts. They may want to be inconspicuous but certainly not homely. Yet does beauty mean so much? Perfect features, curly hair and a lithe figure do not necessarily make charm. They are uninteresting, unless one has grace. It is the unusual, the piquant, the original, that signifies. A plain woman is lovely if she knows how to make the most of herself."

"Ah, so it is!" the great dressmaker answered. "And how would you advise them to become charming?"

"One should not hide the personal idiosyncrasies," the beauty expert answered. "For a large nose, one draws the hair back like Mona Lisa. For the wide face and large mouth, curls make the graceful appearance. One should not cover a high forehead, but let the hair then be fluffy and look as does a poet's. For the pale face, no painted lips. One should then have the *spirituelle* look and delicate charm. For the ruddy skin comb the hair forward and make much of it; with the olive complexion a little rouge, yes. It goes well with dark hair, but not with red or auburn. I tell a woman to study herself and make the most of being different. Individuality is good."

"Ah, so it is with the clothes," the great dressmaker cried. "For the pale woman with blue eyes, pastel colors, subdued shades, nothing brilliant. That makes the angel. For the hazel eyes with skin not so pale, the strong lines and stiffer fabrics. With red hair one uses rich materials, velvets in green or taupe, and sometimes a little purple. For the olive skin blue is bad. One chooses a color ensemble. Black hair demands one be chic with the smart angle. Long lines for the plump, flowing for the thin. Bring out the grace and one forgets what is not so good."

Here is advice for any worry. No matter what your trouble, bring out the positives and the negatives are less serious: "bring out the grace and one forgets what is not so good." If you worry, find the good points, accent those, and leave the rest alone. Worrying successfully means that we learn to overcome the weaknesses by the strengths.

Few people realize that the great teachings of antiquity can be used on weekdays as well as Sundays, and made to fit our common needs. Jesus taught, and Saint Paul amplified, the doctrine: Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good. In what appears to be a hopeless *impasse* this great technique of constructive non-resistance will often solve the situation.

Did you ever see a child hit a table after it had bumped into it and then howl because it had hurt itself? It resisted the pain, angry that the table was in the way. When we witness such a tirade, we are apt to pick the child up, crooning: "Don't cry, dear." Some mothers even say: "Naughty table hurt baby. Mother punish table for being bad." As a result of such comforting, thousands still retain infantile attitudes when they bump into trouble. They want to hit whatever has disturbed them, angry that fate did not protect them.

The moment we resist a trouble, it becomes a mighty adversary. If you hurt your hand and fret about it, thinking of your wound and cursing because it happened, your hand aches furiously. When you give rebellious attention, you open the telegraph lines in your body between your brain and the injured member. Healing passes but slowly to the hurt area. Your concentration on trouble shuts off your normal attention to life and suffering becomes the ruler of your being. Nor can you successfully do much to alleviate your pain as long as your attention is given to angry fuming.

This principle holds with all your dilemmas. Suppose you have lost money, or been forced to give up your position. If you go into a rage about it, you make yourself so tense you cannot sleep. Nor will you be in a condition to gain more money, or find work. You become the victim of the situation, suffering in just the measure you feel unfairly treated.

Much worry is only anger in disguise, a sullen brooding which we rationalize as a necessary pondering. Moody that life is not to our liking, we lacerate ourselves in lieu of thoughtful deliberation, complaining the while at our cruel fate. Times, events, people, things, all come in for suppressed vituperation. We fume in silence, with our souls in tumult. Of such whimpering there is no end, save honest disgust.

The purposes of worry and rage are identical; each seeks to change what disturbs us. Fury is the ruthless means. We would vent our displeasure upon the world where difficulties abide, push an obstacle aside; destroy our enemies and obliterate whatever constricts our wills. As a wolf worries its victim, so would we tear to pieces all that hinders us. Fear ensues when we dare not act. Afraid of consequences, or anxious to avoid remorse, we restrain the vengefulness, transferring action from the material world to the subjective depths within. There we worry our prey in imagination, growling to cover our impotence.

In order to pull ourselves out of this turmoil, it is necessary to see and admit this close relationship; to observe how anxiety induces anger, often obscuring the origin of an explosion by the automatic trick of changing the outward demonstration. It is also necessary to expel the rage, to abate the turmoil in order that we may think. Restrained anger poisons body, mind and spirit. Little Miss Culten is yellow, morose, impatient with suppressed hate. Better had she yielded to a few outbursts than have lived in a cauldron of bitterness.

Not even a modern analyst advocates mere self-expression. We cannot go about beating people up and pushing our enemies over a cliff. Civilization is possible only because we police ourselves. Nor is anything accomplished by a brawl, save release of our pent-up fury. If there is glorious satisfaction in a fight, its uplift is but momentary. Hyenas may exult in victory; man, in his heart, sorrows even over the downfall of a foe.

The answer to this riddle lies in handling rage with wisdom, releasing in harmless vituperation what we cannot use, transmuting the rest into courageous effort, deliberately expended in the correction of our difficulties. Untwisting one's tensions by sublimated satisfaction is the first step in this process. Until we become relaxed, we cannot formulate a civilized strategy by which to overcome evil with good. Our need to let off steam is pressing. It is satisfaction of some sort we demand. Nor will any supine moralizing restrain us from wishing to vent our minds and purge our spirits of the dammed-up petulance.

Henry Halden had constant trouble with his father, who lived in his home and irritated him constantly. The friction worried Henry's wife; the atmosphere was unpleasant. The son knew he should correct the situation, but he didn't know how. One day he exploded on the matter to a friend. The other man just listened. He had no suggestions to offer, there seemed nothing to do. Yet Henry felt better after the conversation.

By the next evening he was all out of sorts again. He went for a walk and this time exploded to the trees, telling them just what he thought of his petulant parent. The branches nodded their approval. Again he felt relieved. The following night he wrote a long letter to the old gentleman. Little was left unsaid. He read it over. It made him exult to express his mind, though he saw he couldn't use the letter. Somehow that didn't seem to matter. He tore it up and went down to the living room again with a smile and a sense of having some amusing secret that pleased him hugely.

In the meantime, he noticed that his relation to his father was improving. He didn't feel as irritated. His wife was happier too. Convinced he had discovered a secret, Henry formed a habit of having a "cussing time" by himself whenever anything or anyone bothered him. He would go off for a walk, or up to his room, get all his feeling out, then wash his face, drink a glass of water, imagine he was an amused visitor, and come in smiling, ready to be entertained by the things that had so disturbed him heretofore. To his surprise, his father changed also. It takes two to keep an atmosphere strained.

Those who worry are full of peeves. They hold them in until they become sick. Years pass but repressed anger remains. Refuse this simulation of virtue. Keep your mind free of irritation. Never let it collect. If you have troubles, set a little time aside to go by yourself and get your irritations out of your system.

1. Get a punching bag, or a pillow and let your feelings out on it. Take a walk and whack stones with a stick.
2. Sit down and write a letter to whoever angered you. Tell him just what you think. Then tear the letter up and burn it.
3. Go to your room and talk aloud — swear if you must. Imagine you are speaking to the person you would like to "cuss", but never say it to the person himself.
4. Lie down quietly, flat on your back for half an hour, and relax.
5. Then get up and tend to your trouble with intelligence. You will know what to do.

Such methods of meeting situations that arouse your ire have been tested by thoughtful people in recent years. They work. We should not, however, stop with merely letting off steam. Rage is power. Its release beyond a certain point makes waste. The end we seek is only achieved by the correction of our difficulties. The danger in anger lies in our unwise use of it, not in the emotion itself. Constructive measures call for thought. Rage is not sublimated into courage by self-indulgence. Things must be done — the right things. Intelligence should enter, directing one's expenditure.

SECTION TWO

Be Willing To Have It So

If Mrs. Jones sneezes into your face and gives you a cold, and you become angry at Mrs. Jones, your nerves grow tense and your cold will be twice as bad. Common sense counsels that you put your attention on taking the necessary steps to cure the cold. Non-resistance to what has already happened lies at the foundation of all true accomplishment. Acceptance of a situation is the first step in handling it. Resistance and rebellion so upset us emotionally that we cannot deal with events. If you break your leg, well, it is broken. It does no good to get into a temper about it. Wisdom advises that you put your attention on getting it set.

It should never be supposed, however, that constructive non-resistance calls for supine behavior, or a yielding timidity. It brooks no defeat, but achieves victory without allowing a ruthless ego to turn the solution into a barbaric carnage. If we do not meet the troubles that others create for us with heroic vigor, the whole situation is often conveniently put into our laps.

Many years ago, before Mackenzie King was first elected premier of Canada, overbuilding and loose finance produced a serious railroad problem for the Dominion. To save its credit, the government was forced to take over a system losing seventy-two million a year: a serious matter for a nation of only ten million people. When King became Premier he wasted no time on tradition, or sentimental patriotism. He put a fighting American railroad man, Henry Thornton, in charge. Most people know the miracle of management and reconstruction that followed, but few realize the daring that alone corrected the dilemma.

Many of the world's worries grow to serious proportions from timid handling. Too much vigorous action is better than too little. Conservatism is more dangerous than radical audacity when it comes to meeting difficulties. One should not, however, fight for the sake of fighting, or in the spirit of defeating one's opponent. It is not personal elation one seeks, but that right should prevail. One is intent upon a positive outcome, not on the glut of one's rage. If one resorts to physical means, it is indirectly in support of one's aim, not in blind opposition to the force that obstructs one.

We use in the newer psychology what we call the "cyclone technique." A whirlwind does not blow a building down, it creates a vacuum and the building explodes. Conviction possesses this curious power. I remember many years ago talking with a pupil in a school where I was carrying on psychological work. The lad told me what was wrong with his classmates, with the teachers, with me, with his parents, with the world.

He poured out an hour's tirade. I said nothing, but my face must have shown him I was convinced of the inanity of his conclusions. My silence became overpowering, and he cried: "S-s-say something, won't you?" He could not stand the quiet.

Some years ago, at a gathering of friends, a man called me a damned fool. I turned to him cordially: "I'd be grateful if you'd tell me how you knew that," I remarked. He looked surprised, bit his lips, flushed, and walked out of the room. The other men laughed. "You got him that time," one of them said.

"But that wasn't my intention," I answered, "and I'm sorry he went out, for I would like to have learned something more about myself. There are lots of ways in which I am a damned fool. I'm anxious to discover them."

There is, of course, a pseudo-non-resistance which seems to possess merit, but is in fact a masquerade of egotism. The contrast between humility and arrogance is exemplified in the correspondence between Goethe and Bettina Brentano.

She writes to him: "A look from thine eyes into mine, a kiss from thee upon my lips, instructs me in all what might seem delightful to learn, to one who like me, had experience from those . . . Be my only happiness on earth thy friendly will to me."

Goethe, with that masculine complacency which always puts the responsibility for action on the woman, writes: "I do not say to thee 'come.' I will not have the little bird disturbed from its nest; but the accident would not be unwelcome to me." How neatly he leaves himself free of the consequences.

Self-abnegation, that blatant pose of the hypocrite, is an even more flagrant form of mock surrender. Nor has an Oriental passivity, which impotently succumbs to the dictates of fate, any place in the positive attitude of those who seek to overcome evil with good. The word "overcome" should not be ignored. It indicates that the constructive spirit intends to win.

An impersonal attitude is essential, however, and one must use one's capacities on a basis of integrity. When Peter, in his defense, cut off the soldier's ear, Jesus restored it without taking personal advantage of Peter's passion of loyalty, or His own extraordinary powers. It was for the end of exemplifying goodness and not self-glory that He lived and died.

One of the clearest forms of constructive non-resistance is the technique of discovering the ruling love. Whatever goodness you have, there is always some evil in your nature; however bad the other man is, there is always some good to be found in him. A fundamental skill lies in discovering the positive center by which to overcome the negative trends.

John Branton had for some years foreclosed mortgages with complete disregard of the consequences to the tenants. Those who could not pay rent in his tenements were evicted, even if elderly or ill. Alice Anderson, in her capacity as friendly visitor for the Charity Organization Society, went to see him about several desperate cases. Knowing his reputation for cruel indifference, she decided to make no attempt to persuade him to be kindly. She knew that the man's dog adored him. There was some good in him, then.

As she waited in Branton's library, he entered with an expression of anger on his face. He hated to be interviewed in his home. He took three steps toward his visitor and stopped. His dog, with paws on Alice's knees, appeared to be listening intently to her story about a starved little pup. The banker stood spellbound at the well-told tale. Then his rage returned.

"Who are these people who neglect that dog? I'll report them."

Alice raised her tear-filled eyes and for the next half-hour told the old man about the owner of the pup, about his family and their despair since Branton's eviction notice had arrived. Alice had found the man's ruling love, a devotion for animals, and used it to overcome his disregard for humanity.

We realize that we learn by example, but forget to create such as might inspire emulation. We deprive others of proper education in intimacy. Don Lowles was worried because his son spent so much money, but he gave the boy no picture of what it cost his father in thought and energy to accumulate the funds so carelessly spent. When he gave the lad some idea of how hard he worked, and of his worry about the waste, it ceased. Often such lack of insight is allowed to go on, sometimes for generations, while complaints are substituted for instruction.

Tom Maine had a marriage problem. His wife was a "professional scene maker", who always got her way by means of hysteria. It upset her husband so much he had attacks of nausea, while she remained untouched and pleased with her continual victories. To overcome an impossible situation by constructive means, a psychologist sent the husband to a dramatic school to learn how to simulate frenzy. He was told to get himself into a wild state if his wife became hysterical. She received such a shock from this graphic picture of her behavior she gave it up.

Instead of trying to appear smart, proud and superior when cheated, we should humbly admit we are already showing plenty of inefficiency from the very fact that we are involved in a predicament. We should not blusteringly puff our egos up but be as small an opponent as possible. A big target is easily hit. A little one is difficult to discover. To appear as a powerful enemy puts your opponent on his guard. He reveals his chicanery only when he takes you to be a fool. He is then overconfident and shows his malicious intent. That is why, when you have to deal with dishonesty, you should use the "Big Boob" technique. This is the way it worked in one instance: —

Up in the hills of a Western state, a rancher bought a second-hand motor truck on the installment plan. The deal involved a goodly sum of money and no guarantee went with the bargain, for the rancher knew little of commercial dealings. A business friend became convinced the sale was a dishonest affair. The rancher, angered at being cheated, wanted to write a violent protest. His friend suggested the reverse procedure. A letter was sent such as the most ignorant backwoodsman might have written. The automobile dealer took the bait and sent an answer that would have been a satisfactory guarantee in any court.

The business friend then went to secure the motor truck, which proved to be a decrepit affair that went uphill only when empty. The dealer was not afraid of this man, who appeared before him unkempt, unshaven, in torn blue overalls; and as a second five-hundred-dollar payment had not been paid, he threatened to repleven the truck. He did not reckon, however, on the "big boob" with whom he was dealing. The man had already begun to drive the truck all over the city trying to sell it, and in every case he told the story of its purchase.

By afternoon, the motor dealer caught up with him. "What are you doing?" he cried. "I can't have this! You'll ruin my business."

The unshaven man greeted his opponent in a totally different manner than heretofore. "Not," he said, "if this deal is honest. I know it isn't. I'm going to visit everyone in town with this story until I get satisfaction from you."

"The truck wasn't guaranteed," contended the dealer.

"Wasn't it?" came back the answer. The "big boob" showed the letter as he spoke. "I think this is good in any court in the land."

The dealer's face blanched. "What do you want?" he demanded huskily.

His punishment cost him several thousand dollars, and the "boob" turned over a fine new truck to his friend in the hills, for the small advance that they had originally made.

Never meet dishonesty with pompous arrogance. Let your opponent overplay his hand. Even the most serious difficulty in human relations can be solved if we are willing to keep our egos out of the conflict and avoid angry debate. When pride is personalized, there is little hope.

John Addison had a good income, but he had been brought up to believe that women do not need bank accounts. Repeatedly he refused to give his wife a personal allowance, but grudgingly bestowed a weekly check for housekeeping, after the closest budgeting of expenses. Mrs. Addison was occupied with the care of the children and could not earn money of her own. Rage was inevitable.

There are some who think a frank talk is the first step in the solution of a difficulty between two people; not a nagging outbreak, which leads to charges and countercharges, but a quiet discussion in which the situation is thoroughly scrutinized. I doubt if Addison could have been reached by any such means. His wife was apparently of the same opinion, and she started a campaign which worked brilliantly.

When two or three intimate friends were present, she spoke quietly and regretfully of their poverty. "John would like to give me pretty clothes," she remarked wistfully, "but of course he can't. I haven't even gone to the movies this winter." Or she would say: "How I wish I could do that, but you know, I haven't a penny of my own. Father gave me ten dollars for Christmas, but that was spent for a pair of shoes long ago."

John was furious at first. He was proud of his success in business, and threatened all sorts of calamities if she ever made such comments before people again. But she insisted quietly that she had to explain, since everybody noticed her plight. It was not necessary to repeat the experiment many times. John's pride was too great to stand the strain. He opened a bank account in her name where he deposited a regular amount the first of each month.

Mrs. Vadron used to rage at her husband until it made her sick. He was forever getting her into situations with her friends that seemed most unfair. She prided herself on the way she ran her house. Efficient little dinners for her intimates were her special delight. She knew her husband enjoyed them, but he had a way of disparaging her efforts to those who came to their home, and of criticizing her in their presence.

On a certain afternoon, she freed her mind to a trusted intimate, a woman she had known for years. That made her feel better and her thought cleared. Suddenly she chuckled as an idea came to her.

"Look here, my dear," she said, "I can depend upon you and Tom, and Joan and her husband are reliable too. I have a plan. I am going to invite you four to dinner, and then not have any dinner ready. I won't even clear the lunch things off the table, or have anything picked up in the kitchen. I'll leave the house in a mess. When Frank comes home from the office, he'll find me in a house dress with my hair in curlers. You four come in soon afterward as if expecting dinner. Seeing the condition the house is in, Frank won't know what to do.

"When he speaks of it, I shall remark soberly: 'Yes, darling, I know I'm terrible, you've been telling me about it for years, and so I have decided it is useless. I am not going to try any more. I am going to act in just the way you've been telling everyone I do.' "

The plan was put into operation. Need I tell you it worked? That was the last Frank's wife ever heard from him about her housekeeping, and when friends were about, he treated her as if she were the Queen of Sheba.

"And don't you see," Joan remarked when the three women talked it over some time afterward, "as long as you held your anger in, until it made you explode, you couldn't think what to do, but when you let off a little harmless steam, your brain could work again and you saw a way out?"

One of our most common types of resistance is in relation to each other's so-called faults. Mankind has been taught an erroneous idea of trustworthiness. We grow up expecting to give and to receive absolute loyalty. That is impossible.

We seek friends who are fully trustworthy and receive bitter disappointments because ultimately each one proves to have some weak spot. We believe in loving people and find to our sorrow there are always things about them we cannot admire. Thus we worry about our regard and that of others, fearful of disappointment and full of shame when we have failed.

There is only one solution; to give up this infantile nonsense and become mature. Let us be honest. Do you believe you are perfect? If not, you are not one hundred per cent. trustworthy, or entirely lovable, or fully loyal. Do you know anyone who is perfect? If not, he is not utterly trustworthy, lovable, or loyal. It is the truth that sets us free. If we do not see this truth, we worry hopelessly and cannot meet the problems of intimacy. If we admit it, we can learn to discover what aspects of ourselves and of others are lovable, trustworthy, and loyal. Those can be depended upon. Fidelity can be expected if we give the same faithfulness from like qualities in our own natures.

If we do not anticipate more from human nature than it can give, we shall not be disappointed, nor experience devastating shame at our own failure. Do not expect to love another person entirely. You cannot do so. You only delude yourself when you think you can. What you like is all that is to you lovable in that person. You do not love what is unpleasant. You do not really trust that which is untrustworthy and does not seem good to you, you only deceive yourself when you suppose you do.

Learn to discover the positive qualities in those you love and accept what is not good as inevitable in frail human beings; and hold this attitude toward yourself as much as toward anyone else. On this foundation we strengthen and improve. No one makes progress until he learns to refuse blame, to ignore critics, and to give up shame.

Make a list of the faults in some intimate of yours that especially worry you. Separate the list into two columns, headed as follows:—

1. Faults I think the person is to blame for.
2. Faults I think someone or something else is to blame for: such as the parents, early environment, the heritage, the health.

Decide if you think it is right to blame a person for faults he is not responsible for possessing, that came out of his blood, background, or faults that were formed in him from early environment. Ask yourself if the sage who wrote "Condemn the fault, not the actor of it", was right.

· XXIV ·

Personal Adjustment

GREATEST of nonresistant techniques in handling irritating trouble is spiritual perspective, made possible by simple sincerity. It has been characteristic of all true leaders. Because of their greatness, they viewed trouble from the plane of their own values, refusing to grovel in anxieties below their level of life.

There are as many types of perspective as there are phases of experience, and while we may sense events in all the spheres of expression, we can, if we will, learn to meet sorrows from our own viewpoint. The child loses its toy and is broken-hearted, while to you such an incident means little. A Saint Francis loses money with an equal indifference, while to us it may matter exceedingly.

Learn to know your values and to survey your troubles from the true perspectives of your own sphere.

1. Cosmic sphere: the transcendent joy of inmost consciousness, of psychic fulfillment, the sense of eternal peace and security, the exhilaration of discipleship.
2. Esthetic sphere: delights in creative effort, joy in art, the enchantment of beauty, the glory of discovery and invention.
3. Social sphere: cares for mutual aid, the flow of goodness, happiness from civic virtue and charity.
4. Cognitive sphere: sees experience from intellectual interests, curiosity satisfaction, joy from knowing and understanding.

5. Affectional sphere: great regard for play and position, interchange, the release of feeling.
6. Active sphere: concerned with doing things, controlling things, contest, motion, and excitement.
7. Factual sphere: views life from physical and sensory values; enjoyment from comfort, food, clothing, shelter, bodily presence.

These are the seven aspects of which life is composed. Every desire is releasable, in some measure, through all of these areas of expression, more suited, however, to one than to the others. You cannot successfully offer the cosmic plane to a man on the factual level, or the thrill of painting a picture to a jazz-mad girl in a cabaret, crying because the dance is over.

Feeling is fundamentally transformed by the phase of life through which it is expressed. Rage, which so often functions on the physical plane, may be lifted to cosmic manifestations. How it is then transformed! Does it not resemble that consuming flame which animated Jesus in his ministry? Was ever rage so majestic as that he turned upon all hypocrites?

What happens to a young man who in a summer flirtation is merely seeking the expression of sex, if, rebuffed, he discovers the real nature of the girl and comes to see the social, esthetic and spiritual aspects of sexuality? Such a discovery may transform his attitude. The amative impulse may become a first step toward love, and the expression of his passionate desire on all planes of life be glorified by the advent of higher attributes.

If the flame of passion is merged with and guided by wisdom, such transmutation results. Impulse need not be withheld. Joy is the consequence. Every time we achieve a higher plane of expression we do not necessarily need to leave the lower one, if no social or personal injury results.

On every level of life there are positive as well as negative ways of being.

Suppose, for example, you have a keen sense of taste. Is there any reason why you should not enjoy your food? If you have a highly sensitized nervous system, is there anything evil about liking the luxury of a warm bath, a comfortable bed, or the caress of a fine texture against your skin? Possibly you also have joys which belong to the motive level. You like the field of action: to play golf, ride horseback, go for a swim, or tramp the forest. This does not deny your right to keen satisfaction from emotional fulfillment. You care to dance and are stirred by a romantic novel.

At the same time, it is possible that your mind responds to pure intellectual activity: you are interested in Einstein's theory of relativity or the nature of the electron. Yet social matters are not neglected. You are concerned with political reform and civic activities. You engage in social work in a small way and enjoy nurturing your associates. Perhaps you are alive to ideas and ideals, to creative expression, art, music and literature; the element of beauty has played a real part in your life. Lastly, it is possible that the cosmic values, the question of immortality, and understanding of the Universe and the spirit of God, have their part in feeding your nature. The more levels on which you find expression, the wider range for happiness.

It is equally true that you are thus protected in the large from sorrow, for when you experience loss on one plane you are still able to achieve happiness on another. This is a normal compensation, of which some natures are deprived. A factualist of the excessive type knows little of the higher values. If he loses money and is deprived of the comforts of food, clothing and shelter, he has lost everything. A man with the six other values strongly active might still experience joy though deprived of much he physically needed. Many an artist has deliberately forsaken the making of money to know the excitement of creativity, and has found it an adequate compensation.

We differ strikingly in our response patterns. A physical man might lose everything on the factual plane and be miserable; a man on a higher level would at least be content. A saint might lose all but cosmic things and not lose heart; a man of less spirit would be wretched. You recall that William Tyndale was happy in prison because it gave him an opportunity to translate the Bible.

The ideal is for a man to be so fully developed he can be happy in all spheres: senses, activities, social contacts, directional interests, ideas and spiritual values, a transcendent life with nothing neglected. Such a man would receive great joy in life, and have great fortitude in sorrow. Should a fully developed man meet grief on some one plane of life, it would not throw him out of balance. He would compensate by accentuating his responses in the other areas, having six joys left.

There are two great laws of adjustment. You cannot be happy if you seek satisfaction below your level of development and not also in your own values. You cannot be content only to cook food if you also crave mental interests. You cannot be content with mere routine if you dream of creative activity. Nor can you be happy in mere physical experience if your soul seeks spiritual values. More important than this, you can and must realize happiness and command sorrow from the perspective of your own sphere.

In other words, however varied your sweep, however many planes of life you are able to live upon, there is one dominant center with which you are most identified. You are a certain type of man: spiritual, intellectual, factual, as the case may be. You have the inalienable right to seek adjustment upon your own level, and the further need so to enrich your experience upon that plane that sorrow in other areas is lessened.

Clarence Towers lost his money in the depression, but his buoyancy of spirit has not changed. Poverty means little to him. He views it from the creative plane on which he lives, and has gone on with the research which occupied his life. Many great leaders have received social criticism about position, friends, contacts, opportunities; but, untroubled, they went on with their work, viewing such attacks from the perspective of their values. Every sorrow changes its nature once we discover the level of experience to which it belongs. The individual is endowed with new power when he realizes that much is left for him in the other spheres of life. He can live in them more transcendently through the personal philosophy which results from this command over destiny.

In a chaotic world where everything is in flux, each of us needs a meditation chamber related to our inner values, a personal cosmos from which to view the chaos which surrounds us. Since everywhere there is turmoil, transition, and unrest, a time comes when the individual learns that the only security lies within himself. He must view life from his sphere, the citadel of his spirit. Great sorrow is then met with fortitude.

Dorothy Constance worshiped her husband. Yet she met his death and her own loneliness with magnificent calm. She spoke of it as a temporary separation. In her own council chamber, having balanced life over and come to a conviction as to the question of immortality, she refused to become immersed in sadness.

From Dr. Beebe's bathysphere, a series of pictures were taken of undersea life. Some were in the sunlight and air. Others showed the warm green water just a little below the surface. And so on, down, down until, by searchlight, vistas of levels usually in utter darkness were revealed. The pressure here was so great that it would have destroyed the bathysphere had it not been fortified against the ordeal. And in these depths were sightless fish, whirling around in great numbers.

It seems to me that these pictures at various levels represent the points of view of people about experience. We may think of the spheres of life from the psychical on down to the factual as seven levels of submersion. On the cosmic plane we see the light, air, warmth, sunshine, and the birds that fly so like our spiritual musings. Then we go down, down to the lower degrees of immersion, through the planes of experience to the very depths of physicality. The passage is one from the light of understanding to the pressure, cold and darkness of a submerged fate.

Such immersion is not serious for the materialist, for he is after all a sightless creature. He has more of the Neanderthal man in his blood than has a gentler personality. He can stand the pressure even as can the submarine monsters; in fact he likes it.

If you feel pressure from the life about you in the world of your experience, you do not belong at the level of factualism to which you have let yourself sink. If you find life obscure, difficult, dark, hard, you are treating it too physically. If you are suffering from experience, you do not belong in the crude depths of thought and feeling. Your attitudes and values need revamping. You should come up to the warmth, the light, the air, the sunshine, where your appraisal of life will change. Every experience through which you have passed may then be seen with understanding.

Life at the lower levels takes on the values of that depth. In the blackness it is obscure and produces fear. It engenders guilt, blame, shame; arouses rage, hate, terror and lust. You can, if you wish, stay down there in materialism and rationalize about it. In submersion you cannot comprehend your fate. As long as you carry the hate of the submarine animals around in your heart, and wish to destroy those who have made you suffer, little can be done for you.

Not until you feel a revulsion against such savagery and long to reach the upper air and see life from the level of higher values, will there be transition or hope. "He who loseth his life shall find it" means that he who actually gives up barbaric ego-satisfaction and rises to spiritual values finds himself in and of a new world.

· XXV ·

Inner Poise

We fought the Great War to make the world safe for democracy. I question our achievement. Yet who knows what idealism was set in motion, what may evolve in the dim to-morrow? In the Louvre stands the armless, headless figure of the Winged Victory. Scarred, broken, it is the greatest statue in the world; magnificent, majestic, its wings gloriously outspread. So may our effort some day appear. I should like to believe that no matter what devastation comes to each of us, we too may discover our scars were but part of the drama in which we found our souls.

It may be that these difficult times have taught us deeper values. This thought was expressed many years ago in the following sonnet to the Winged Victory: —

> In whose tense soul was this white vision born,
> Where gloom and emptiness had stood before;
> From whose bowed years of lonely thought
> Was this transcendent flame of courage wrought,
> Her wings outspread as those of silent morn;
> In form such wonder as some angel bore:
> Imbued with that strange touch of holy grace
> Whose motion lifts the dew-tipped flower's face.
> Our hope is but a glimmer from the years,
> When wounded days have bled their torture out;
> Our faith but vision seen through fevered tears,
> Where valor held through weariness and doubt.
> But he who caught this glory out of space
> In splendor won his spirit's Samothrace.

In the days of ancient Greece, there were times of crisis, when victory or defeat was a question of the spirit. Success or failure in war, the advancement or the ruin of culture, the lifting or the debasement of truth, hung in the balance. Each man won or lost his Samothrace as he met or failed to meet the challenge of his time. Reach into the soul of some great lover of beauty when the early Christian fathers, prohibiting art, burned to lime ten thousand statues near Athens. What was he to do, cry: "Art is dead, culture ended, civilization done; nothing matters now, life is futile"? Or go on, rebuilding for the beauty and truth of to-morrow? Consider the burning of the library in Alexandria. It was a challenge to every thoughtful person of that day. Such a threat came to country after country, century after century, during the Dark Ages. It was a question of each man's morale.

In the years before the Magna Carta, a rising flame for liberty burned in the hearts of humanity. Was it to be extinguished or to flare brighter? The French Revolution, that battle of extremes, and our own revolt, with Patrick Henry pleading for sanity, were times of test. In this last decade, we have the conflict repeating itself. It has been a question as to who would win: the despoilers of America, or those who sought to save her integrity. To-day is a challenge to you and to me.

When the people who live a hundred years from now read the biographies of the men and women of this time, will they not see how present conditions actuated our strength or shaped our weakness? We look back to the period of Valley Forge and see our forefathers ragged, cold, wretched. And yet they stood. If we do not stand, there is no hope. If we break and are overpowered by depressive forces, we shall go down as a nation. If you and I yield to despair, we shall fail as individuals.

We read the history of exciting periods as if our own age held no charm. We imagine how thrilling it would have been to cross the Rubicon with Caesar. We dream of the days when knighthood was in flower and wish we could have joined the Crusades. We picture ourselves taking part in the adventurous activities of the pioneers, settling on an Indian-inhabited shore; or muse on how wonderful it would have been to fight among the patriots.

Yet, here we are, in the greatest transition in all history: the deathbed of patriarchal civilization, the end of another experiment in group living, the chaotic beginning of an era of universal brotherhood. Do we greet the conditions with eagerness: the inevitable inconveniences of such a tumultuous time?

We know that the earth is passing through a period of travail: that no new era can appear without birth pains. Yet we complain at every disruption of our cherished privilege. Thoughtful persons believe the anguish of change may last for decades, destroying revered traditions. There is nothing new in this. The Crusades were not a parade, nor did Caesar cross rivers to go swimming. Our forefathers died struggling for a foothold in the wintry forests. The revolution was a bitter agony.

Experience gains enchantment when distance dims the reality. The pilgrims suffered privations that would destroy us: petted darlings of industrial plenty. Who now faces such worry as bowed the head of Washington? Had we fought at his side, privation not glory would have been our lot.

In the turbid to-morrow we may pass through more adventure and greater events than history has yet given to man. With it discomfort must come. To-day we see the dangers and forget the epic drama. Every social change which affects us unpleasantly brings vituperation. We become critics who could advise the President expertly.

I doubt if anyone knows just what the future holds, or when and how the new day will appear. We are only certain the old era is passing, just as tribal and feudal ages came to their end. While slavery still flourished, our forefathers expounded the doctrine of democracy. Politically, they created rudiments of a co-operative state. But they did not understand how to protect their handiwork, and soon an industrial oligarchy, as ruthless in its way as the despotism which drove men to our shores, held sway over the land. Things as they are cannot continue. The possibilities are various: —

We may have more greed and hyper-commercialism, with science serving the merchants.

There may be revolution, leading to communism, or fascism.

There may be mechanical collectivism, such as was called "Technocracy."

Possibly we shall have more wild insanity, increase in rebellion, the intensification of chaos, making unmanageable human beings.

War, which is social schizophrenia, may come. As under insanity a personality may split in two, so under world insanity, the social order may break apart: nations pitted against nations.

Lastly, we may come to our senses and elevate those capable of intellectual leadership in every city, town and hamlet, organizing such a movement as would conserve and save America. Our present political endeavors may succeed sufficiently well to guide us to a co-operative commonwealth that will merit the name of democracy.

Unless we strive to direct the forces of change toward the establishment of a better social order than we have ever known, we may pass through decades of struggle between extremists, seeking to bring European dictatorships to our land. One need not be a prophet to foresee devastation if the fanatical among us fight for dominance.

Nor is there hope of avoiding this if the so-called middle class lies supine, dreaming of the old "normalcy" and fearing to raise its voice. Social change is inevitable. The type of change is not predestined. It can be sane, if we are determined to make it so.

Our economists speak of cycles of financial collapse. First, minor crises, in which the alternation is little more than a decade. Second, more serious swings, somewhat less than a century apart. Then a major collapse that comes every three hundred years. In 1940 all three will come together. There are those who speak of this date as if our crash in 1929 were but a gusty day in comparison with the approaching storm.

H. G. Wells sees war, with whole cities laid low in Europe, the people killed by poisoned gas, the dead unburied. As a consequence, he believes that cholera and plagues will sweep the earth. Nor is this an idle speculation. It is what would happen if health systems broke down, as they certainly would if air raids devastated whole regions. Even in America we would be unable to defend ourselves against the ravage of the germs, unless we gave up the greedy conflict that has controlled us. Only a nation in which mutual aid ruled in every walk of life could withstand such a barrage.

You and I will meet the test of to-morrow only if, to-day, we put our lives in order and are guided by deeper purposes. A national derangement is like a war: it begins within us, the people; it ends within us, the people. Mass greed and hate spring from our greed and hate. We make or unmake life; then life makes or unmakes us. Each personal upset adds to the mass upset, which in turn intensifies the economic stress, and this again reacts upon social conditions leading to increased personal disturbance. The vicious circle goes round and round. We become more and more disturbed, unless we stop, cutting the circle by personal effort and persistent morale.

Security has long lain in money, things and real estate. Upon these the family intrenched itself, seeking solidarity and social position. To have influence and enriching contacts guaranteed a continuance of wealth. Practical, commercial shrewdness and familiarity with the tricks of others added to the certainty. One disregarded the health of the many, to avoid the challenge of mercy. Cold-hearted indifference and adroit rationalizations were necessary to permit one to go on securing the comforts and luxuries a certain class was said to deserve.

Adventitiousness became a duty and indifference a virtue. One could not, and some said should not, consider what it cost "the people" in toil, injury and suffering that some of us might be "safe." It was advisable to exclude disturbing idealism, calling it "impractical." Nor could the altruism of Jesus have much place in our personal economy. For would He not logically say to us what He said to the rich young man? Would we not be offered a needle's eye as our gate to paradise?

If we maintain this spiritual penury, we are as little likely to survive the transitions ahead of us as the rich man to enter heaven. There will be scant security in possessions by 1950, and less to be gained from family position. Shrewdness may become a debit, destroying one's ability to understand the new order, denying a part in the reconstruction.

The transition is undermining, or has undermined, our material foundations. The outworn practicality, with its hedgings and hoarding, is giving way to a new purpose in which we see that only by striving for a social order worth living in, and insuring one's position by the certainty of usefulness, is stability to be found.

To many of us this destiny is a shock. To place one's trust in service is almost as unthinkable as trusting God. And who, in the old order, did that? A few perhaps believed, or strove to apply, the Christianity they muttered. The rest preferred the Gold Standard.

The truth is, most of us are too self-indulgent to face the facts of life. Let us be honest. Would we not prefer to keep all we have of affluence, and gain more? I remember, as a boy, enjoying the lush feeling of having a luxurious home and contrasting it with the houses of the poor. I used to leave Back Bay and go down to the slums to see the wretchedness. In the summer I played with a lad whose father earned less than a dollar a day.

My comfort was made possible by the enslavement of millions, my security depended upon their squalor. If I am honest, I must admit the same desire for an abundant life that then was mine. But can I have it, if the millions are to be freed? Perhaps. But only if I prove myself sufficiently of worth to my fellows. In an age of brotherhood, I can have only what my brothers believe is my due. If I am worthless, I shall have little of worth.

SECTION TWO

Reality Values

Our citizens hold two views on the transition which has come upon us. The pessimist believes the world is ruined, mentally as well as financially. He sees the old values given up with no establishment of new ones. He considers faith in institutions gone, and since the conquest of the jungle is complete, he feels man has little to occupy or interest him. He knows that society is burdened with antiquated laws based upon social prejudice. He is convinced that millions are so ignorantly bound by the manners of the Dark Ages it is well-nigh impossible to change them. He observes that we are rapidly using up our resources, yet multiplying the race; and at the same time passing restrictive legislation permitting a selfish minority to levy toll on the future.

More than this, the pessimist sees the individual as spiritually torpid. He calls attention to the racketeering in high place, to the low intelligence quotient of the multitude, to our lack of culture and our movie-made sophistication. He notes the dying out of the church and the quarreling of the two hundred sects. He observes the paranoid parenthood and the rebellion of youth.

The optimist sees these facts with equal clearness, but is not fatalistic about them. He believes our condition was caused by wrong thinking; and realizes that we are in a transition, which may lead to a greater age than man has ever known. He perceives this is a time of physical loss and material contraction, but hopes for ethical gain and spiritual expansion.

While the pessimist concludes that we have been caught in the current of life and are victims of that Frankenstein, the machine, the optimist is convinced that if man had the brains to fashion it, he has the wit to turn its power to the service of the commonwealth.

The pessimist thinks the individual will be unable to overcome the problems of the world of thought that have risen since he emerged from forest life; that man is helpless under the stress of his own emotion, incapable of commanding his mental powers. The optimist declares that for the first time in history we have the means of understanding man, releasing his powers and directing his emotions; that we are at the beginning of a psychological age.

He believes the new insight will overcome man's stupid handling of his greatest asset: his own nature. He counts a score or more constructive forces in American life; the measurement of things from other than a monetary basis, a turning to the values of culture. He finds a religious change, with a definite desire on the part of the churches to build greater unity. He marks the growth of mental hygiene and preventive medicine. He hails the passing of prohibition, with a conviction it will lead to an end of inhibitory methods and bring reliance on self-critical judgment. To him a temperate and poised way of living is the forerunner of a new ethics: the beginning of emotional education.

He notes that while the old marriage ideals are fading, there is a new exaltation of compatibility. He observes the work of parent-teacher groups and of child study associations; all leading toward enlightened home life. He perceives that as youth matures, a chastity not from coercive standards, but of his own choosing, is evident. The optimist finds that at last we are talking of the art of thinking, in place of formal instruction and the stuffing-in of knowledge. He foresees that future generations will have guidance in the choice of a vocation, understanding of how to select their marriage partners, and training in the maintenance of mental as well as physical health.

In this better day the inner powers of man will be released even as now we harness the forces of nature. Our descendants will recognize the importance of the subjective as a phase of life, and know that creative expression is necessary to health. Art, music, literature, drama, and the dance will take their places as primary vehicles of personal expansion. Mental athletics will assume an importance equal to the physical gymnastics of our day. Activities will come into being to accommodate the urging energy of the ego. Personality will no longer prey upon personality, nor greed remain unchecked.

Only static natures find adjustment impossible. They still indulge in economic blindman's buff. Mrs. Ridgwood is a woman of culture. She talks buoyantly about "getting back" to prosperity and argues for the old order. Yet she complains of sleeplessness. Horace Leach, a manufacturer, is violent about everything in the present. Any deals, new or old, that differ from the one he was accustomed to are anathema. Relief money. Higher taxes. He hates it all. He is doing nothing to adjust his business to the times to come. He has indigestion instead.

Miss Aspinwall lives on the pleasure principle, as if trying to spend money while she has it, determined not to think at all. She has bad dreams and nervously interrupts your conversation.

Conrad Newton is a salesman, enthusiastic about high pressure methods, and loud in his praise of industrialism. Advertise and advertise is his cure. The doctors tell him he has heart trouble. He is morbid and morose about the house. He likes to read books about the South Seas and has a habit of gazing off into space.

Minnie Stanford is patient about things as they are. Endurance is her mechanism. She waits and waits, until life comes upon her. "No one knows what is going to happen," she tells you. She has no plans and makes no decisions. She cannot understand how times are changing, nor see that vicarious existence is doomed.

Matthew Keane, a victim of Wall Street mania, is worrying about his bonds. Those he bought at par are now below ten. He fumes because someone does not do something to return him his fortune. Peace will come only when he accepts the fact that it will not come back.

No man has sufficient education with which to meet to-morrow unless to-day his re-education is progressing. Acceptance of transition is primary in all adaptation. Nor shall we find surcease from pain unless we also see that we cannot escape some anguish while civilization is in flux.

We can, however, avoid much suffering if, seeing the evolution — indeed, the revolution — around us, we meet conditions before they come upon us. In Colorado there is a woman mine owner who has a habit of gathering the facts of social change. She established profit-sharing in her mine long before it became a social issue. Now her men are loyally willing to cut their wages that she may be spared trouble in the present. She and they are ready for the future.

A high official of one of our corporations has established employee insurance in his company. It is safely reorganized on the basis of a new era, while other firms must pass through reconstruction at a more difficult period.

I know a woman who intuitively feels that the way of the times denies her security in investments. A widow with three children, she is quite unable to contest the economic trend. She stopped worrying when she decided to train her children to be vocationally adaptable, exceptionally alert and intelligently careful. She met her problem where she could, and how she could: the foundation of true adjustment.

The new security then is an octagon, all of whose faces we must see with fullness: —

1. Self-reliance, built on the art of deliberation: a constant habit of listening to one's mind.

2. Social vision: recognition of a changing civilization and a sense of adventure in toiling for the better day.

3. Job familiarity: confidence that one thing at least you can do well, because you have trained yourself to do it so.

4. Concentration: living so utterly in what you do in the here and now, that you insure the future as fully as that can be done.

5. Emotional focus: refusing to let the negative values and the psychic pus of a transition poison your vision; fortitude because you look toward constructive action.

6. Attention control: refusing to allow people and events to dissociate you by all the supposed "duties" they would thrust upon you. This is a calm but sympathetic indifference, which says: "I'm sorry millions are in want, but I cannot do more than my task, and I'm doing that for all I'm worth."

7. Constructive Strategy: meeting events, evolutions, revolutions, with deliberate calculation; a good social alertness which recognizes your right, indeed your duty, to have your own place in life. The new practicality starts with you, and sees that as you and I meet our problems self-reliantly we become examples which help our fellow men.

8. Relaxation: from faith that one can do no more than one's best.

Thus the challenge of our time counsels us to put our own lives in order: to teach ourselves to live dynamically. There is need these days, not of conversion merely, but of continual conversion. Life is in evolution. Its changes once were slow. For centuries things moved at the pace of a man on foot. Now our times have taken wings. The speed of events is as that of an airplane. Within ourselves the transition must be as swift. The adjustments of yesterday are useless for to-day.

There is in the last analysis only one security in life: a sound and sensible mind. Living and dying in their essence front man with the simple fact he has nothing but his spirit to depend upon. We no longer bury weapons in the grave.

In the unfolding to-morrow, we may lose food, clothing, shelter, all that money buys. No one can take from us our insight. If we keep our balance, all will be well. If we lose it, then will social unrest destroy us. Many a Russian emigré is juggling dishes in a restaurant who, before the social crisis in his land, supposed his safety lay in wealth. He discovered to his sorrow that physical possessions are an unsure security. Revolution took all he depended upon. Had his trust lain in developed abilities no one could have stolen his riches.

"If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it from him," wrote Franklin. Only by such use of our means shall we be able to guarantee our safety in an uncertain to-morrow. Though Fascist, Communist, war or depression come upon us; though famine or plague ravage the land, we can, if well in mind, and sound in faith, meet to-morrow with hope of victory. The gold of Midas would not save a cynic in a world collapse.

Our habit of thinking in material values is age old. Before the advent of the machine, and the interdependence it made inevitable, protection lay in lands, and the foods they produced. Wits are less significant than work, in a primitive order. As we approach a co-operative commonwealth, what we *are,* not what we *have,* becomes the measure of our welfare.

· XXVI ·

Spiritual Courage

We in America have a curious heritage: two conflicting doctrines of behavior. One cannot follow both and keep sane. Our ancestors taught us industry. They held up the self-made man as an idol, and revered his unending toil. They spoke with bated breath about duty to one's tasks, and worshiped achievement so heartily it colored their religion. Out of it grew our American frenzy.

I remember an aunt who used to rise at six in the morning and at once begin to chase details. She "did her duty" in this worship of the practical until ten-thirty at night, and then retired to gain strength for the next day's toil. Why she preferred such a cursed existence to the calm of death, I could not understand.

Such an attitude permits little joy and no flight of spirit. The delusion of ceaseless industry, of sparse and frugal living, is quite as mad as hedonism. If pleasure-seeking leads to bleak satiety, duty-bound toil ends in spiritual sterility.

Another example came out of the woods. The early settlers were men of infinite calm, and — though many will doubt it — of splendid leisure. They moved with something of the quiet of growing things, and knew the art of patience. How few of us as adults have kept faith with the pioneer.

Instead of pitying ourselves because our effete age is ending, we should demand our rights as children of the earth, seeking fulfillment for our longings and desires. We should nourish our senses, bathe ourselves in beauty, expand ourselves to activity, bless our souls with companionship and quicken our hearts with more play.

Every hour is a great adventure, bringing the wonders of new experience. We should live spontaneously, seeing what we can do with our emotions, imaginations, memory and reason. No man achieves permanent joy until he comes to this nonchalance and ceases to "play safe." Anxiety leads to death. When life is not dangerous it is inane. Growth and joy spring from daring. He who seeks security is never secure. He shuts himself from command over events.

There is even greater joy in accepting subjective danger, for daring is not limited to one's relation to outward activities. We have too constantly thought of life only in objective terms. Whoever flings himself into new thoughts, deeper emotions and broader attitudes exhibits heroism. This is psychical adventure. Facing the dramas within the self, fighting the battle with the atavistic forces of consciousness, uncovering the new world of the human spirit, daring to step out of habituated thought, is an unforgettable experience.

Every psychologist knows how people resist subjective danger, and refuse suggestions calculated to set men free. In practice, I suggest to people that they take up this, that, or the other form of creative experience, to which they have not become habituated. I hear such remarks as: "Seabury wants to make her into a writer — of all things!" "He thinks she's an artist. What an idea!" "He has gotten her to take up bookkeeping. What do you suppose that's for?" "He has her studying agriculture. What nonsense!"

It is nonsense. For what he wants the individual to do is to experience a little opening up of the mind, a little stepping out of the groove, a little unsafe adventure in the subjective world of feeling, a little broadening of the scope and enlarging of the horizon. He does not wish a person to write, or paint, or compose, or sculp, or cook, or invent for its own sake, but for the expansion of personality and a return to the bionomic principle.

If you would be happy, release yourself into action. Let yourself have dynamic feeling, even if for the time it ravish you. Learn to be an instrument in some event, some purpose, some cause.

Response to action sent Drake to the Spanish Main. The lure of knowledge led Kant and Hegel, Huxley and Darwin, through the silent hours of the night to bore into the world of reason. Love of art tinged Raphael's brush with wonder and mixed passion with the notes of Wagner. It wrought the temples of Greece and wove the verses of Shelley.

Yet its flame is no more consuming than the spirit that has harnessed steam and leashed electricity to the service of men. The urge to be useful has guided many an inventor and worked out a mechanics that is the miracle of our day. Without our personal conceptual systems, civilization could not have been. Out of these springs comes our power of attention: that strange quality of personality that fills the storehouse of memory. Attention and association depend upon our particular configuration of thought and feeling, our especial perceptions of life. He who sets his nature in motion and connects it with experience knows satisfaction in living.

Life is a quivering vibrating structure, forever playing upon personality: the light in a room, the motion of a wind, the warmth or cold, everything around you from the smile on a child's face to the honking of an automobile may be the stimulus to start your consciousness thinking. Newton discovered gravitation by seeing an apple fall to the ground. Apples had fallen for centuries and no one, before his time, had thought to discover the significance. He allowed the passing event to stimulate inspiration and quicken consciousness. Something just as simple as the falling apple may be the key to your worry. If you are looking for it, you will find it.

When we are in an unreceptive mood, even the best guidance of a friend, the truest information of a book, does not give help. The voice of Jesus brought no echo from the Pharisees. The greatest hour is dull to a closed mind. Inspiration attends the nature whose affirmative impulse is strong.

Receptivity has brought the world its beauty and culture, its scientific achievement and mechanical accomplishment, its insight into living. It is the basis of religion and philosophic understanding. It leads to that frame of mind which, when once achieved, makes life forever a thing of calm and power. The individual then sees himself as part of creation, he senses the cosmos and hears at last those ancient intimations of harmony: the music of the spheres.

Centuries ago, Aristotle propounded the idea that the human mind is the "entelechy" or fulfillment of the human body; that the human life should be the fulfillment of the mind. The design of your nature determines the path you can go, the way you can grow; measuring the person you are and what your form of life should be. To live on any other pattern but that of your own design, or to take on responsibilities that are foreign to you, is against life and in the end harmful to everyone in your sphere.

Man has been taught to doubt this doctrine of receptivity, even taught to fear joy. He does not know he should be permitted, and even educated to seek it; that if found, his nature expands in the right direction, and he is on the road to his greatest usefulness. He does not know that service and enthusiasm are interdependent.

"Some people," Aristotle wrote, "hold that happiness is virtue. Others say that it is practical wisdom, others that it is some sort of theoretical wisdom, others that it is these things, or one of them, with peace and pleasure added — or, at the least, that pleasure is not excluded — and some include external success."

Believing as he did in a doctrine of fulfillment, he saw that virtue and happiness were one and that happiness was "the best and noblest and most pleasant thing in the world." This joy of which he speaks is far removed from the sensual pleasure of the ignoble spirit that yields to self-indulgence. To become an instrument of these cosmic trends is the art of living. Patience with time and vision of evolution in their fulfillment are the soul of wisdom.

The delaying factor of a transition is always present. Vibration moves up and down carrying us in its swing. Thus is creative effort symbolic of life and personal release its exemplar. There is a motion in events, laws at work in nature, which must be sensed and followed if we would achieve successfully. Cautious daring, adaptable stability and orderly experimentation are the mottoes of accomplishment. Self-direction, not self-consciousness, is the key to conquest.

Heroism springs from alertness to the life outside of us and to guidance from within ourselves in relation to life's needs. The hero gains his power from the pulsing heart of creation, seeing the eternal values and fearless of temporal difficulties. The foundations of courage are many and varied. It comes to the engineer from his understanding of organization and the laws of structure. Levers, cams, wheels are to him but agencies extending his power. Confidence rises from knowledge of their uses. Scientific men gain their calm from knowing. The courage of the chemist stirring nitroglycerin lies in his insight into the substance he handles. The designer depends upon cosmic law. Harmony, rhythm, balance are his counselors.

Thus we come to speculative thinking, experimental living and creative aspiration. Through adjustment of our lives in the momentary trends, we seek the fulfillments of directive consciousness. As the soul gains by each problem it overcomes, from each joy it absorbs, so by loving and living dynamically we win our places in eternity.

The vital process lies in organizing our values with what wisdom we possess, obeying the order we understand. Enrichment lies in the moment, success in its realization. There is no peace in past or future. It inheres in the now. Only he who lives momently lives at all. Only he who drinks deep of the cup at his lips ever quaffs to satisfaction.

Momentary living, in love, alone knows its riches. Momentary living, in life, alone gives power. Destiny shapes itself around the goal of a man when all he has is poured into his effort. Joy flows from experience when all it has of wealth is sought. To be the instrument of what a moment contains, to give it scope and power, to bring it to those about you, permits it transcendently to stir your consciousness.

Thus it is that he who accepts a commission from life to carry some message, execute some design, or fulfill high purpose, becomes an embodiment of power and a vehicle of joy. Commission living endows the strength of dedication and the receptivity of discipleship. Relaxation is merged with intensity, and this is not a paradox. Alertness without anxiety, effort without strain, lies in the surrender of self as a servant of life.

If fate has not given you a message to carry to Garcia, give yourself an ordination, and fulfill it as if it were the greatest task in the world. The triumph of living lies in instrumentation. We are not much as personalities until we adhere to the rock of a great intent. Then it is we learn why fate fears the brave. Fervor of focus and intensity of spirit give a man insight into action.

Yet no one escapes worry who does not learn to yield to destiny. Surrender to the timetable of life is the first element in peace. Natural order works in its own time. This must be a man's philosophy if he would meet life with valor. When Catherine Breshkowsky, the "grandmother" of the Russian Revolution, went to her fathers, she died horrified by Communism, died in exile in Czechoslovakia, died hoping her "beloved people would sober down from their madness." But she did not worry. "It was a beautiful revolution," she had said. "The Bolsheviki spoiled it all, for the time being, but not for long." To this great idealist, whose will to believe was unconquerable, failure was impossible.

There is after all no sane interpretation of life save through a belief in immortality. This world is either a cosmos or a chaos; it cannot be both. There is a Divine Order, or there isn't. Nature is obedient to eternal law, or a thing of chance. Life has meaning or it hasn't. Effort is part of spiritual growth in a permanent experience, or we are but animals going through foolish gyrations on a ball of dirt. Life is order or accident; destiny a profound evolution, or a silly masquerade.

Those who accept spiritual values have reason to live life well. Those who do not, cannot consistently advocate anything but riotous living. Moral atheism is an inconsistent idiocy, as unreasonable as the ideas of a paresis patient. Nor are the attitudes of those supposedly reasonable men of science who are afraid of the idea of God any more logical. With a little argument one can prove how foolish is learning, if it is stuffed into the head of a thing that must turn to dust. He who believes that each day of his life is part of a permanent growth has reason for effort, and a foundation on which to conquer worry.

The answer to life is in the art of relating one's stream of consciousness to the stream of destiny so as to achieve the highest good the moment may permit. That is all one can do. It is enough. Give to life and life gives to you abundantly. It is as if a current, cosmic and ineffable, is poured increasingly upon the spirit. If this be a mystical concept, it is no less real. Nothing is practical that is not also eternal.

Even love would be a little ridiculous if there were nothing more to it than physical companionship. Few would find the effort necessary to make a success of intimacy, unless some hope of values beyond corporeal fulfillments were justified. Nor is fear ever stilled unless we acquire some confidence about our place in the scheme of things.

The final realization of poise, therefore, depends on uniting oneself with the cosmos, believing all is well if we live constructively. This is scientific fortitude, arising from acknowledgment of natural law. Integrity inheres in all processes of the universe — else there would be no universe. Creation cannot be orderly in general and disorderly in spots. A circle broken is no longer a circle. If there is sense in creation there is a place for one in life, an orderly opportunity for every personality.

Intelligence finds most of us on the side of reason. The philosopher differs from the average man only in that he is consistent. He believes the quality of his own consciousness determines his personal relation to life. If I am selfish, I shall shut myself away from the influx which guides and sustains mankind. Altruism on the other hand, all men will feel. If I give, I shall be given unto. If I take, I shall be taken from. "If you are a terror to many, then beware of the many," wrote Ansonius; while Seneca taught: "He must necessarily fear many whom many fear."

If we engender trouble by egotism and greed, we also create security and peace by obedience to life and kindness toward all. Causes of protection are then brought into being. Thus it is that faith in cosmic law develops a complete correction of worry. Inner duty counsels us to do the best we can, whatever the event. It gives simplicity and focus to endeavor; even conducing to conduct better than our tendencies would imply.

When such a spirit is upon us, a new heaven and a new earth no longer seem impossible. Sociology becomes the handmaiden of mutual aid. The myth of the promised land approaches reality. The Utopias of Moore, Butler, Wells are no longer idle dreams.

History, while teaching that "man is not man as yet", assures the thoughtful seer of the steadfast march of humanity to an enduring happiness. Courage is no longer abandoned because fulfillment has not yet arrived. We gain power from an assurance of the inevitable evolution.

"The characteristic of genuine heroism," wrote Emerson, "is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have resolved to be great, you abide by yourself and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world."

The Greek heroes are symbolic representations of courage. The ancients believed such a titan could exercise an influence upon life itself; that when we release heroic powers we change our relation to circumstance, mustering superconsciousness. The Teutonic heroes were also endowed with supernatural power. The sagas are mythical expositions of man's ability to do great deeds. Celtic lore intensifies this magic of the mind. Their heroes could rise beyond bodily limitations. Even the Arthurian legends portray extra-human power. Merlin reveals wizardry; Arthur has mysterious comings and goings. The Spanish epic on the Cid and the seven infants of Lara are fragrant with unearthly spirit, while in the Slavonic sagas Mouron saved the empire from the Tartars by miracles.

Courage is always miraculous; as greatly so in your own life, when you tap the eternal powers in your depths, as in the myths of old. Meditation reveals to a man an inner wisdom out of which spiritual practicality is born. He comes to identify himself with truth where he finds it, with goodness as it stirs in his heart, with beauty as it trembles before his gaze. The problems of a physical world become unreal, when Brahmanic guidance gives him a feeling of eternal fortitude.

Every man has a hero buried in his nether depths, an urge to titanic conquest. Nor is he ever content with himself until he finds and releases this sleeping Hercules. The crusading spirit is a commonplace, albeit it is common to man's secret consciousness, not to his world of declared purposes.

The solution of worry and the command of circumstance depend upon tapping this heroic center within. No man lives life well who does not seek an accolade. None rises over ordinary events who does not bring to them extraordinary desire. There is no pleasure in living save as we search for a Grail, no glory in little problems unless we bring to them the atmosphere of mighty accomplishment.

This the child knows. He alone uses the illusion of grandeur successfully, permeating his smallest action with an aura of majesty. We in our sophistication reduce the event to a stupid factuality, losing the spirit by which we might embrace the adventure. To find again this ecstasy is the answer to experience.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

On the use of a subject index

Study groups usually find an ordinary alphabetical index quite inadequate for their special needs. A listing of ideas, on the other hand, with the letters: T, C and B, to designate: Top, Center and Bottom, of the page on which the thought appears, makes the material at once available to students. In fact, a treatise such as this becomes a volume on mental hygiene and adjustment psychology, a handbook on ethics and human relations, as much as a guide in handling worry. One has only to read the pages dealing, for example, with Business Problems to discover how available for special uses the book becomes.

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Adaptation, secondary:
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Adjustment:
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Attention:
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Attitude:
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